ALL-TRUE CRIME CASES

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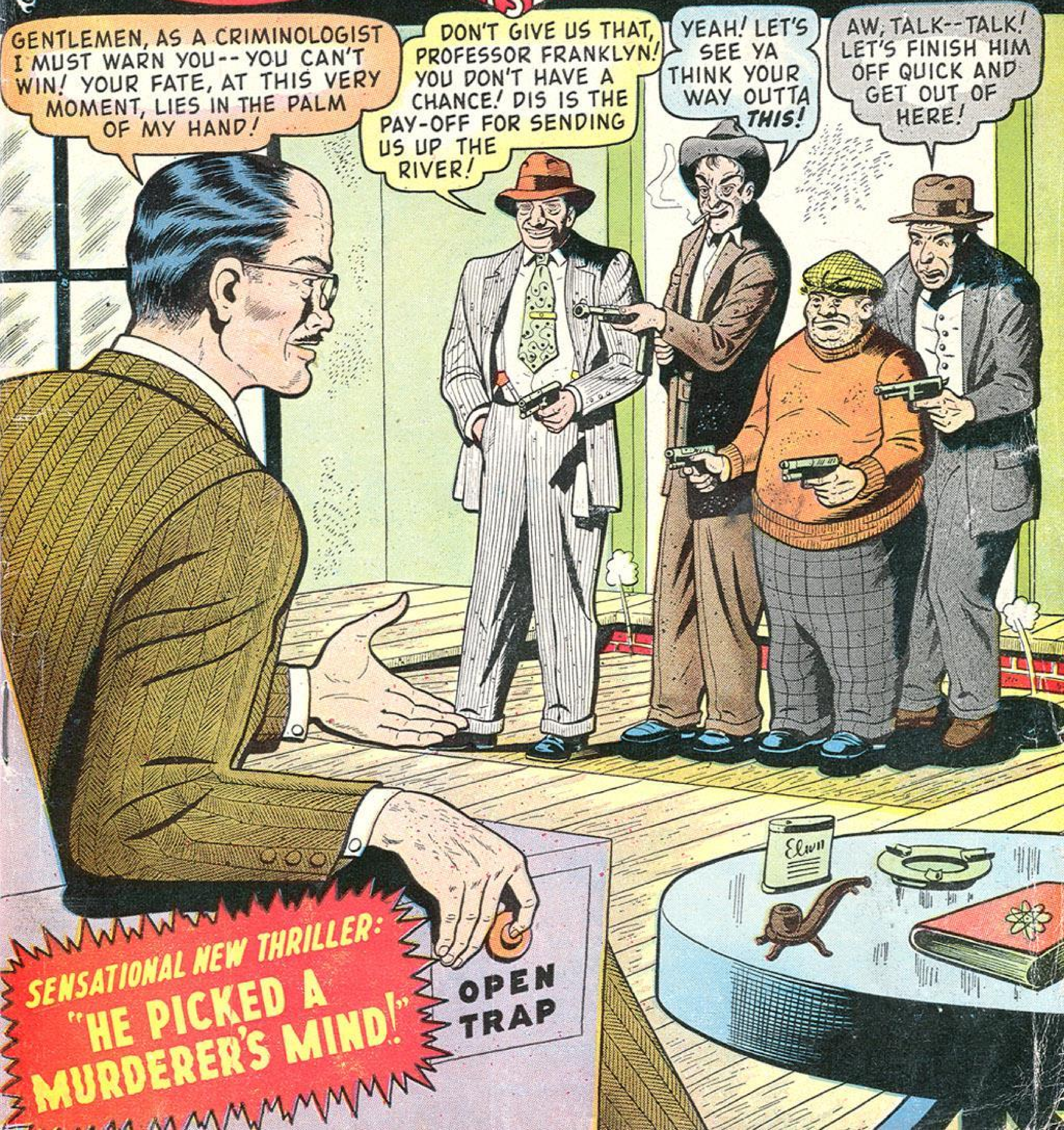
GENTLEMEN, AS A CRIMINOLOGIST I MUST WARN YOU-- YOU CAN'T WIN! YOUR FATE, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, LIES IN THE PALM OF MY HAND!
DON'T GIVE US THAT, PROFESSOR FRANKLYN! YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE! DIS IS THE PAY-OFF FOR SENDING US UP THE RIVER!
YEAH! LET'S SEE YA THINK YOUR WAY OUTTA THIS!
AW, TALK--TALK! LET'S FINISH HIM OFF QUICK AND GET OUT OF HERE!
Elwn
OPEN TRAP
SENSATIONAL NEW THRILLER: "HE PICKED A MURDERER'S MIND!"

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Exciting!

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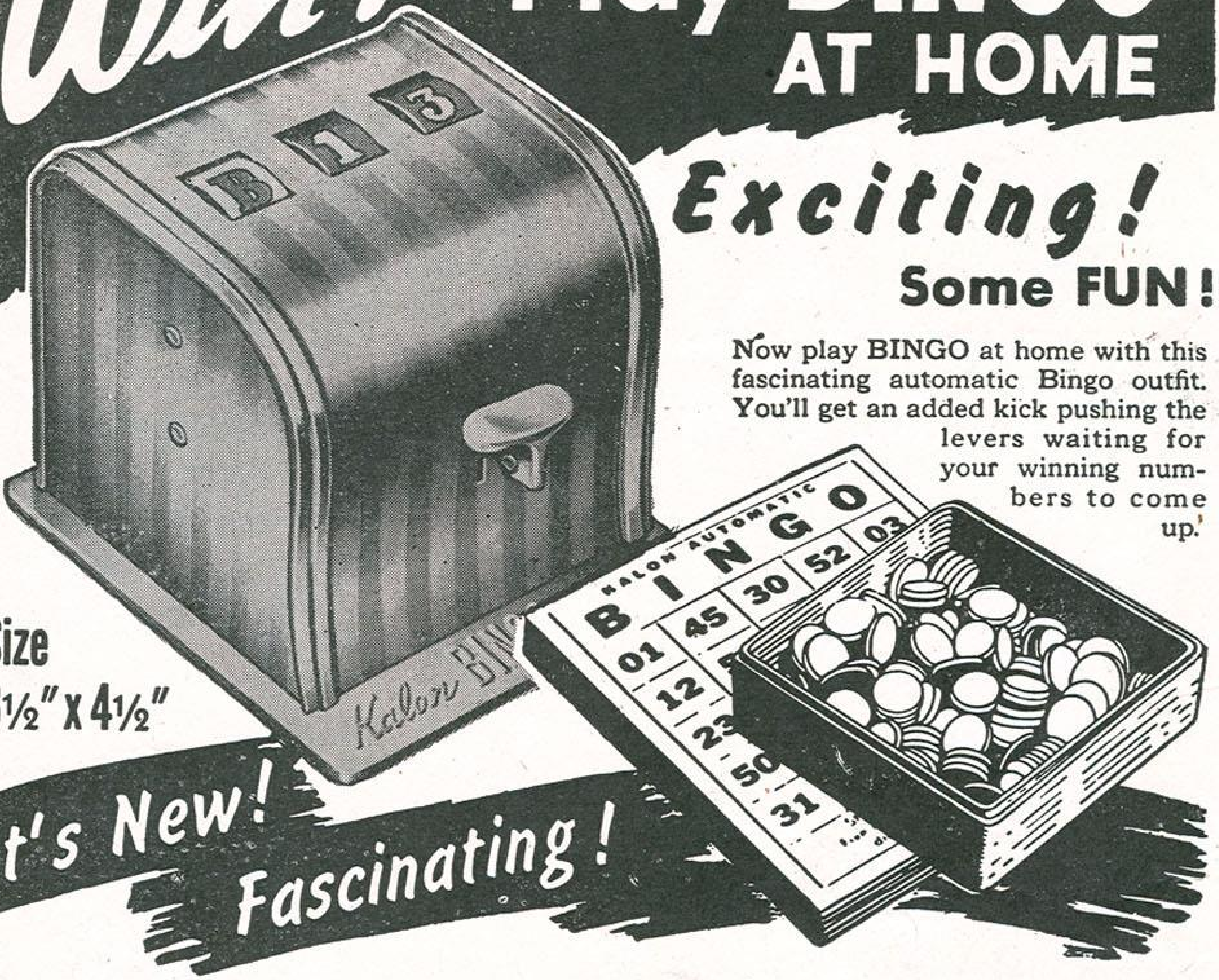

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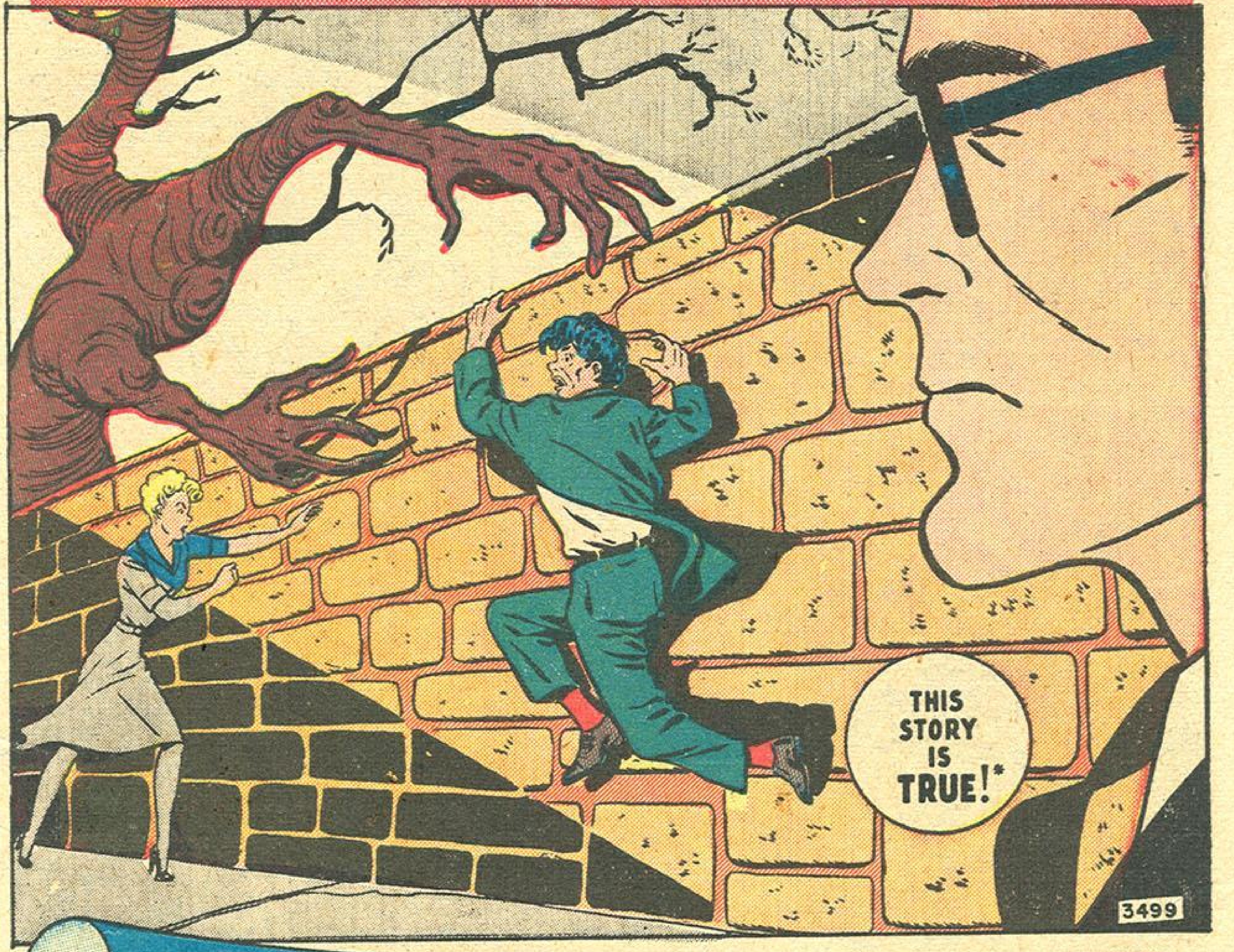
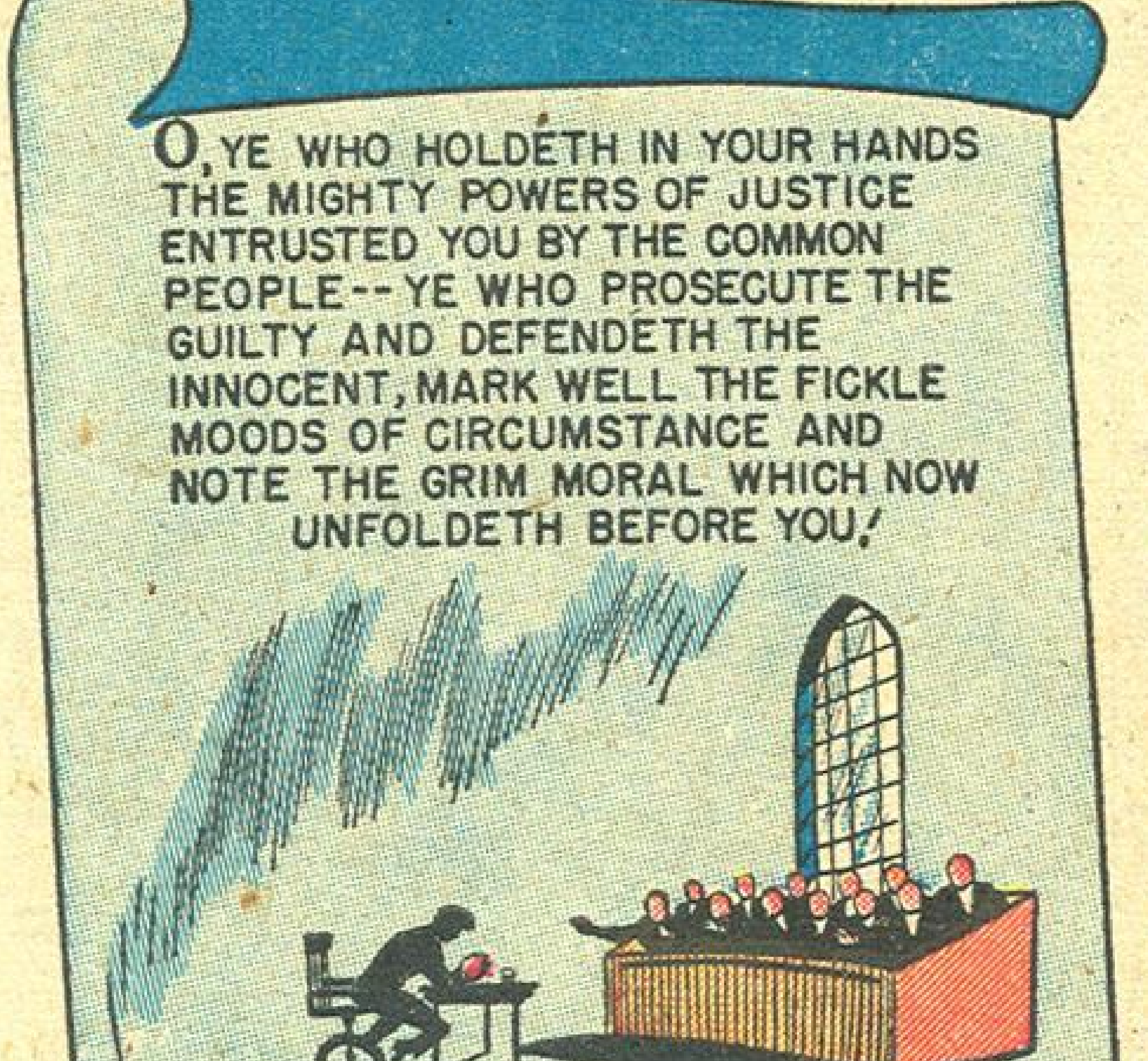
CRIME CAN'T WIN

ALL-TRUE CRIME #30

YOU ARE THE JURY! THE FATE OF THIS MAN RESTS IN YOUR HANDS! YOU ARE ABOUT TO SIT IN ON ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC TRIALS IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME! SIFT CAREFULLY THROUGH THE TESTIMONIES OF EYE-WITNESSES! LISTEN TO THEIR VERSIONS OF THE MURDER! HEAR THE STATEMENTS OF THE DEFENDANT'S FRIENDS! BUT REMEMBER ONE THING--*YOU*, THE JURY, ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR A MAN'S *LIFE* OR *DEATH*! UPON *YOUR* CONSCIENCE RESTS HIS DESTINY! WILL YOU SEND HIM TO HIS DEATH, OR WILL YOU LET HIM ESCAPE OVER THIS INSURMOUNTABLE

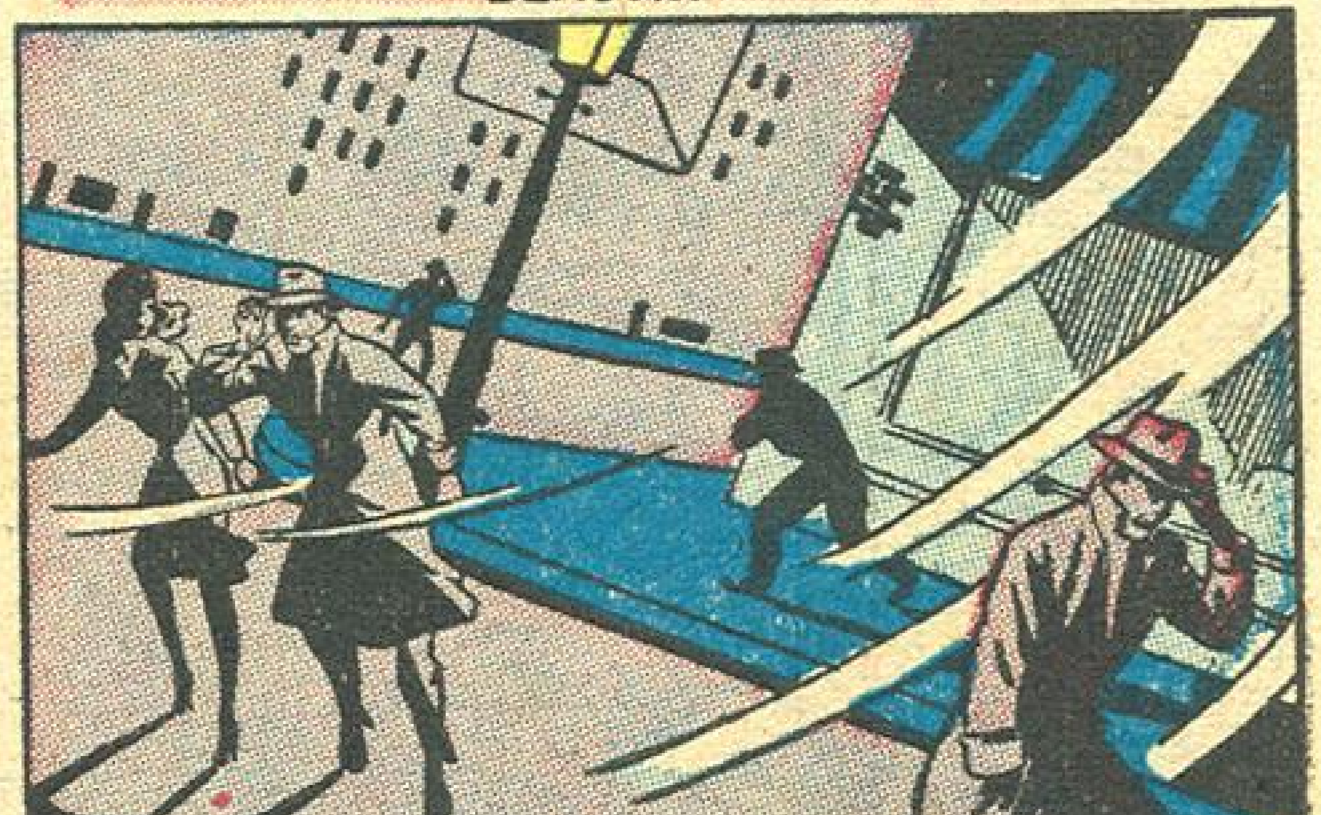
"WALL OF GUILT!"



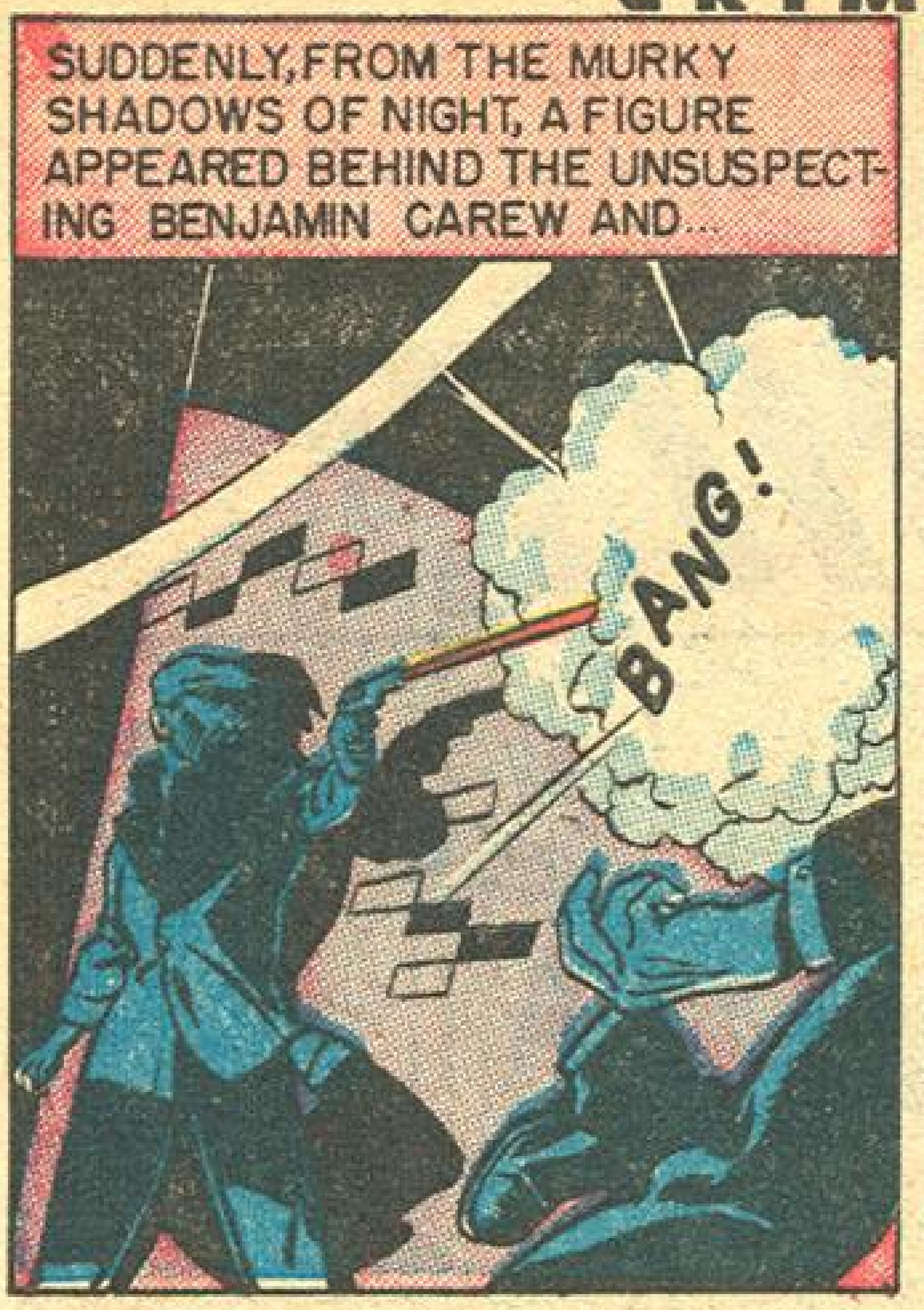


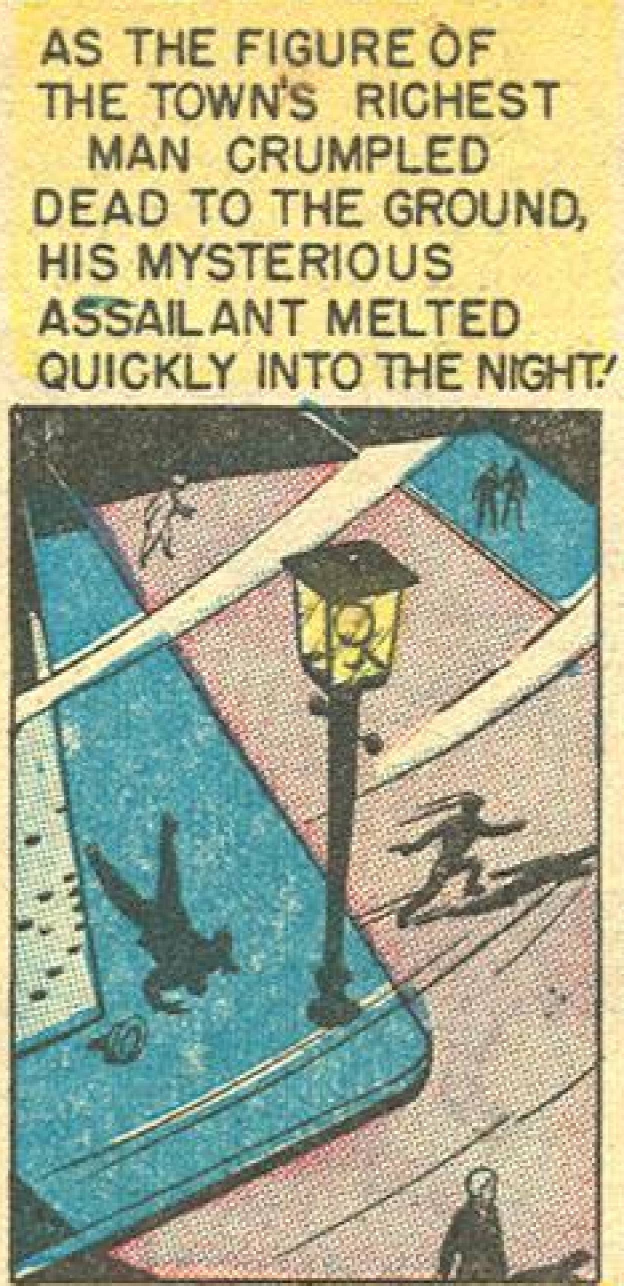
O, YE WHO HOLDETH IN YOUR HANDS THE MIGHTY POWERS OF JUSTICE ENTRUSTED YOU BY THE COMMON PEOPLE-- YE WHO PROSECUTE THE GUILTY AND DEFENDETH THE INNOCENT, MARK WELL THE FICKLE MOODS OF CIRCUMSTANCE AND NOTE THE GRIM MORAL WHICH NOW UNFOLDETH BEFORE YOU!

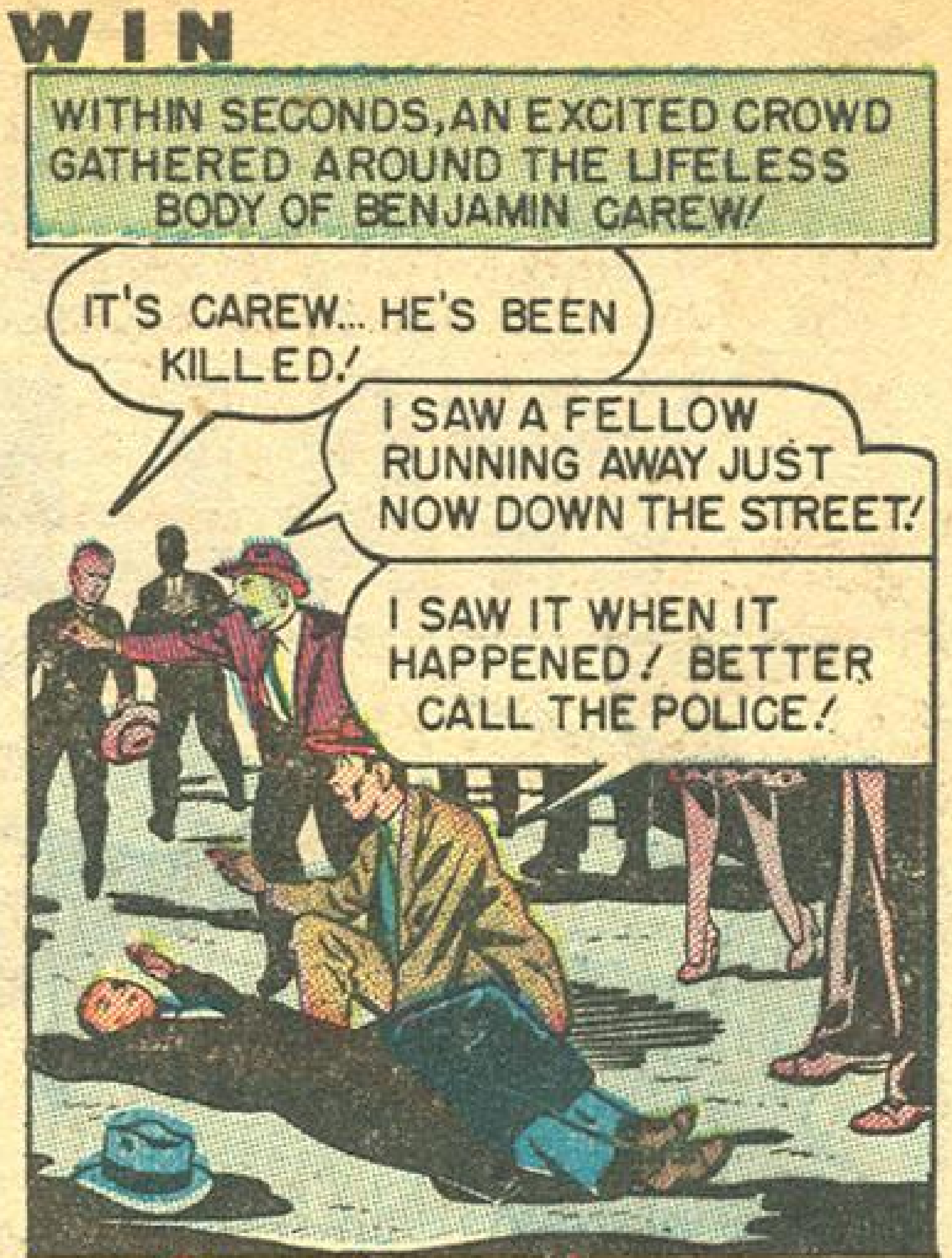
ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 4, 1924, A RAW, BITING WIND SWEPT ACROSS FULTON STREET WHERE IT MEETS THE CORNER OF LENOX IN THE TOWN OF TARGET, N.Y.! THE BANKER, BENJAMIN CAREW TURNED THE CORNER WITH HIS HEAD BENT BEFORE THE WINTRY BLAST...

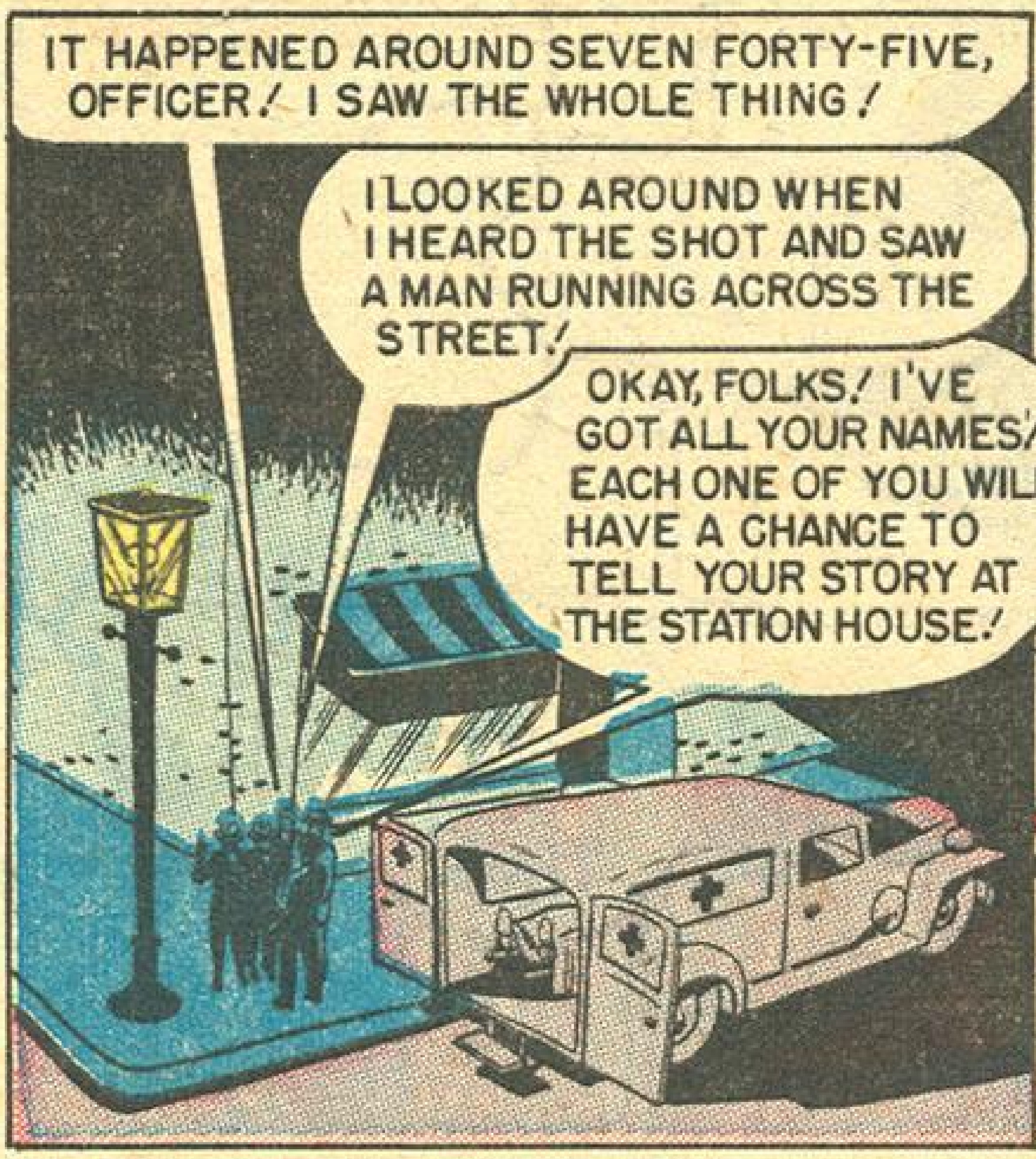


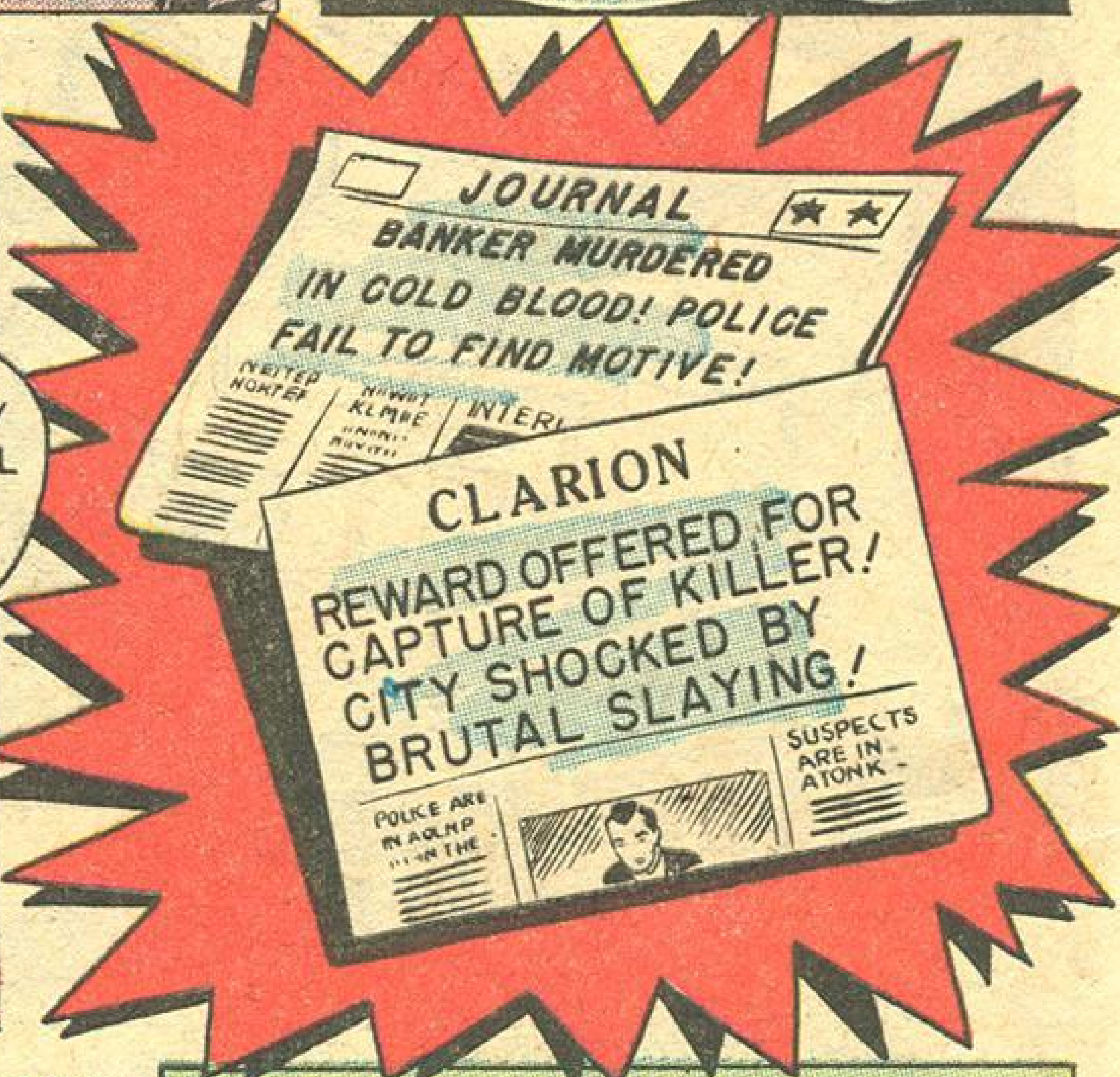
ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS

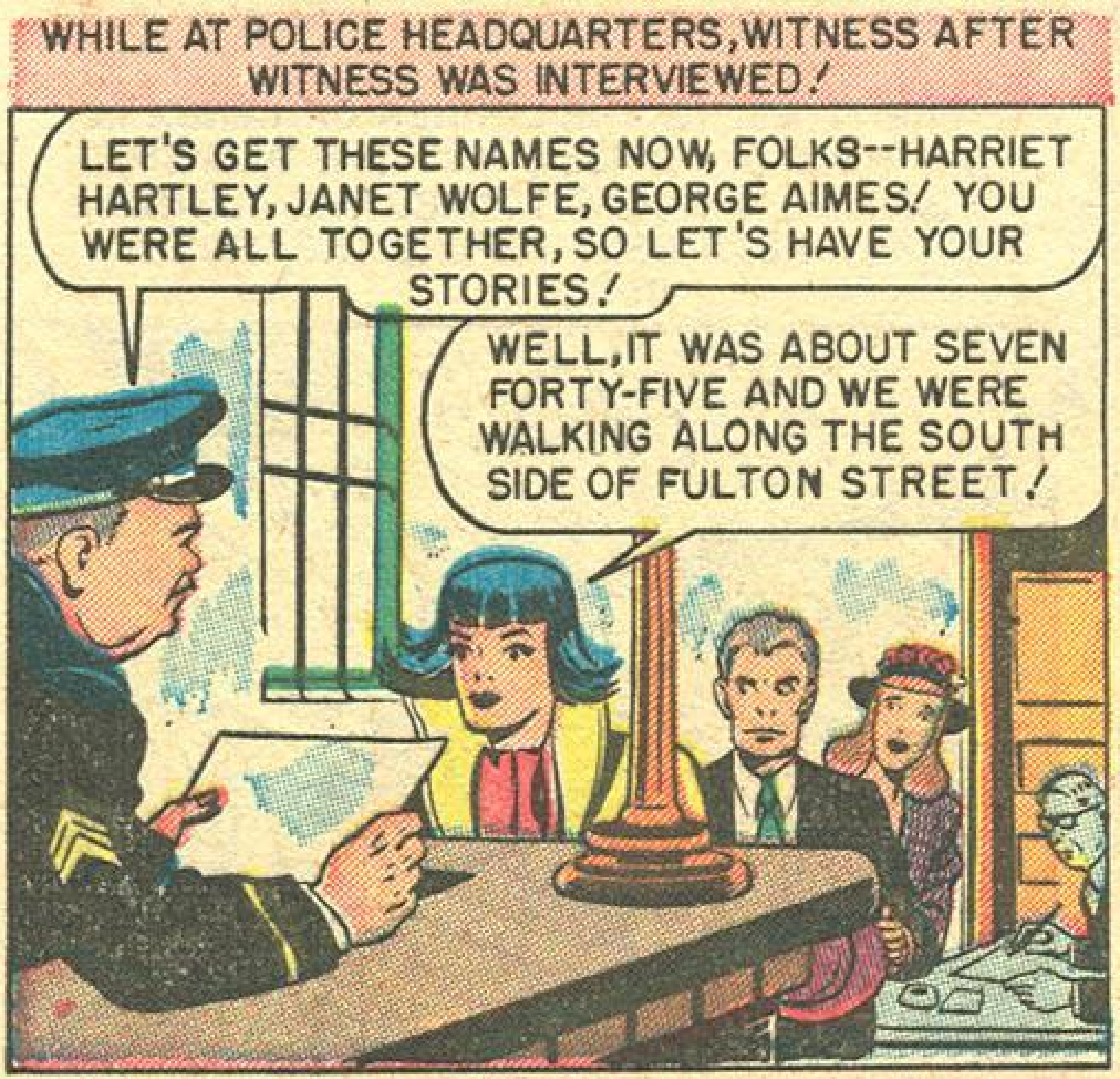

SUDDENLY, FROM THE MURKY SHADOWS OF NIGHT, A FIGURE APPEARED BEHIND THE UNSUSPECTING BENJAMIN CAREW AND...
BANG!

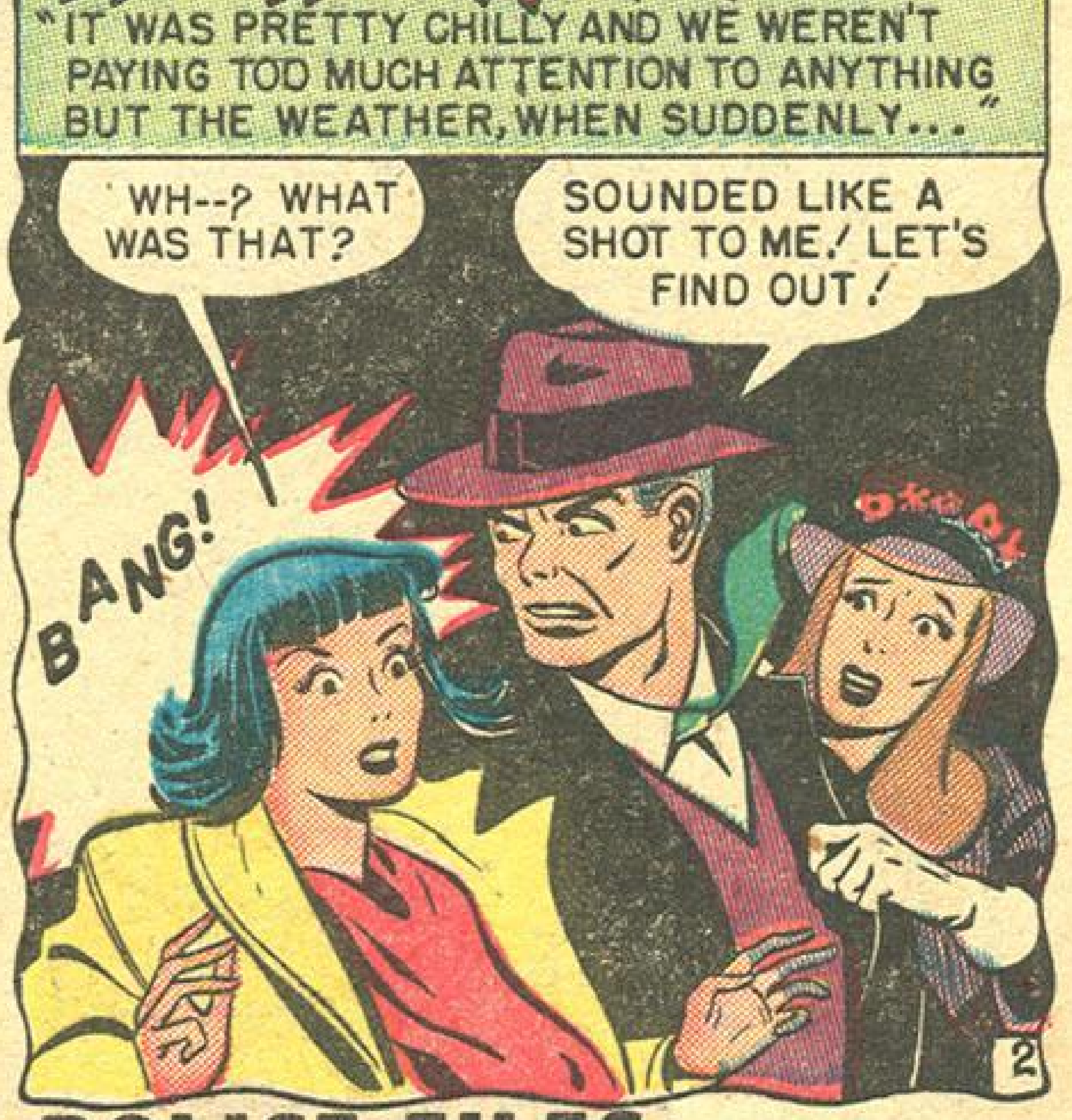

AS THE FIGURE OF THE TOWN'S RICHEST MAN CRUMPLED DEAD TO THE GROUND, HIS MYSTERIOUS ASSAILANT MELTED QUICKLY INTO THE NIGHT!

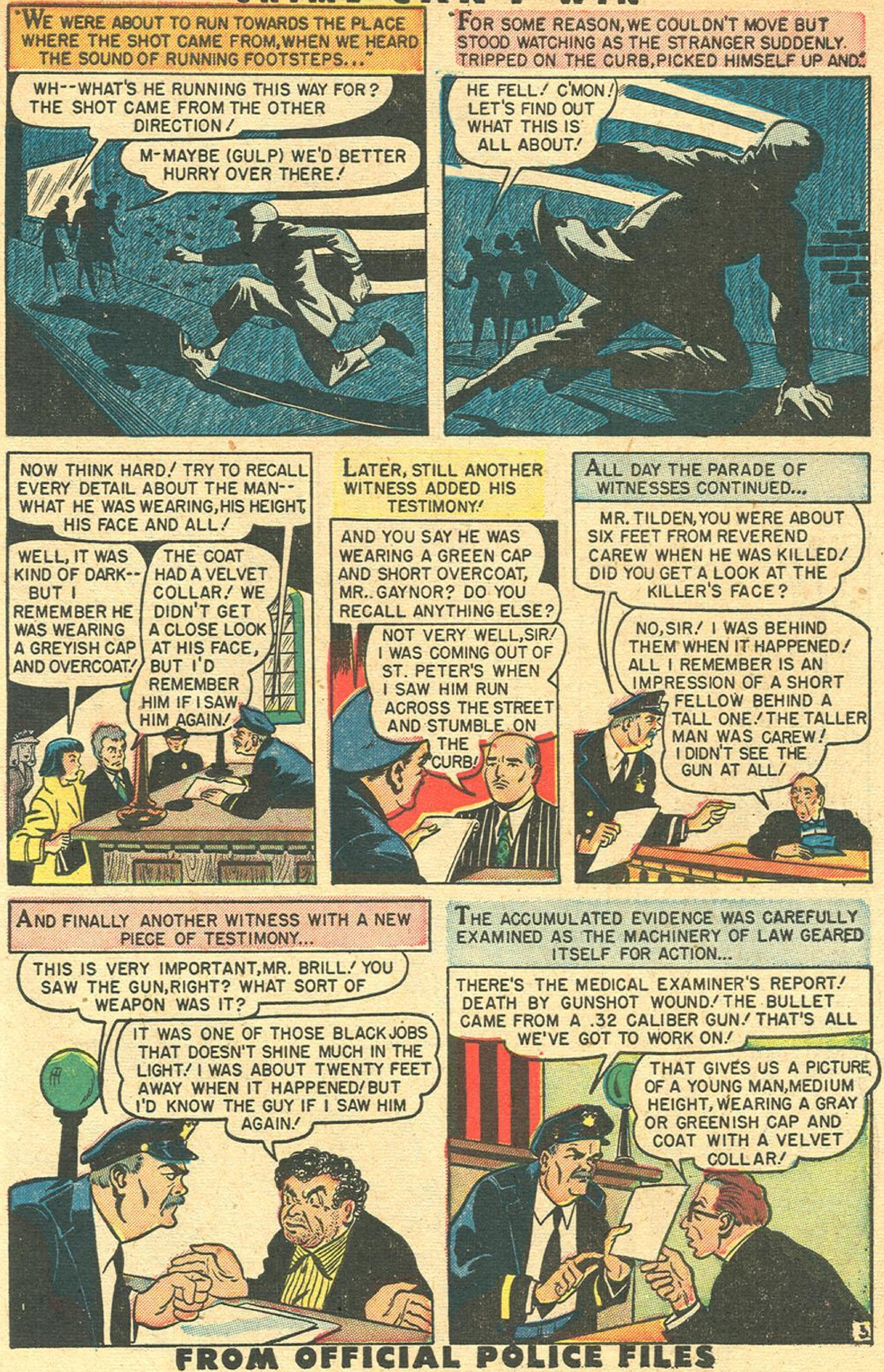

WITHIN SECONDS, AN EXCITED CROWD GATHERED AROUND THE LIFELESS BODY OF BENJAMIN CAREW!
IT'S CAREW... HE'S BEEN KILLED!
I SAW A FELLOW RUNNING AWAY JUST NOW DOWN THE STREET!
I SAW IT WHEN IT HAPPENED! BETTER CALL THE POLICE!

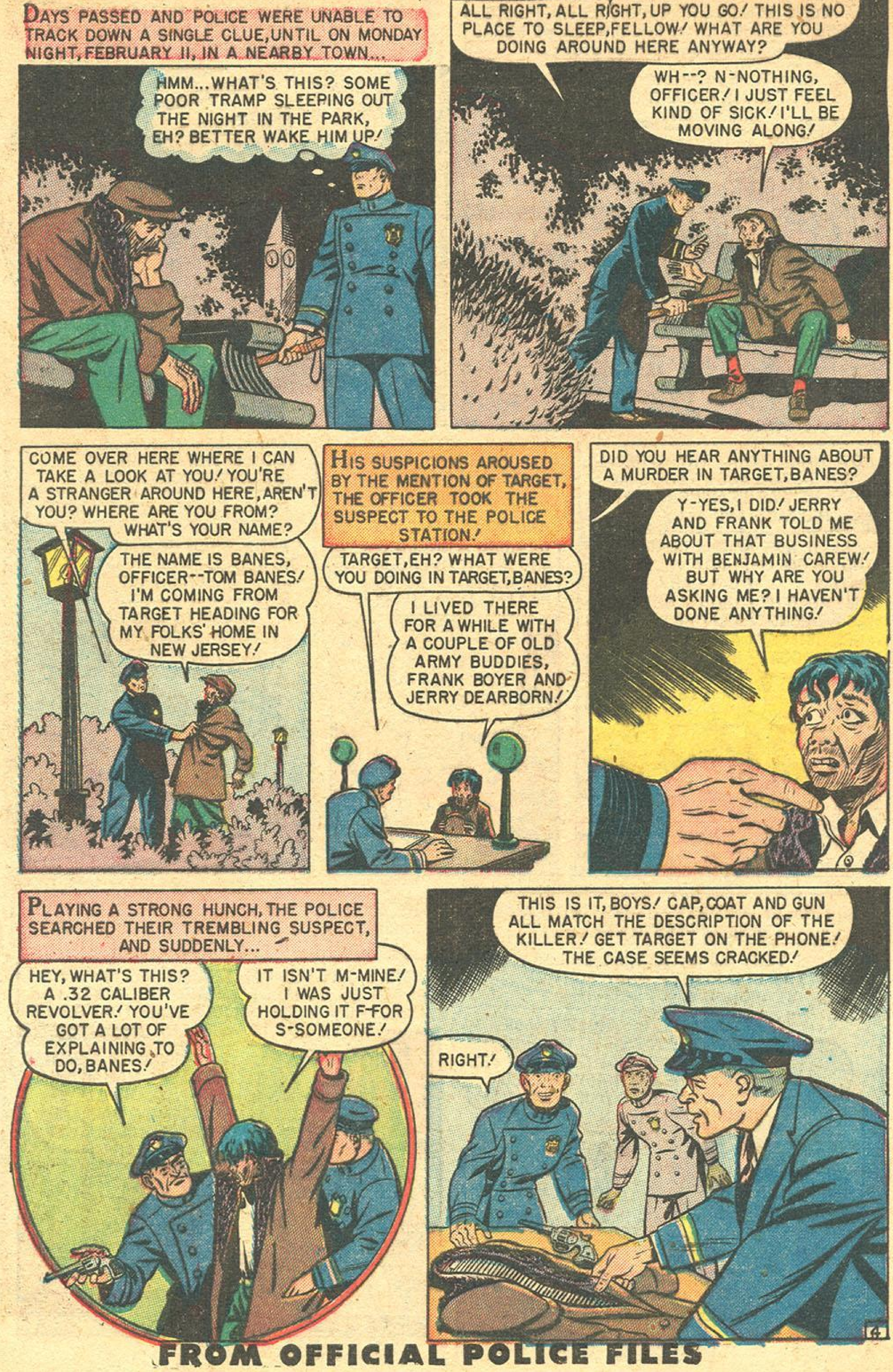

IT HAPPENED AROUND SEVEN FORTY-FIVE, OFFICER! I SAW THE WHOLE THING!
I LOOKED AROUND WHEN I HEARD THE SHOT AND SAW A MAN RUNNING ACROSS THE STREET!
OKAY, FOLKS! I'VE GOT ALL YOUR NAMES! EACH ONE OF YOU WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO TELL YOUR STORY AT THE STATION HOUSE!

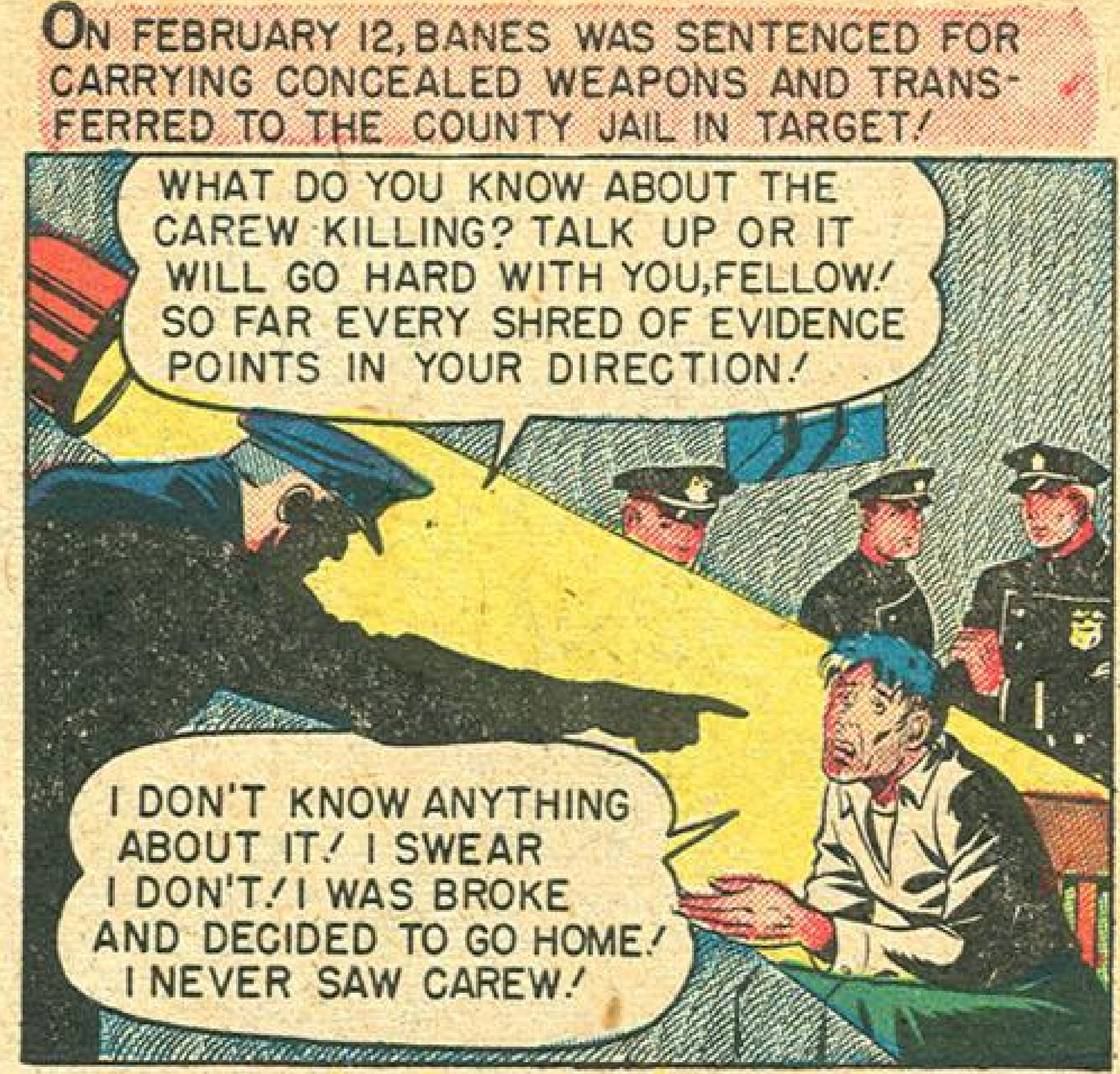

JOURNAL
BANKER MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD! POLICE FAIL TO FIND MOTIVE!
CLARION
REWARD OFFERED FOR CAPTURE OF KILLER! CITY SHOCKED BY BRUTAL SLAYING!
SUSPECTS ARE IN

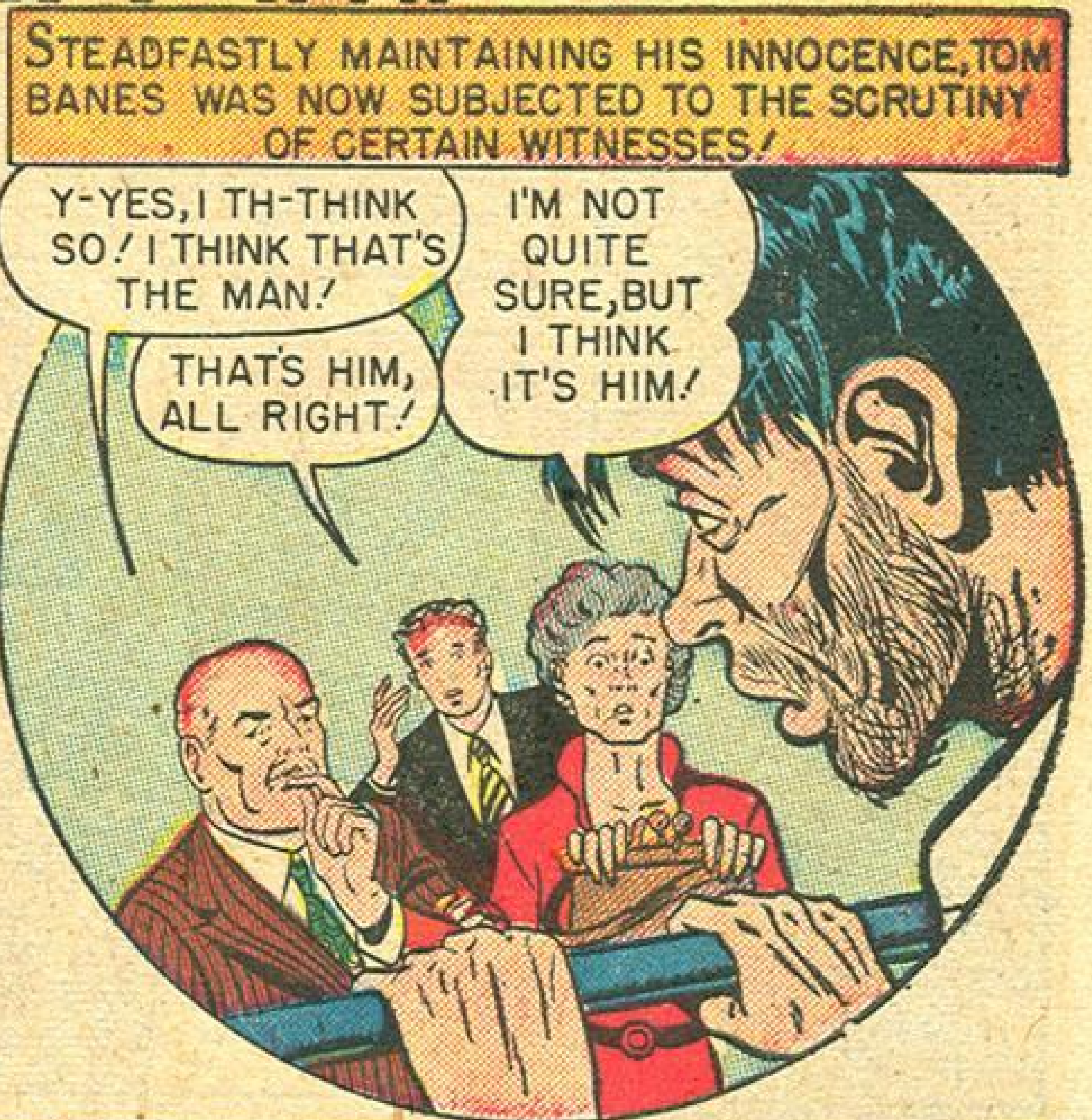

WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, WITNESS AFTER WITNESS WAS INTERVIEWED!
LET'S GET THESE NAMES NOW, FOLKS--HARRIET HARTLEY, JANET WOLFE, GEORGE AIMES! YOU WERE ALL TOGETHER, SO LET'S HAVE YOUR STORIES!
WELL, IT WAS ABOUT SEVEN FORTY-FIVE AND WE WERE WALKING ALONG THE SOUTH SIDE OF FULTON STREET!

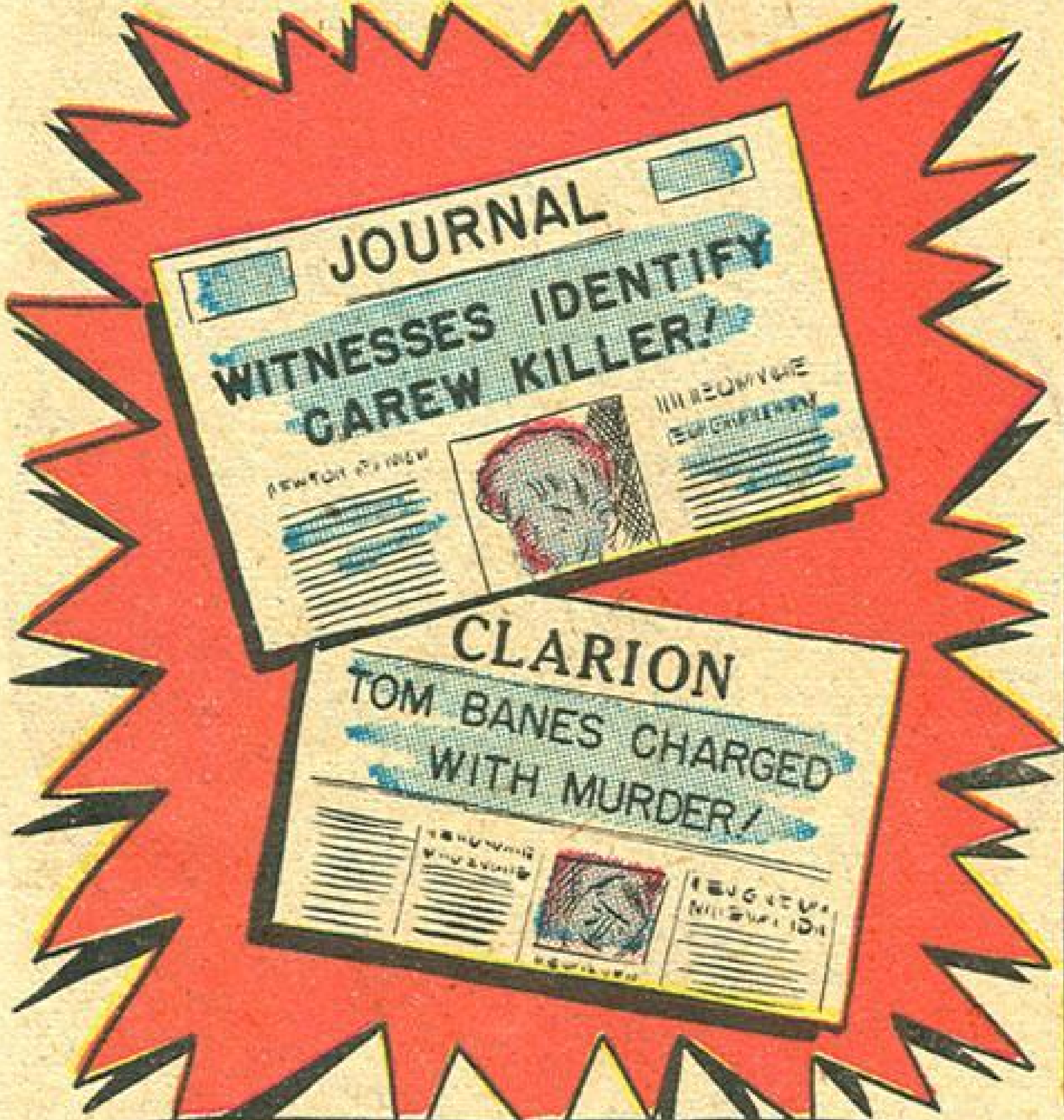

"IT WAS PRETTY CHILLY AND WE WEREN'T PAYING TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO ANYTHING BUT THE WEATHER, WHEN SUDDENLY..."
WH--? WHAT WAS THAT?
SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT TO ME! LET'S FIND OUT!
BANG!

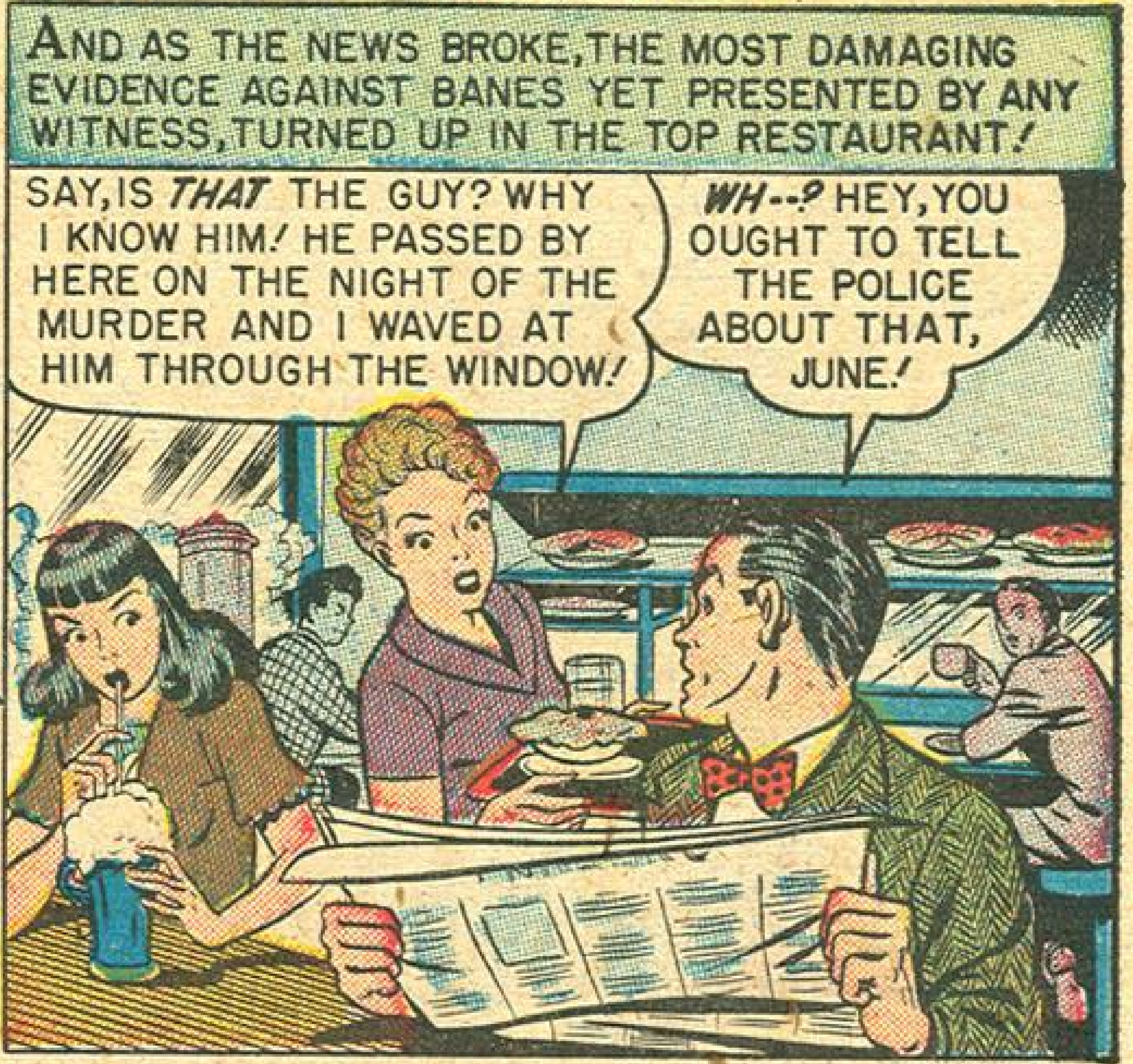

"WE WERE ABOUT TO RUN TOWARDS THE PLACE WHERE THE SHOT CAME FROM, WHEN WE HEARD THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS..."
WH--WHAT'S HE RUNNING THIS WAY FOR? THE SHOT CAME FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION!
M-MAYBE (GULP) WE'D BETTER HURRY OVER THERE!
"FOR SOME REASON, WE COULDN'T MOVE BUT STOOD WATCHING AS THE STRANGER SUDDENLY TRIPPED ON THE CURB, PICKED HIMSELF UP AND."
HE FELL! C'MON! LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
NOW THINK HARD! TRY TO RECALL EVERY DETAIL ABOUT THE MAN--WHAT HE WAS WEARING, HIS HEIGHT, HIS FACE AND ALL!
WELL, IT WAS KIND OF DARK--BUT I REMEMBER HE WAS WEARING A GREYISH CAP AND OVERCOAT!
THE COAT HAD A VELVET COLLAR! WE DIDN'T GET A CLOSE LOOK AT HIS FACE, BUT I'D REMEMBER HIM IF I SAW HIM AGAIN!
LATER, STILL ANOTHER WITNESS ADDED HIS TESTIMONY!
AND YOU SAY HE WAS WEARING A GREEN CAP AND SHORT OVERCOAT, MR.. GAYNOR? DO YOU RECALL ANYTHING ELSE?
NOT VERY WELL, SIR! I WAS COMING OUT OF ST. PETER'S WHEN I SAW HIM RUN ACROSS THE STREET AND STUMBLE ON THE CURB!
ALL DAY THE PARADE OF WITNESSES CONTINUED...
MR. TILDEN, YOU WERE ABOUT SIX FEET FROM REVEREND CAREW WHEN HE WAS KILLED! DID YOU GET A LOOK AT THE KILLER'S FACE?
NO, SIR! I WAS BEHIND THEM WHEN IT HAPPENED! ALL I REMEMBER IS AN IMPRESSION OF A SHORT FELLOW BEHIND A TALL ONE! THE TALLER MAN WAS CAREW! I DIDN'T SEE THE GUN AT ALL!
AND FINALLY ANOTHER WITNESS WITH A NEW PIECE OF TESTIMONY...
THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT, MR. BRILL! YOU SAW THE GUN, RIGHT? WHAT SORT OF WEAPON WAS IT?
IT WAS ONE OF THOSE BLACK JOBS THAT DOESN'T SHINE MUCH IN THE LIGHT! I WAS ABOUT TWENTY FEET AWAY WHEN IT HAPPENED! BUT I'D KNOW THE GUY IF I SAW HIM AGAIN!
THE ACCUMULATED EVIDENCE WAS CAREFULLY EXAMINED AS THE MACHINERY OF LAW GEARED ITSELF FOR ACTION...
THERE'S THE MEDICAL EXAMINER'S REPORT! DEATH BY GUNSHOT WOUND! THE BULLET CAME FROM A .32 CALIBER GUN! THAT'S ALL WE'VE GOT TO WORK ON!
THAT GIVES US A PICTURE OF A YOUNG MAN, MEDIUM HEIGHT, WEARING A GRAY OR GREENISH CAP AND COAT WITH A VELVET COLLAR!

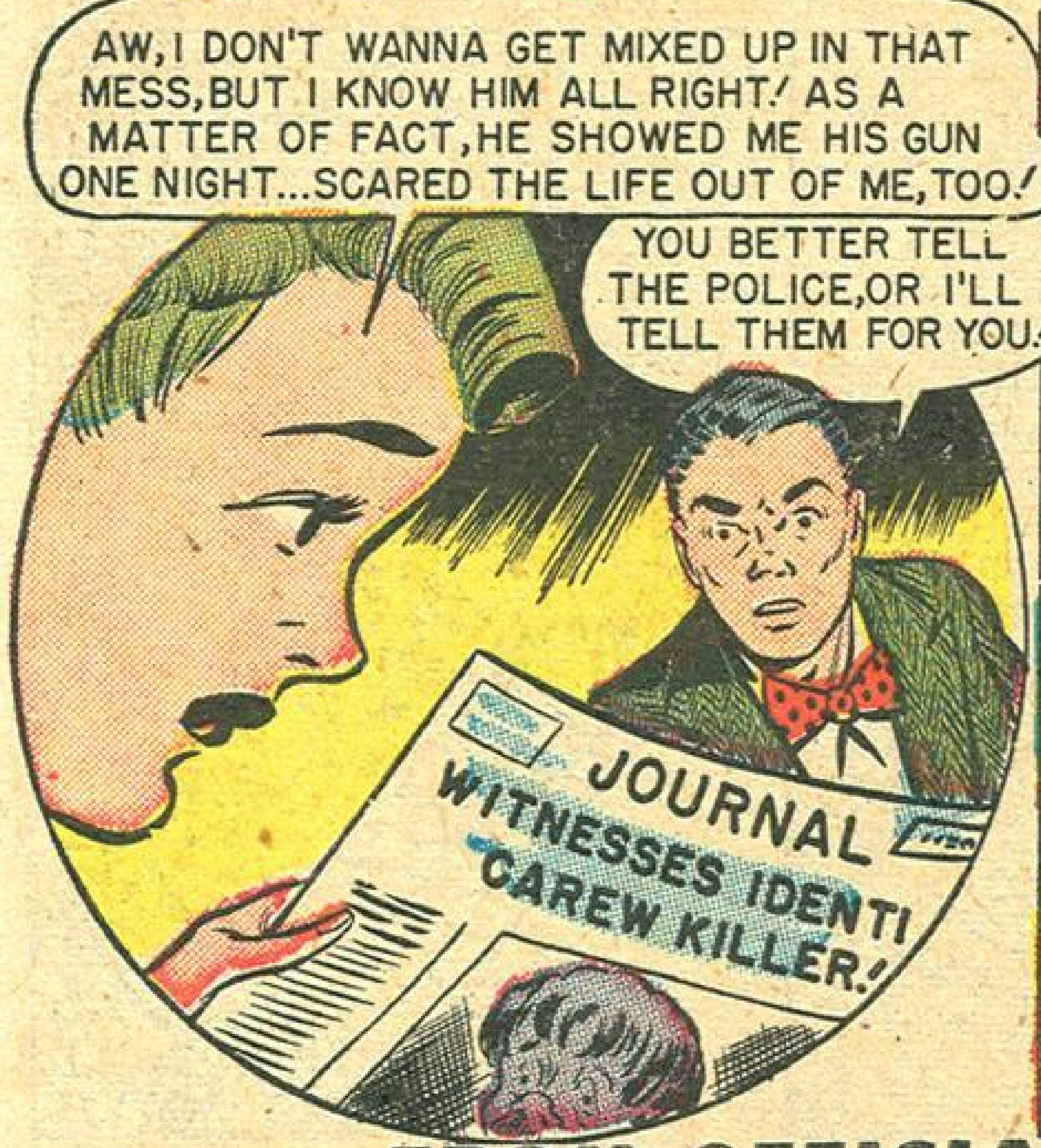

DAYS PASSED AND POLICE WERE UNABLE TO TRACK DOWN A SINGLE CLUE, UNTIL ON MONDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 11, IN A NEARBY TOWN...
HMM... WHAT'S THIS? SOME POOR TRAMP SLEEPING OUT THE NIGHT IN THE PARK, EH? BETTER WAKE HIM UP!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, UP YOU GO! THIS IS NO PLACE TO SLEEP, FELLOW! WHAT ARE YOU DOING AROUND HERE ANYWAY?
WH--? N-NOTHING, OFFICER! I JUST FEEL KIND OF SICK! I'LL BE MOVING ALONG!
COME OVER HERE WHERE I CAN TAKE A LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE A STRANGER AROUND HERE, AREN'T YOU? WHERE ARE YOU FROM? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
THE NAME IS BANES, OFFICER--TOM BANES! I'M COMING FROM TARGET HEADING FOR MY FOLKS' HOME IN NEW JERSEY!
HIS SUSPICIONS AROUSED BY THE MENTION OF TARGET, THE OFFICER TOOK THE SUSPECT TO THE POLICE STATION!
TARGET, EH? WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN TARGET, BANES?
I LIVED THERE FOR A WHILE WITH A COUPLE OF OLD ARMY BUDDIES, FRANK BOYER AND JERRY DEARBORN!
DID YOU HEAR ANYTHING ABOUT A MURDER IN TARGET, BANES?
Y-YES, I DID! JERRY AND FRANK TOLD ME ABOUT THAT BUSINESS WITH BENJAMIN CAREW! BUT WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME? I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!
PLAYING A STRONG HUNCH, THE POLICE SEARCHED THEIR TREMBLING SUSPECT, AND SUDDENLY...
HEY, WHAT'S THIS? A .32 CALIBER REVOLVER! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO, BANES!
IT ISN'T M-MINE! I WAS JUST HOLDING IT F-FOR S-SOMEONE!
THIS IS IT, BOYS! CAP, COAT AND GUN ALL MATCH THE DESCRIPTION OF THE KILLER! GET TARGET ON THE PHONE! THE CASE SEEMS CRACKED!
RIGHT!

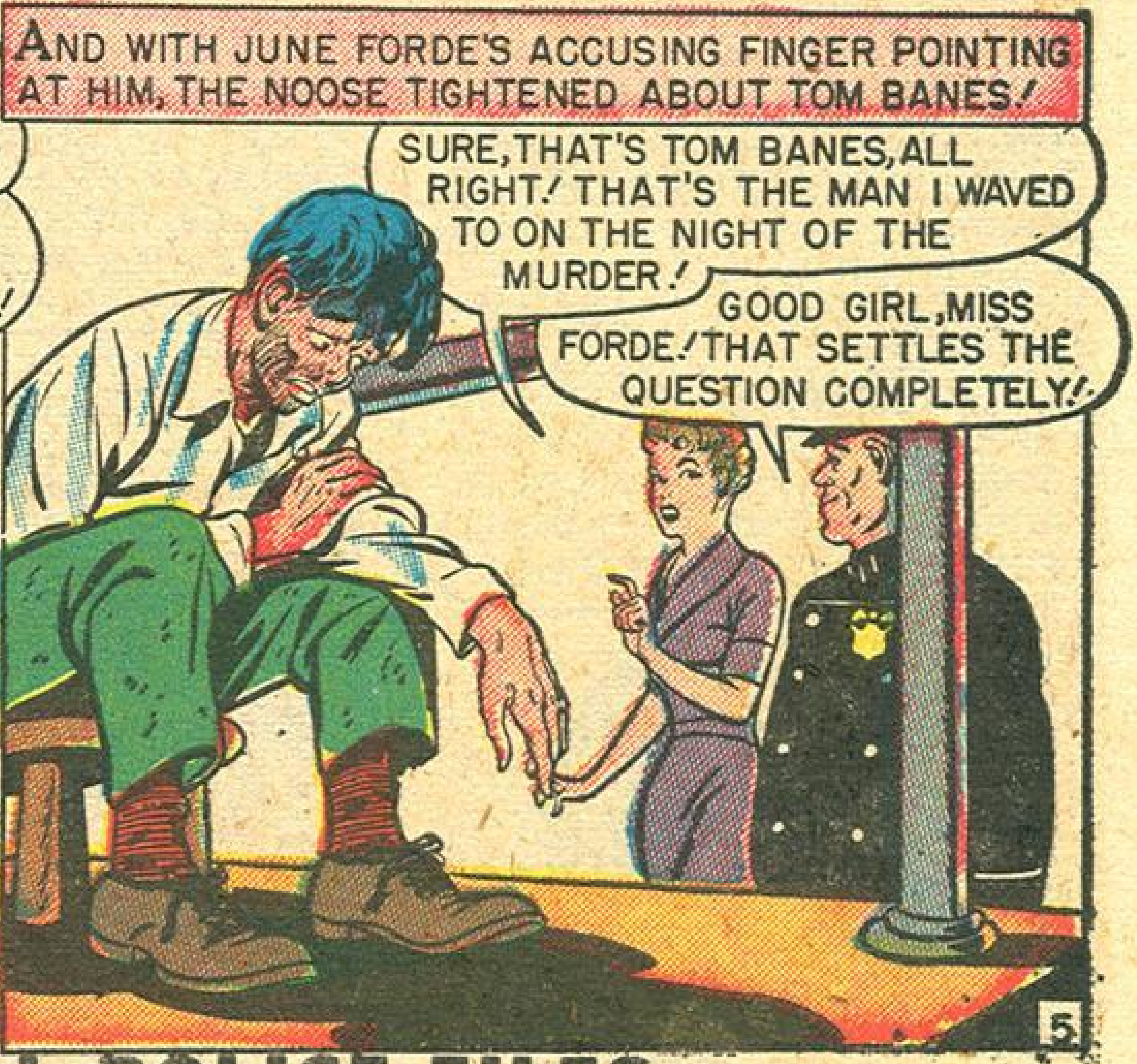

ON FEBRUARY 12, BANES WAS SENTENCED FOR CARRYING CONCEALED WEAPONS AND TRANSFERRED TO THE COUNTY JAIL IN TARGET!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE CAREW KILLING? TALK UP OR IT WILL GO HARD WITH YOU, FELLOW! SO FAR EVERY SHRED OF EVIDENCE POINTS IN YOUR DIRECTION!
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT! I SWEAR I DON'T! I WAS BROKE AND DECIDED TO GO HOME! I NEVER SAW CAREW!

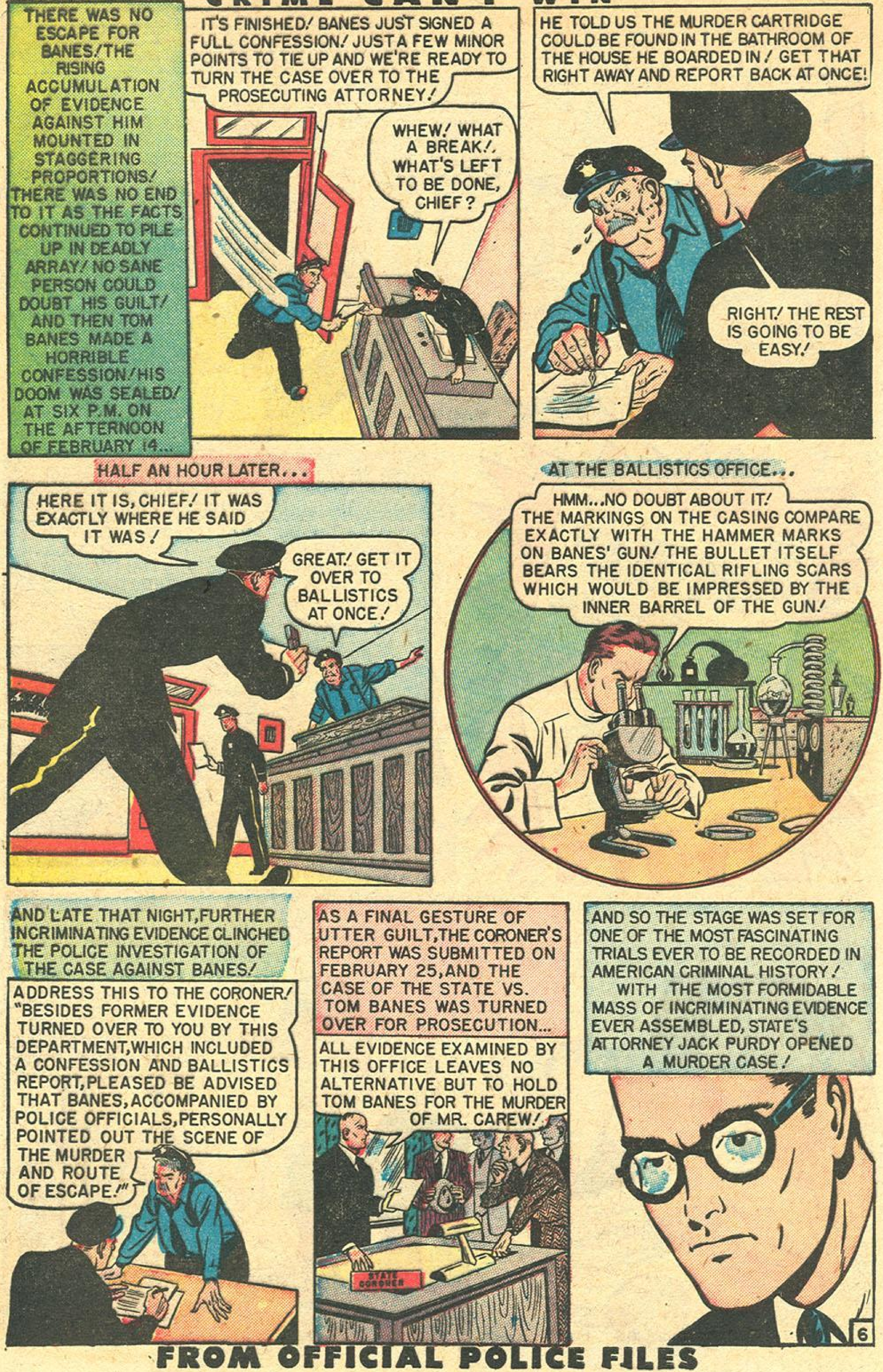

STEADFASTLY MAINTAINING HIS INNOCENCE, TOM BANES WAS NOW SUBJECTED TO THE SCRUTINY OF CERTAIN WITNESSES!
Y-YES, I TH-THINK SO! I THINK THAT'S THE MAN!
THAT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT!
I'M NOT QUITE SURE, BUT I THINK IT'S HIM!

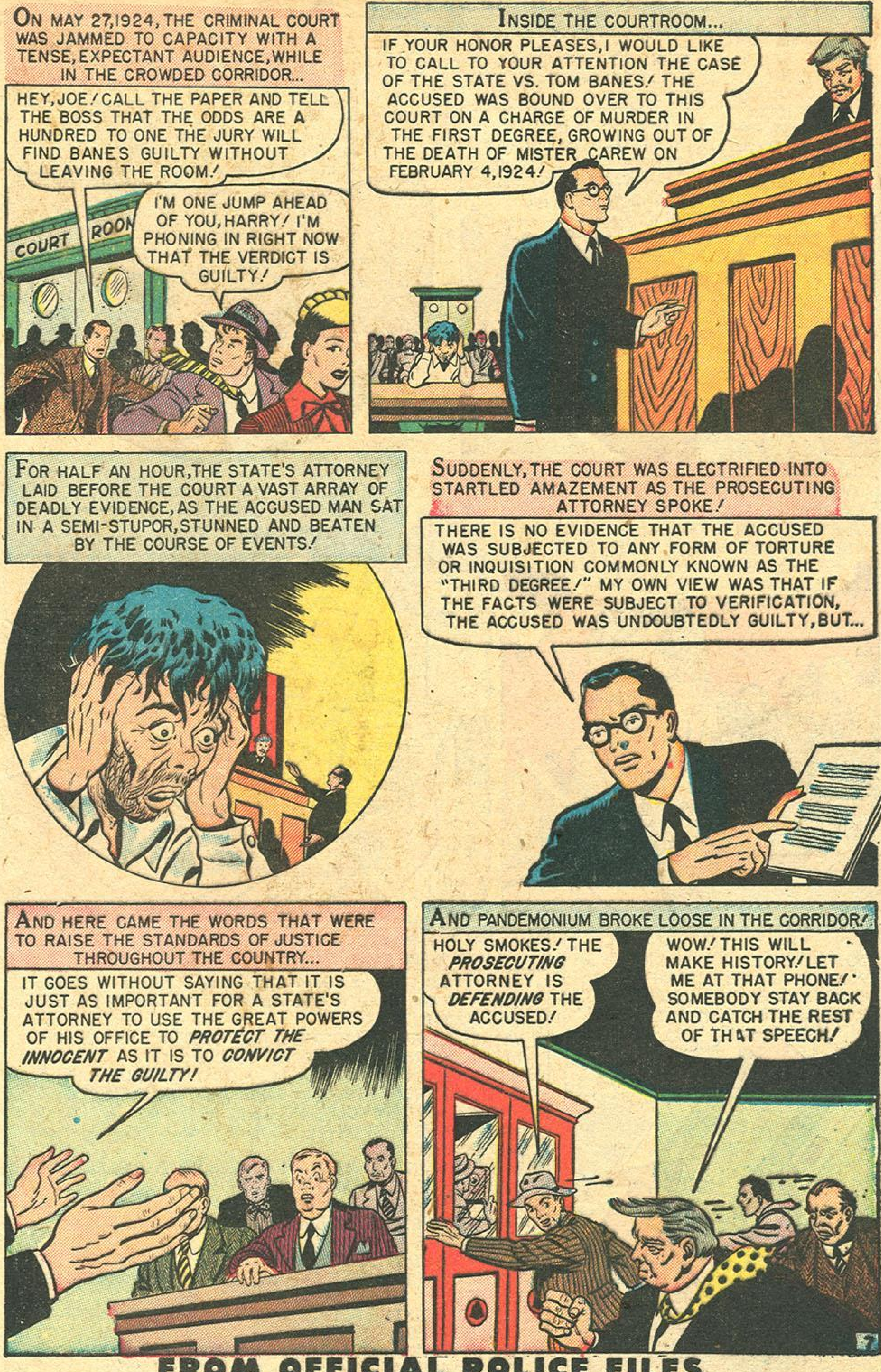

JOURNAL
WITNESSES IDENTIFY CAREW KILLER!
CLARION
TOM BANES CHARGED WITH MURDER!

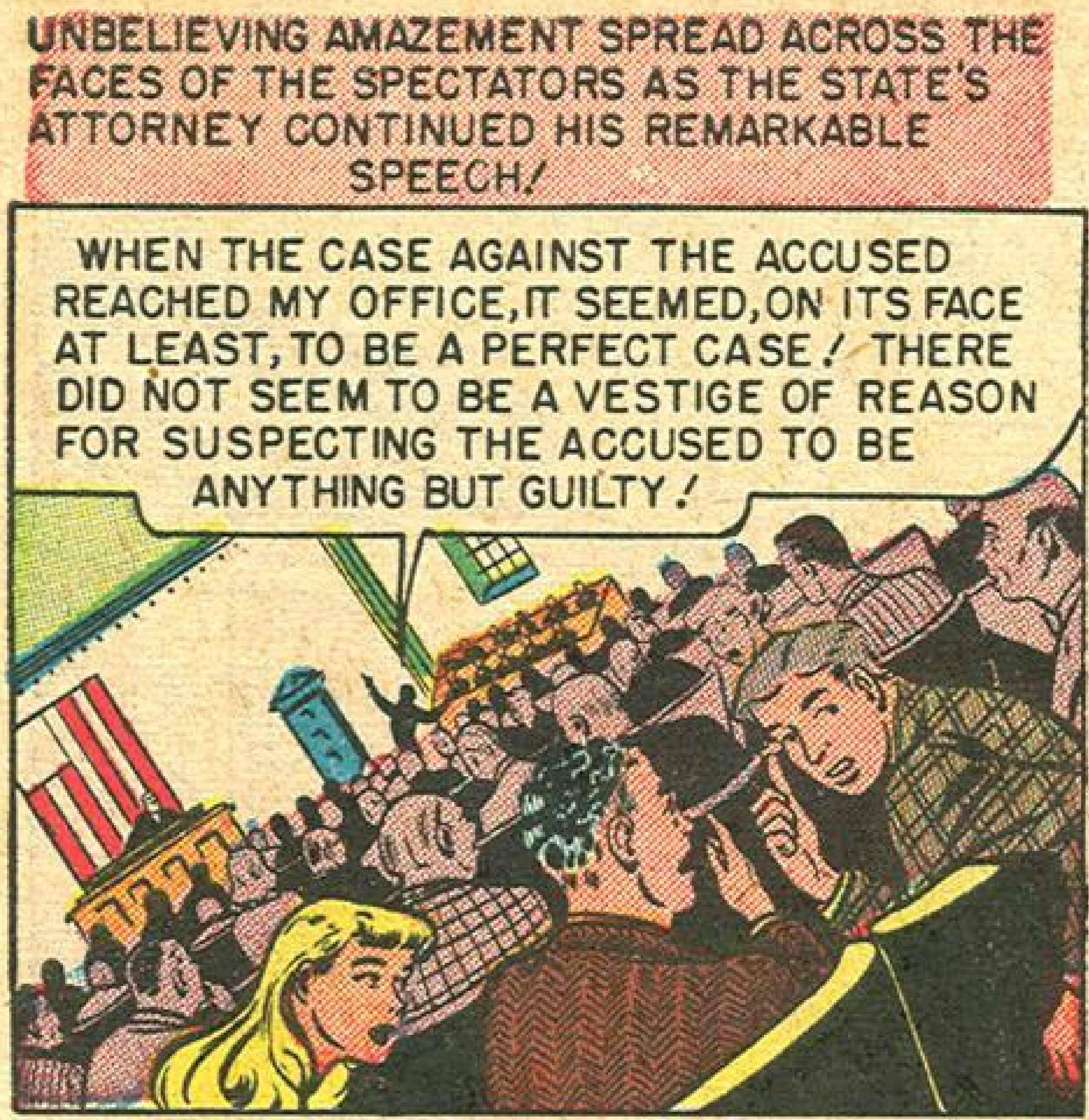

AND AS THE NEWS BROKE, THE MOST DAMAGING EVIDENCE AGAINST BANES YET PRESENTED BY ANY WITNESS, TURNED UP IN THE TOP RESTAURANT!
SAY, IS *THAT* THE GUY? WHY I KNOW HIM! HE PASSED BY HERE ON THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER AND I WAVED AT HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW!
WH--? HEY, YOU OUGHT TO TELL THE POLICE ABOUT THAT, JUNE!

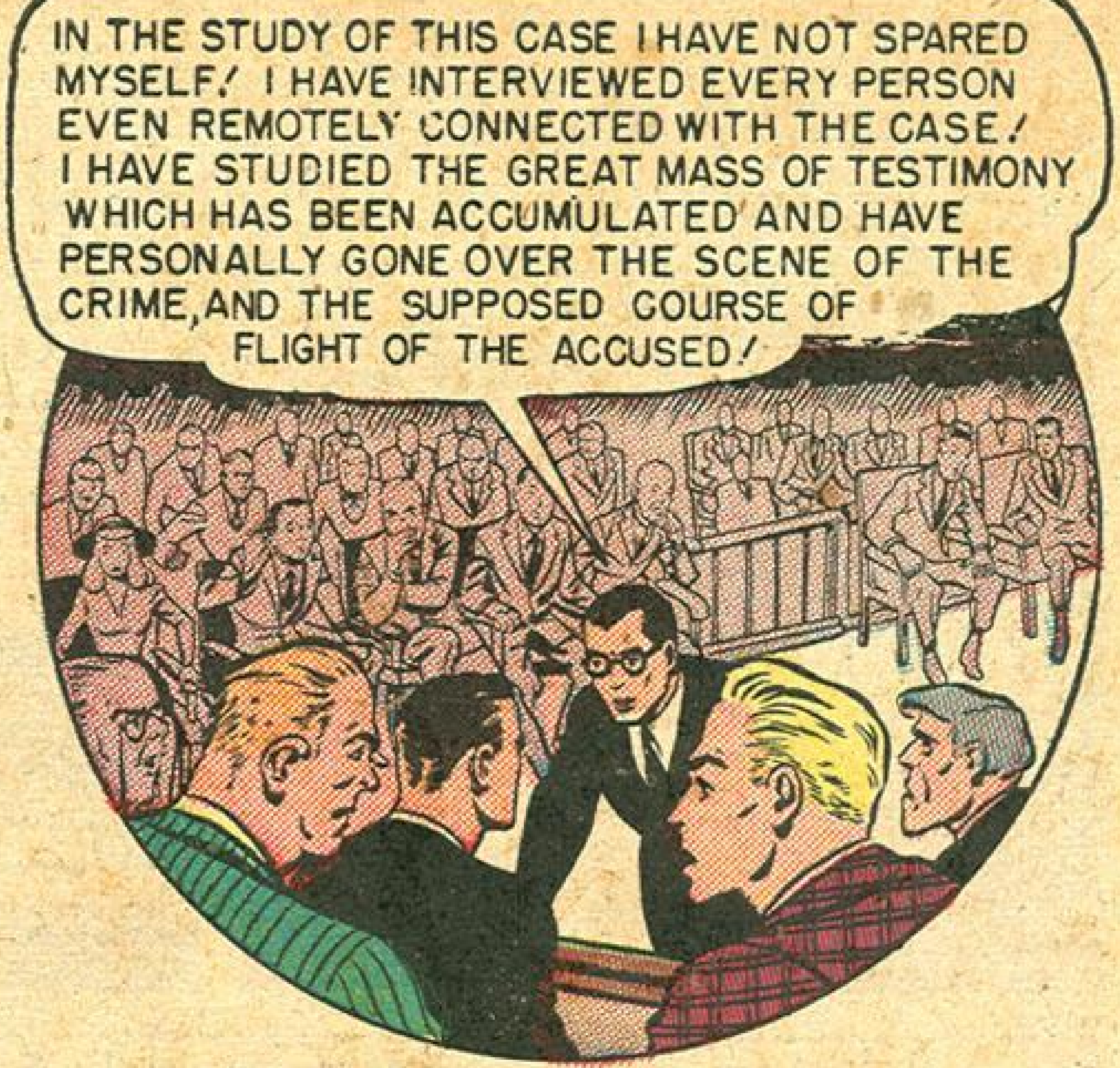

AW, I DON'T WANNA GET MIXED UP IN THAT MESS, BUT I KNOW HIM ALL RIGHT! AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE SHOWED ME HIS GUN ONE NIGHT...SCARED THE LIFE OUT OF ME, TOO!
YOU BETTER TELL THE POLICE, OR I'LL TELL THEM FOR YOU!
JOURNAL
WITNESSES IDENTI CAREW KILLER!

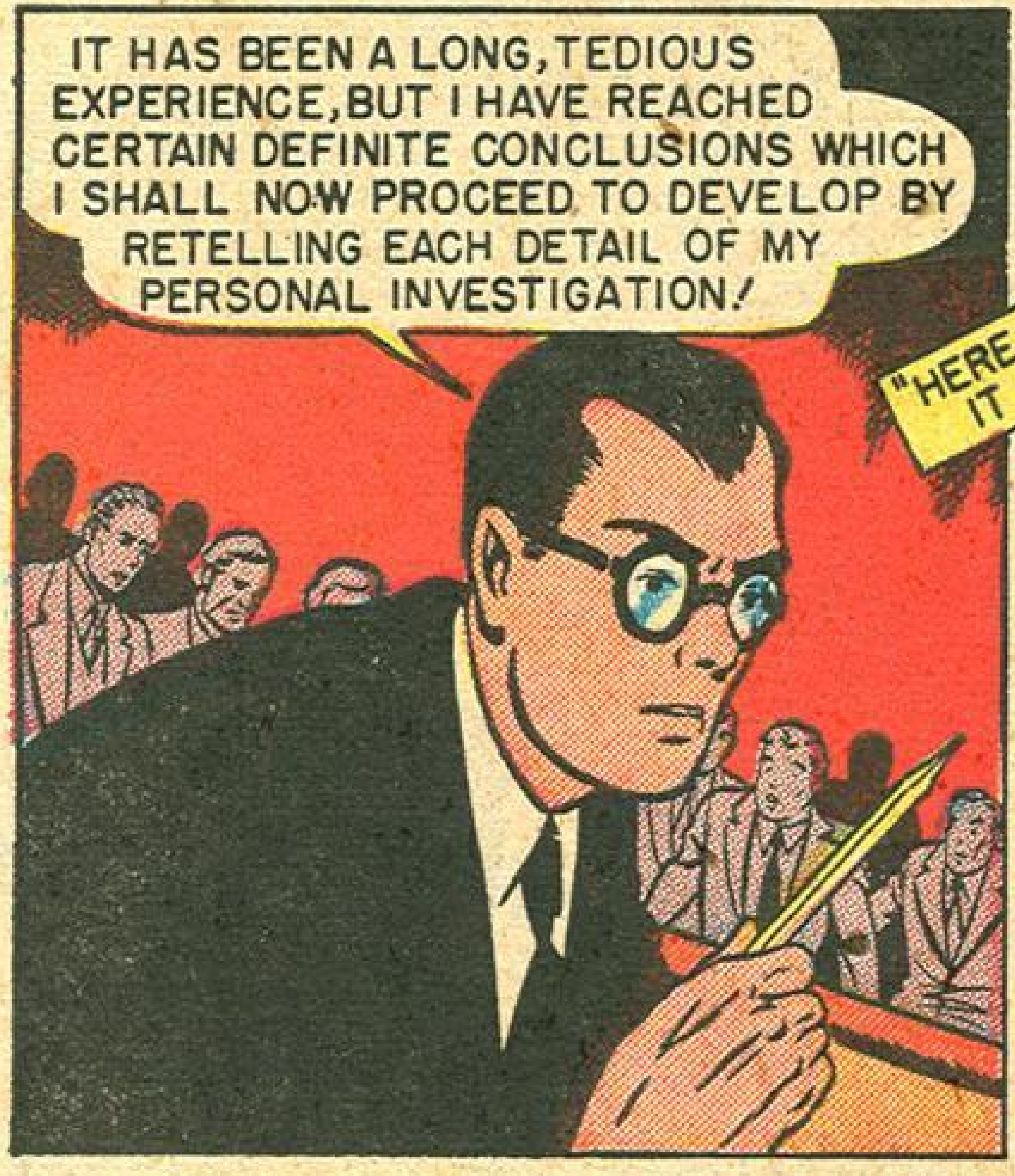

AND WITH JUNE FORDE'S ACCUSING FINGER POINTING AT HIM, THE NOOSE TIGHTENED ABOUT TOM BANES!
SURE, THAT'S TOM BANES, ALL RIGHT! THAT'S THE MAN I WAVED TO ON THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER!
GOOD GIRL, MISS FORDE! THAT SETTLES THE QUESTION COMPLETELY!

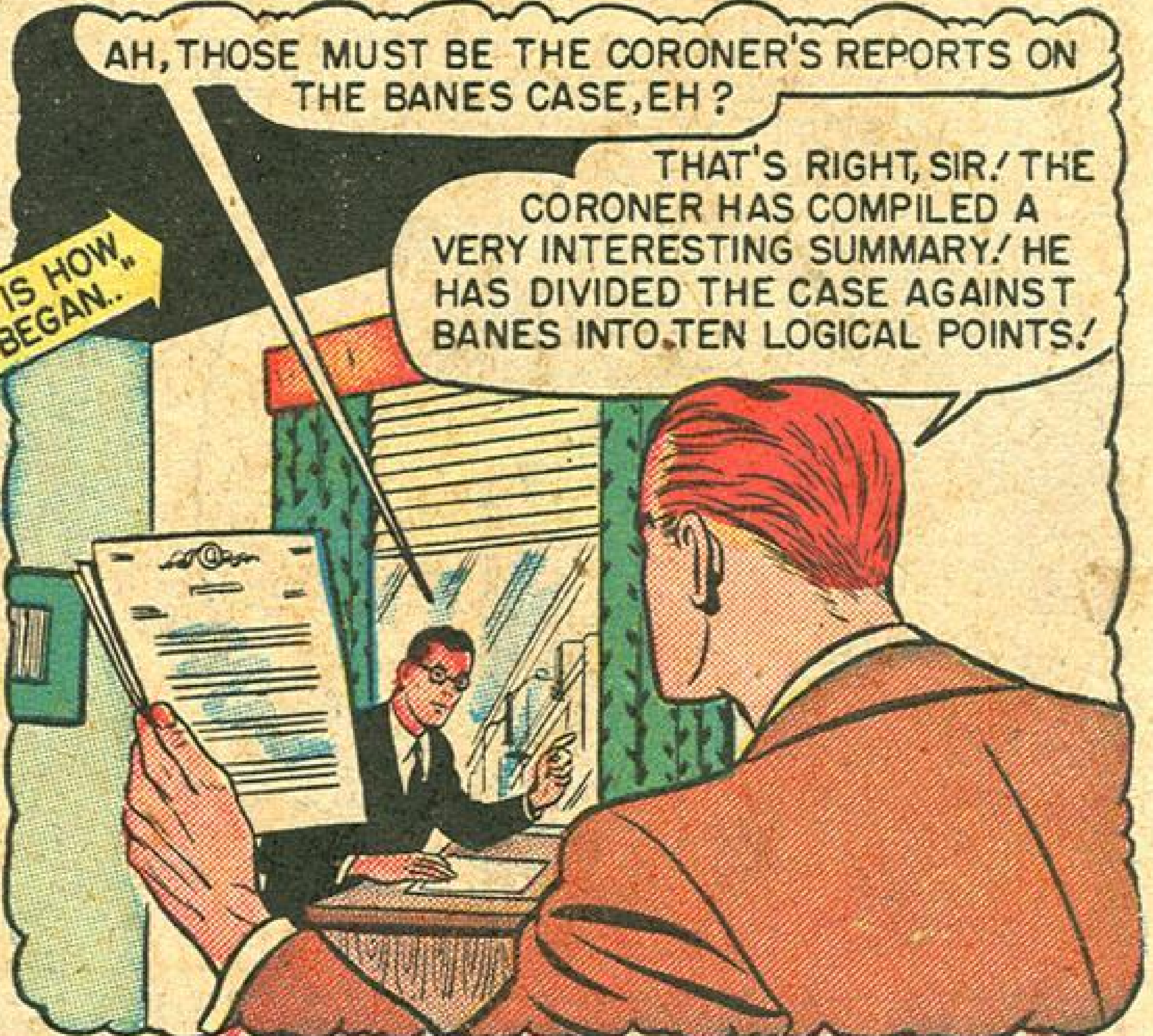

THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FOR BANES! THE RISING ACCUMULATION OF EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM MOUNTED IN STAGGERING PROPORTIONS! THERE WAS NO END TO IT AS THE FACTS CONTINUED TO PILE UP IN DEADLY ARRAY! NO SANE PERSON COULD DOUBT HIS GUILT! AND THEN TOM BANES MADE A HORRIBLE CONFESSION! HIS DOOM WAS SEALED! AT SIX P.M. ON THE AFTERNOON OF FEBRUARY 14...
IT'S FINISHED! BANES JUST SIGNED A FULL CONFESSION! JUST A FEW MINOR POINTS TO TIE UP AND WE'RE READY TO TURN THE CASE OVER TO THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY!
WHEW! WHAT A BREAK! WHAT'S LEFT TO BE DONE, CHIEF?
HE TOLD US THE MURDER CARTRIDGE COULD BE FOUND IN THE BATHROOM OF THE HOUSE HE BOARDED IN! GET THAT RIGHT AWAY AND REPORT BACK AT ONCE!
RIGHT! THE REST IS GOING TO BE EASY!
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
HERE IT IS, CHIEF! IT WAS EXACTLY WHERE HE SAID IT WAS!
GREAT! GET IT OVER TO BALLISTICS AT ONCE!
AT THE BALLISTICS OFFICE...
HMM...NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! THE MARKINGS ON THE CASING COMPARE EXACTLY WITH THE HAMMER MARKS ON BANES' GUN! THE BULLET ITSELF BEARS THE IDENTICAL RIFLING SCARS WHICH WOULD BE IMPRESSED BY THE INNER BARREL OF THE GUN!
AND LATE THAT NIGHT, FURTHER INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE CLINCHED THE POLICE INVESTIGATION OF THE CASE AGAINST BANES!
ADDRESS THIS TO THE CORONER! "BESIDES FORMER EVIDENCE TURNED OVER TO YOU BY THIS DEPARTMENT, WHICH INCLUDED A CONFESSION AND BALLISTICS REPORT, PLEASED BE ADVISED THAT BANES, ACCOMPANIED BY POLICE OFFICIALS, PERSONALLY POINTED OUT THE SCENE OF THE MURDER AND ROUTE OF ESCAPE!"
AS A FINAL GESTURE OF UTTER GUILT, THE CORONER'S REPORT WAS SUBMITTED ON FEBRUARY 25, AND THE CASE OF THE STATE VS. TOM BANES WAS TURNED OVER FOR PROSECUTION...
ALL EVIDENCE EXAMINED BY THIS OFFICE LEAVES NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO HOLD TOM BANES FOR THE MURDER OF MR. CAREW!
STATE CORONER
AND SO THE STAGE WAS SET FOR ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING TRIALS EVER TO BE RECORDED IN AMERICAN CRIMINAL HISTORY! WITH THE MOST FORMIDABLE MASS OF INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE EVER ASSEMBLED, STATE'S ATTORNEY JACK PURDY OPENED A MURDER CASE!

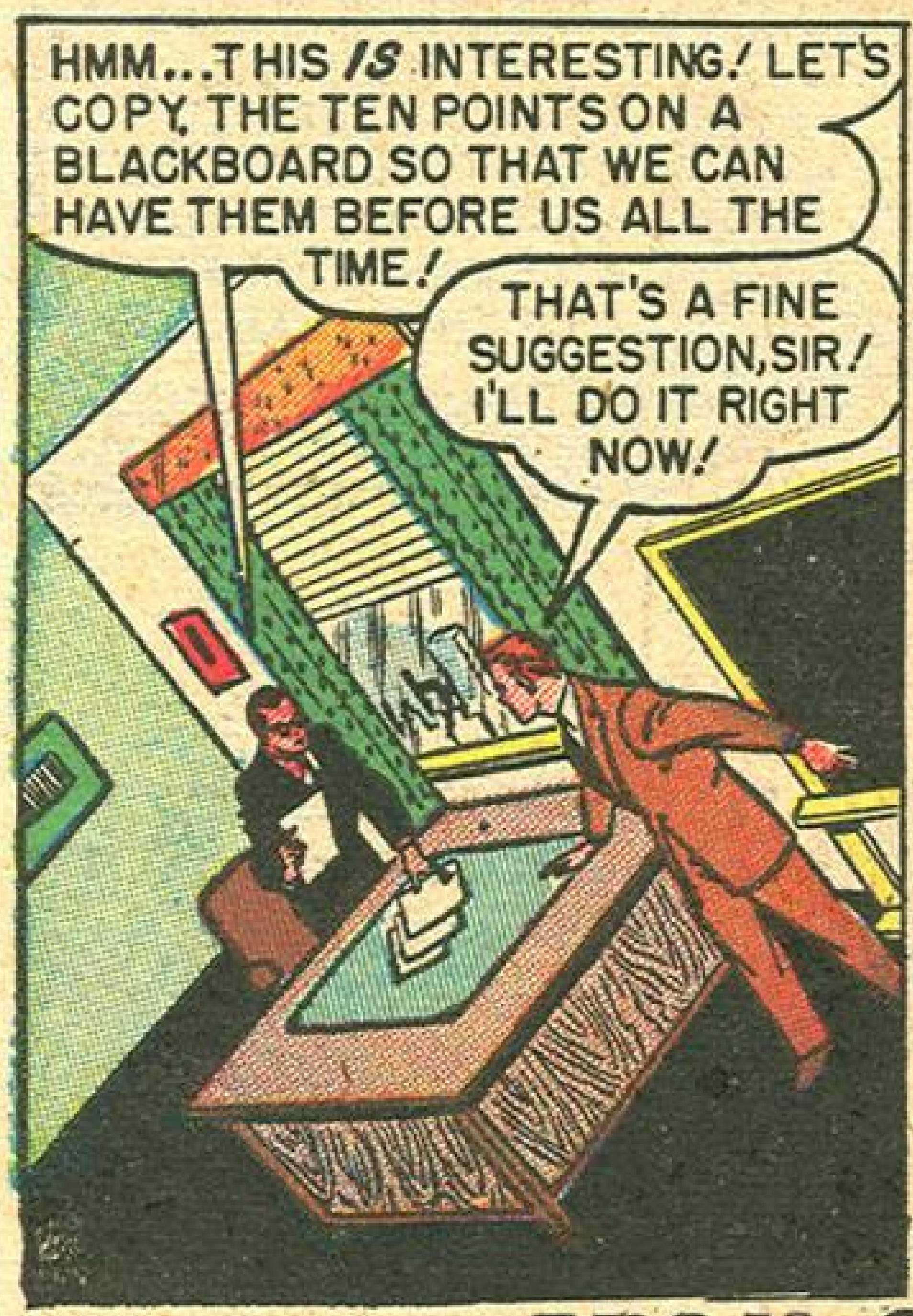

ON MAY 27,1924, THE CRIMINAL COURT WAS JAMMED TO CAPACITY WITH A TENSE, EXPECTANT AUDIENCE, WHILE IN THE CROWDED CORRIDOR...
HEY, JOE! CALL THE PAPER AND TELL THE BOSS THAT THE ODDS ARE A HUNDRED TO ONE THE JURY WILL FIND BANES GUILTY WITHOUT LEAVING THE ROOM!
I'M ONE JUMP AHEAD OF YOU, HARRY! I'M PHONING IN RIGHT NOW THAT THE VERDICT IS GUILTY!
COURT ROOM
INSIDE THE COURTROOM...
IF YOUR HONOR PLEASES, I WOULD LIKE TO CALL TO YOUR ATTENTION THE CASE OF THE STATE VS. TOM BANES! THE ACCUSED WAS BOUND OVER TO THIS COURT ON A CHARGE OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE, GROWING OUT OF THE DEATH OF MISTER CAREW ON FEBRUARY 4,1924!
FOR HALF AN HOUR, THE STATE'S ATTORNEY LAID BEFORE THE COURT A VAST ARRAY OF DEADLY EVIDENCE, AS THE ACCUSED MAN SAT IN A SEMI-STUPOR, STUNNED AND BEATEN BY THE COURSE OF EVENTS!
SUDDENLY, THE COURT WAS ELECTRIFIED INTO STARTLED AMAZEMENT AS THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY SPOKE!
THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT THE ACCUSED WAS SUBJECTED TO ANY FORM OF TORTURE OR INQUISITION COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE "THIRD DEGREE!" MY OWN VIEW WAS THAT IF THE FACTS WERE SUBJECT TO VERIFICATION, THE ACCUSED WAS UNDOUBTEDLY GUILTY, BUT...
AND HERE CAME THE WORDS THAT WERE TO RAISE THE STANDARDS OF JUSTICE THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY...
IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT IT IS JUST AS IMPORTANT FOR A STATE'S ATTORNEY TO USE THE GREAT POWERS OF HIS OFFICE TO *PROTECT THE INNOCENT* AS IT IS TO *CONVICT THE GUILTY!*
AND PANDEMONIUM BROKE LOOSE IN THE CORRIDOR!
HOLY SMOKES! THE *PROSECUTING* ATTORNEY IS *DEFENDING* THE ACCUSED!
WOW! THIS WILL MAKE HISTORY! LET ME AT THAT PHONE! SOMEBODY STAY BACK AND CATCH THE REST OF THAT SPEECH!


UNBELIEVING AMAZEMENT SPREAD ACROSS THE FACES OF THE SPECTATORS AS THE STATE'S ATTORNEY CONTINUED HIS REMARKABLE SPEECH!
WHEN THE CASE AGAINST THE ACCUSED REACHED MY OFFICE, IT SEEMED, ON ITS FACE AT LEAST, TO BE A PERFECT CASE! THERE DID NOT SEEM TO BE A VESTIGE OF REASON FOR SUSPECTING THE ACCUSED TO BE ANYTHING BUT GUILTY!


IN THE STUDY OF THIS CASE I HAVE NOT SPARED MYSELF! I HAVE INTERVIEWED EVERY PERSON EVEN REMOTELY CONNECTED WITH THE CASE! I HAVE STUDIED THE GREAT MASS OF TESTIMONY WHICH HAS BEEN ACCUMULATED AND HAVE PERSONALLY GONE OVER THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, AND THE SUPPOSED COURSE OF FLIGHT OF THE ACCUSED!

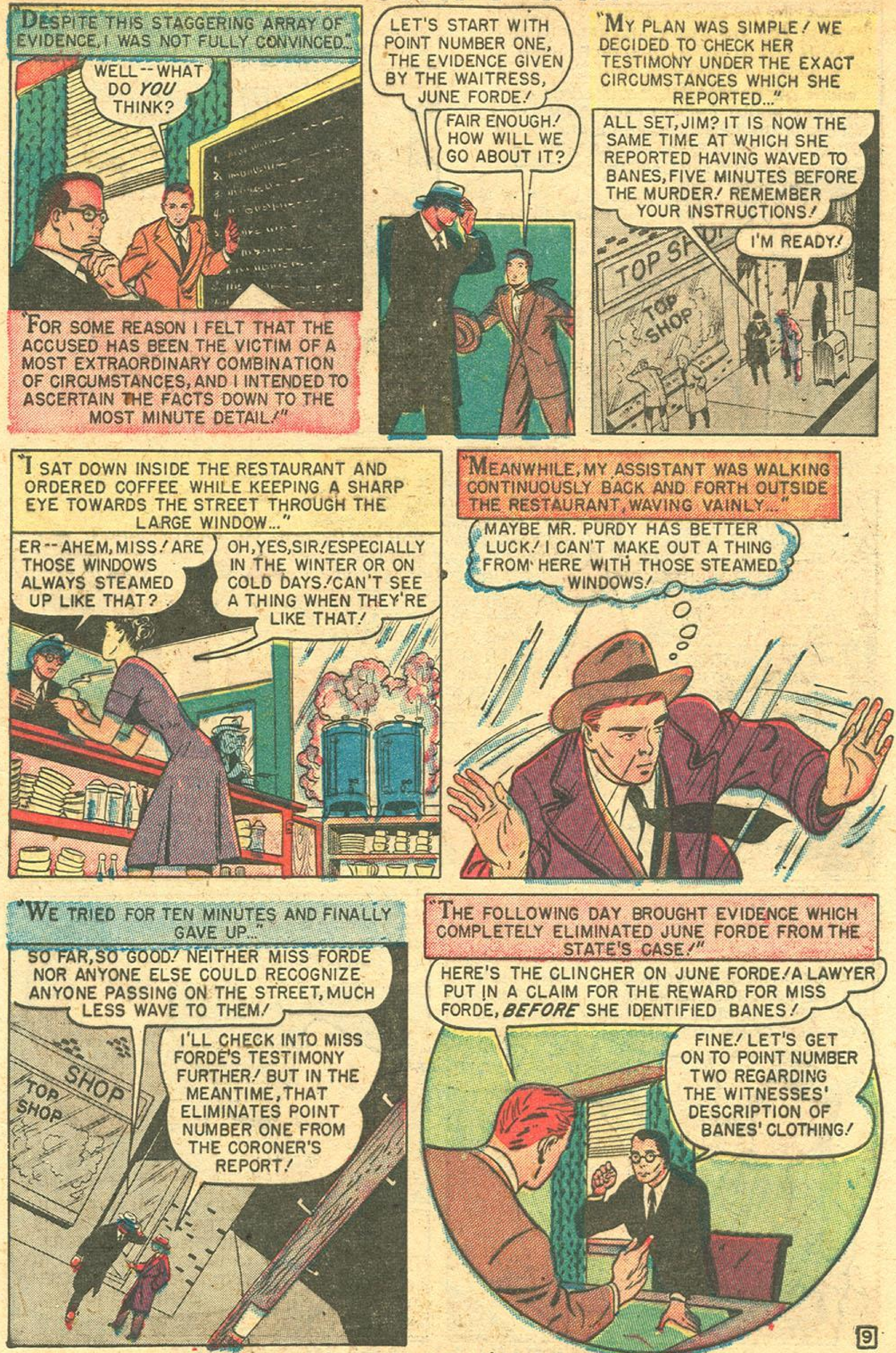

IT HAS BEEN A LONG, TEDIOUS EXPERIENCE, BUT I HAVE REACHED CERTAIN DEFINITE CONCLUSIONS WHICH I SHALL NOW PROCEED TO DEVELOP BY RETELLING EACH DETAIL OF MY PERSONAL INVESTIGATION!

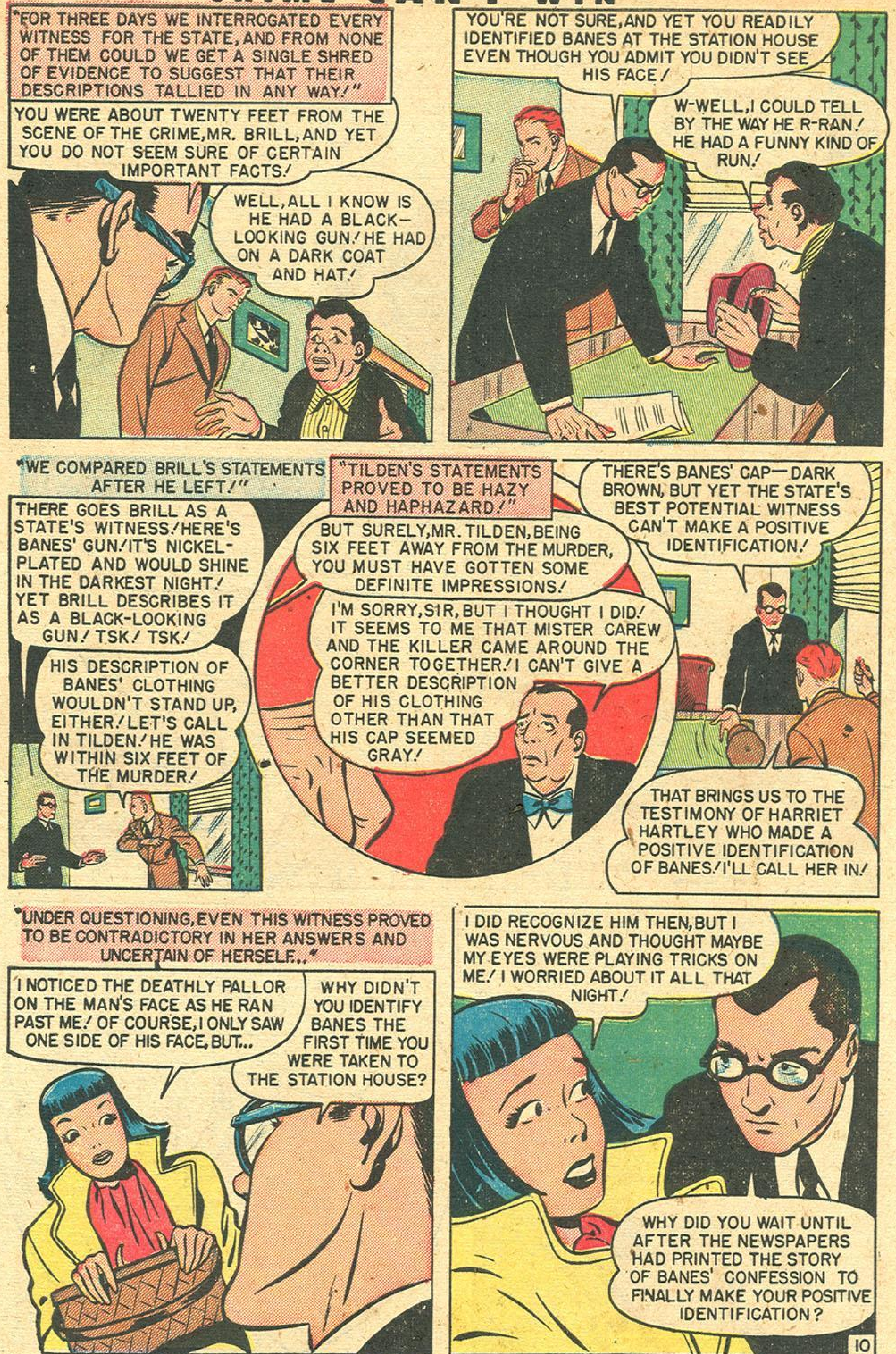

"HERE IS HOW IT BEGAN.."
AH, THOSE MUST BE THE CORONER'S REPORTS ON THE BANES CASE, EH?
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! THE CORONER HAS COMPILED A VERY INTERESTING SUMMARY! HE HAS DIVIDED THE CASE AGAINST BANES INTO TEN LOGICAL POINTS!

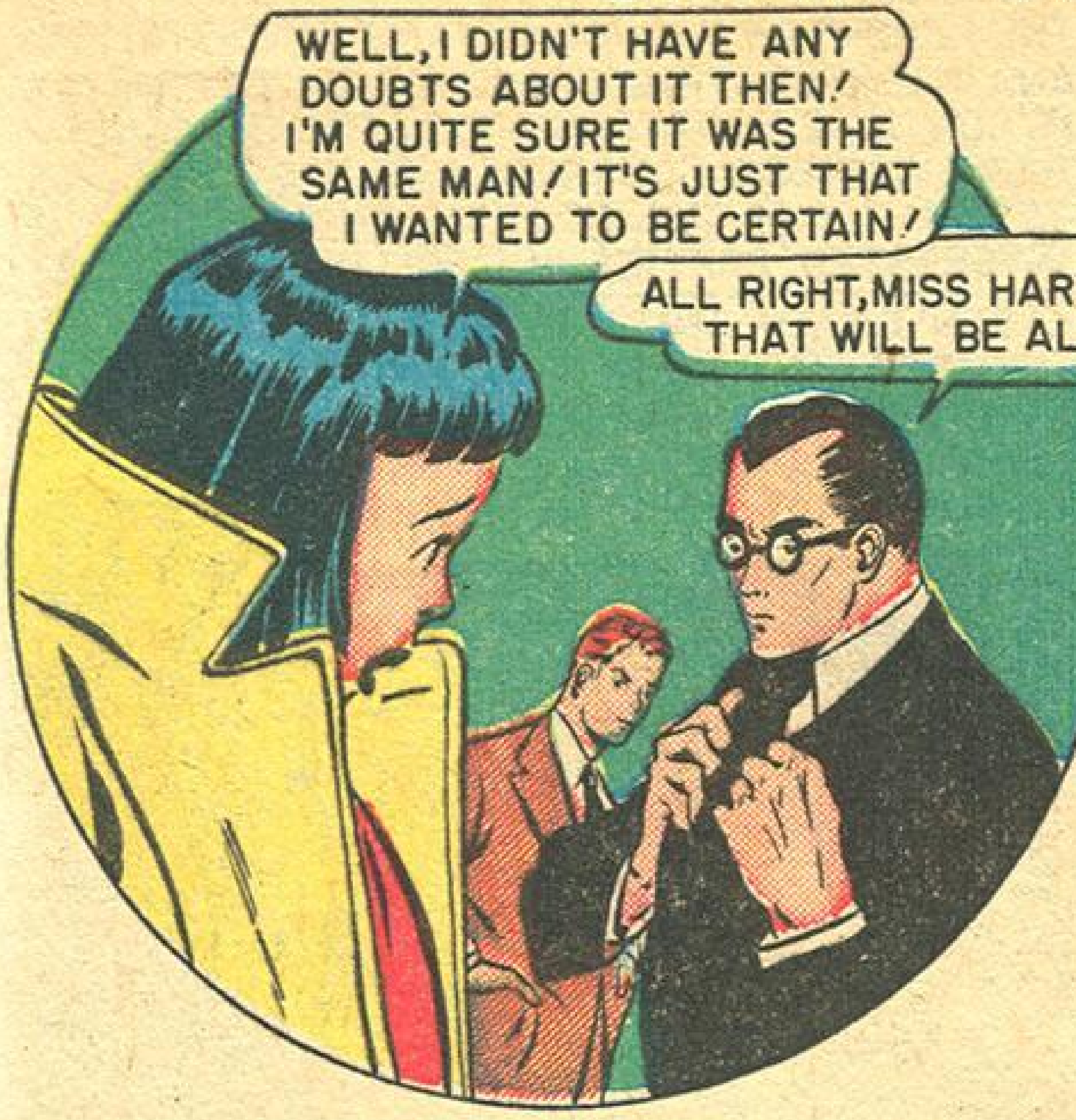

HMM...THIS *IS* INTERESTING! LET'S COPY THE TEN POINTS ON A BLACKBOARD SO THAT WE CAN HAVE THEM BEFORE US ALL THE TIME!
THAT'S A FINE SUGGESTION, SIR! I'LL DO IT RIGHT NOW!

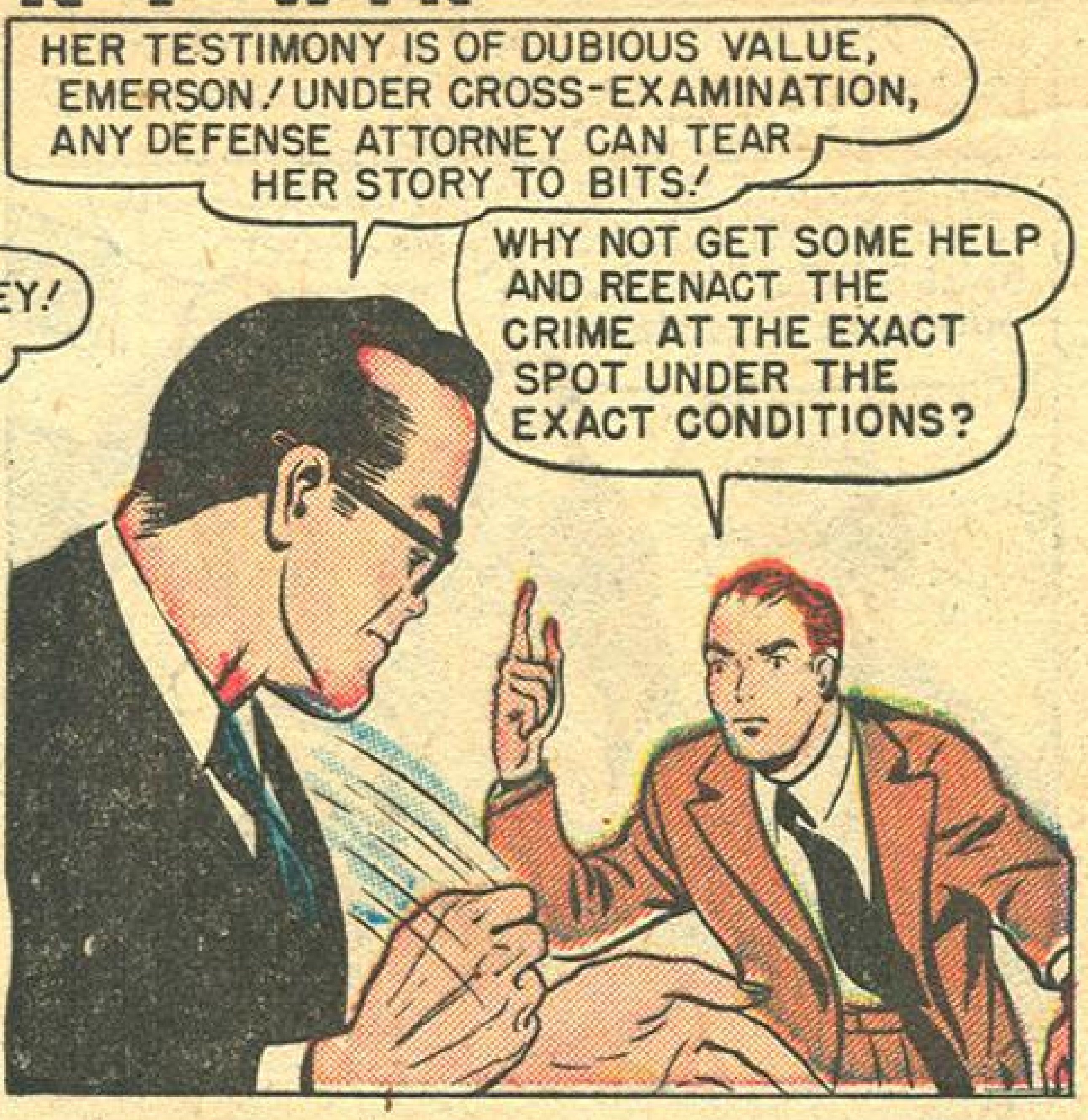
"AND THE TEN POINTS OF IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE AGAINST BANES WERE EMBLAZONED ON A BLACKBOARD. . ."

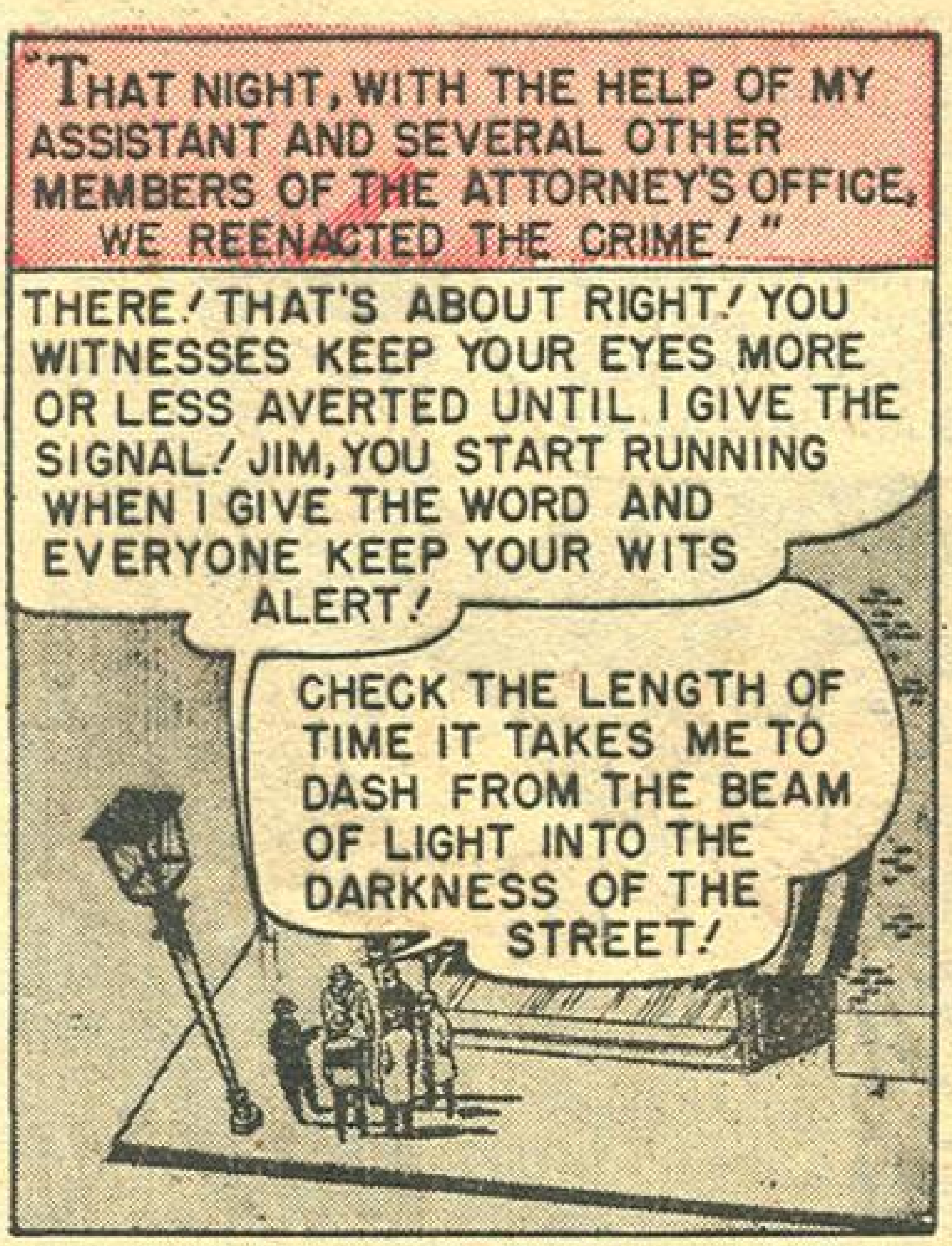
1) BANES WAS SEEN BY A WAITRESS, JUNE FORDE, WITHIN A BLOCK OF THE MURDER ***FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED!***
2) WITNESSES REPORTED THE SLAYER WORE A GRAY CAP AND BROWN OVERCOAT WITH VELVET COLLAR!
3) WITNESSES SAW A MAN WEARING A GRAY CAP AND BROWN OVERCOAT SHOOT BENJAMIN CAREW AND RUN UP FULTON STREET!
4) HARRIET HARTLEY, WOLFE AND AIMES HEARD A SHOT AND SAW A MAN RUNNING WEST ON FULTON STREET WEARING A GRAY CAP AND AN OVERCOAT!
5) WITNESS GAYNOR SAW A MAN RUNNING AND STUMBLING AT THE JUNCTION OF HENRY AND FLETCHER!
6) ALL WITNESSES IDENTIFIED BANES!
7) BANES CONFESSED THE CRIME AND MADE A WRITTEN STATEMENT!
8) ACCOMPANIED BY POLICE, BANES LED THE OFFICERS OVER THE SCENE OF THE MURDER AND POINTED OUT VARIOUS SPOTS OF INTEREST!
9) HE INFORMED THE POLICE WHERE THE MISSING CARTRIDGE COULD BE FOUND!
10) THE REVOLVER AND MURDER BULLET WERE CHECKED BY AN EXPERT AND SAID TO BE FROM THE SAME WEAPON!

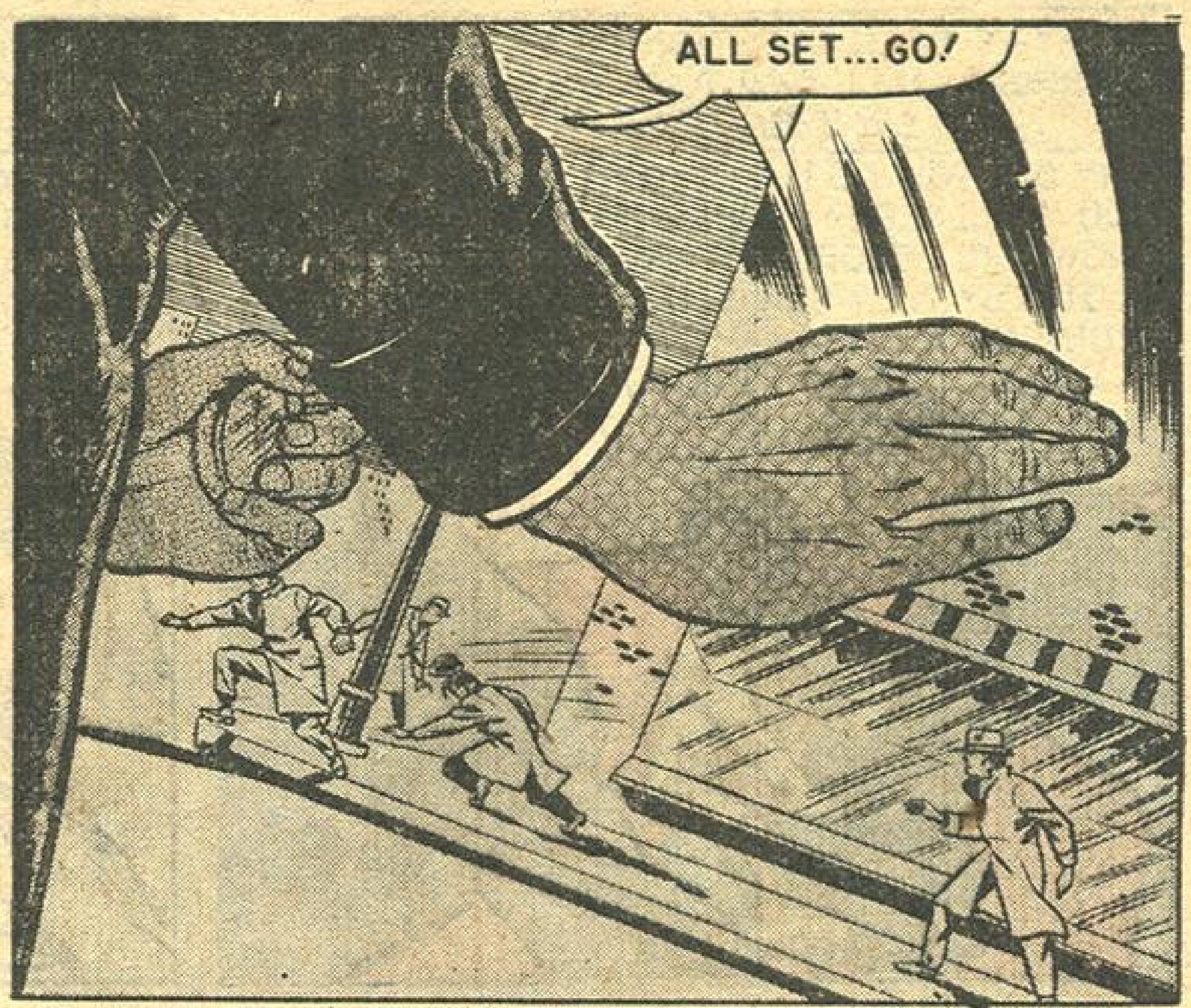

"DESPITE THIS STAGGERING ARRAY OF EVIDENCE, I WAS NOT FULLY CONVINCED."
WELL--WHAT DO *YOU* THINK?
"FOR SOME REASON I FELT THAT THE ACCUSED HAS BEEN THE VICTIM OF A MOST EXTRAORDINARY COMBINATION OF CIRCUMSTANCES, AND I INTENDED TO ASCERTAIN THE FACTS DOWN TO THE MOST MINUTE DETAIL!"
LET'S START WITH POINT NUMBER ONE, THE EVIDENCE GIVEN BY THE WAITRESS, JUNE FORDE!
FAIR ENOUGH! HOW WILL WE GO ABOUT IT?
"MY PLAN WAS SIMPLE! WE DECIDED TO CHECK HER TESTIMONY UNDER THE EXACT CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH SHE REPORTED..."
ALL SET, JIM? IT IS NOW THE SAME TIME AT WHICH SHE REPORTED HAVING WAVED TO BANES, FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE MURDER! REMEMBER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!
I'M READY!
TOP SHOP
TOP SHOP
"I SAT DOWN INSIDE THE RESTAURANT AND ORDERED COFFEE WHILE KEEPING A SHARP EYE TOWARDS THE STREET THROUGH THE LARGE WINDOW..."
ER--AHEM, MISS! ARE THOSE WINDOWS ALWAYS STEAMED UP LIKE THAT?
OH, YES, SIR! ESPECIALLY IN THE WINTER OR ON COLD DAYS! CAN'T SEE A THING WHEN THEY'RE LIKE THAT!
"MEANWHILE, MY ASSISTANT WAS WALKING CONTINUOUSLY BACK AND FORTH OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT, WAVING VAINLY..."
MAYBE MR. PURDY HAS BETTER LUCK! I CAN'T MAKE OUT A THING FROM HERE WITH THOSE STEAMED WINDOWS!
"WE TRIED FOR TEN MINUTES AND FINALLY GAVE UP..."
SO FAR, SO GOOD! NEITHER MISS FORDE NOR ANYONE ELSE COULD RECOGNIZE ANYONE PASSING ON THE STREET, MUCH LESS WAVE TO THEM!
I'LL CHECK INTO MISS FORDE'S TESTIMONY FURTHER! BUT IN THE MEANTIME, THAT ELIMINATES POINT NUMBER ONE FROM THE CORONER'S REPORT!
SHOP
TOP SHOP
"THE FOLLOWING DAY BROUGHT EVIDENCE WHICH COMPLETELY ELIMINATED JUNE FORDE FROM THE STATE'S CASE!"
HERE'S THE CLINCHER ON JUNE FORDE! A LAWYER PUT IN A CLAIM FOR THE REWARD FOR MISS FORDE, *BEFORE* SHE IDENTIFIED BANES!
FINE! LET'S GET ON TO POINT NUMBER TWO REGARDING THE WITNESSES' DESCRIPTION OF BANES' CLOTHING!

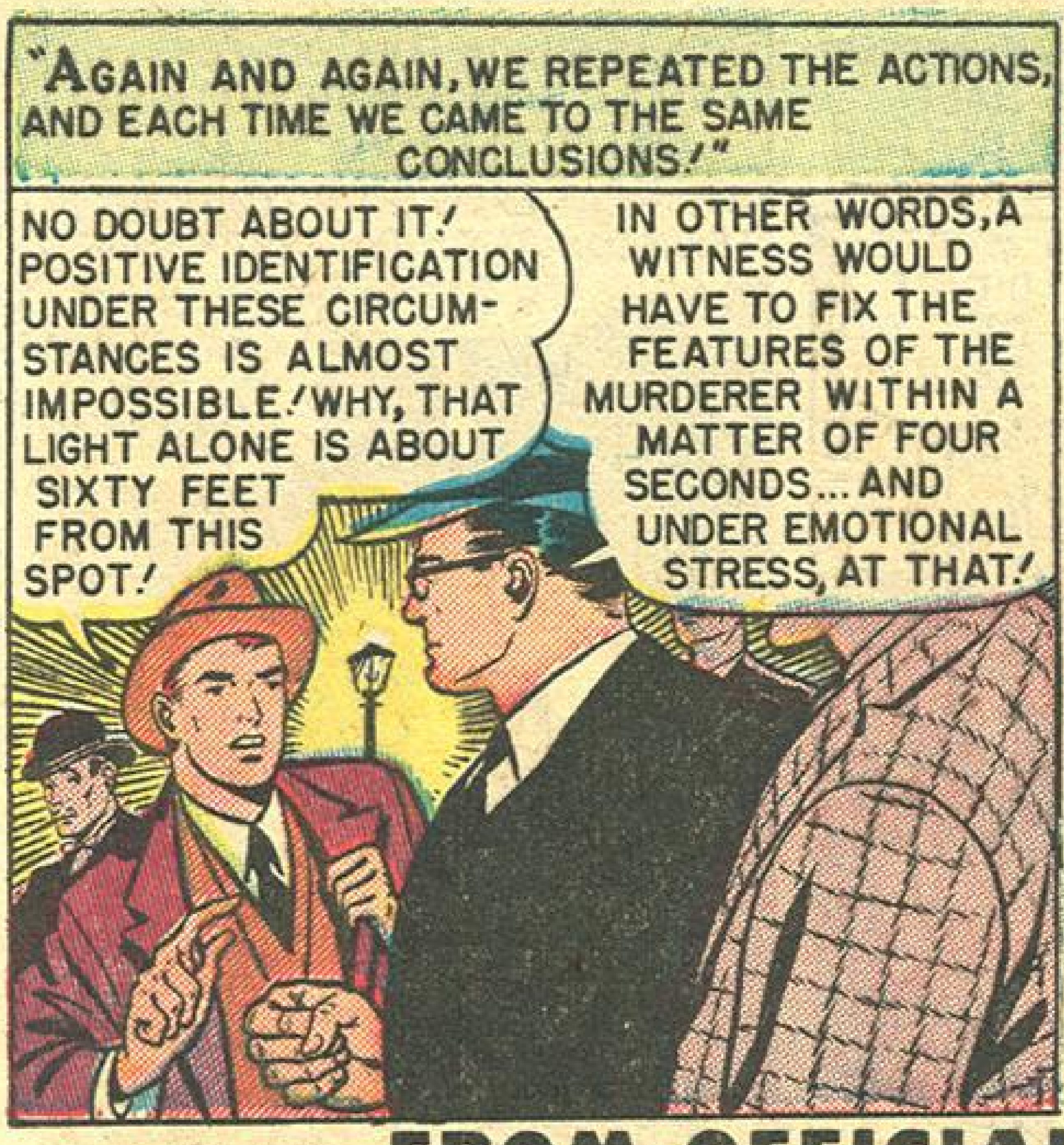

"FOR THREE DAYS WE INTERROGATED EVERY WITNESS FOR THE STATE, AND FROM NONE OF THEM COULD WE GET A SINGLE SHRED OF EVIDENCE TO SUGGEST THAT THEIR DESCRIPTIONS TALLIED IN ANY WAY!"
YOU WERE ABOUT TWENTY FEET FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, MR. BRILL, AND YET YOU DO NOT SEEM SURE OF CERTAIN IMPORTANT FACTS!
WELL, ALL I KNOW IS HE HAD A BLACK-LOOKING GUN! HE HAD ON A DARK COAT AND HAT!
YOU'RE NOT SURE, AND YET YOU READILY IDENTIFIED BANES AT THE STATION HOUSE EVEN THOUGH YOU ADMIT YOU DIDN'T SEE HIS FACE!
W-WELL, I COULD TELL BY THE WAY HE R-RAN! HE HAD A FUNNY KIND OF RUN!
"WE COMPARED BRILL'S STATEMENTS AFTER HE LEFT!"
THERE GOES BRILL AS A STATE'S WITNESS! HERE'S BANES' GUN! IT'S NICKEL-PLATED AND WOULD SHINE IN THE DARKEST NIGHT! YET BRILL DESCRIBES IT AS A BLACK-LOOKING GUN! TSK! TSK!
HIS DESCRIPTION OF BANES' CLOTHING WOULDN'T STAND UP, EITHER! LET'S CALL IN TILDEN! HE WAS WITHIN SIX FEET OF THE MURDER!
"TILDEN'S STATEMENTS PROVED TO BE HAZY AND HAPHAZARD!"
BUT SURELY, MR. TILDEN, BEING SIX FEET AWAY FROM THE MURDER, YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN SOME DEFINITE IMPRESSIONS!
I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT I THOUGHT I DID! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT MISTER CAREW AND THE KILLER CAME AROUND THE CORNER TOGETHER! I CAN'T GIVE A BETTER DESCRIPTION OF HIS CLOTHING OTHER THAN THAT HIS CAP SEEMED GRAY!
THERE'S BANES' CAP—DARK BROWN, BUT YET THE STATE'S BEST POTENTIAL WITNESS CAN'T MAKE A POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION!
THAT BRINGS US TO THE TESTIMONY OF HARRIET HARTLEY WHO MADE A POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION OF BANES! I'LL CALL HER IN!
"UNDER QUESTIONING, EVEN THIS WITNESS PROVED TO BE CONTRADICTORY IN HER ANSWERS AND UNCERTAIN OF HERSELF..."
I NOTICED THE DEATHLY PALLOR ON THE MAN'S FACE AS HE RAN PAST ME! OF COURSE, I ONLY SAW ONE SIDE OF HIS FACE, BUT...
WHY DIDN'T YOU IDENTIFY BANES THE FIRST TIME YOU WERE TAKEN TO THE STATION HOUSE?
I DID RECOGNIZE HIM THEN, BUT I WAS NERVOUS AND THOUGHT MAYBE MY EYES WERE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME! I WORRIED ABOUT IT ALL THAT NIGHT!
WHY DID YOU WAIT UNTIL AFTER THE NEWSPAPERS HAD PRINTED THE STORY OF BANES' CONFESSION TO FINALLY MAKE YOUR POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION?

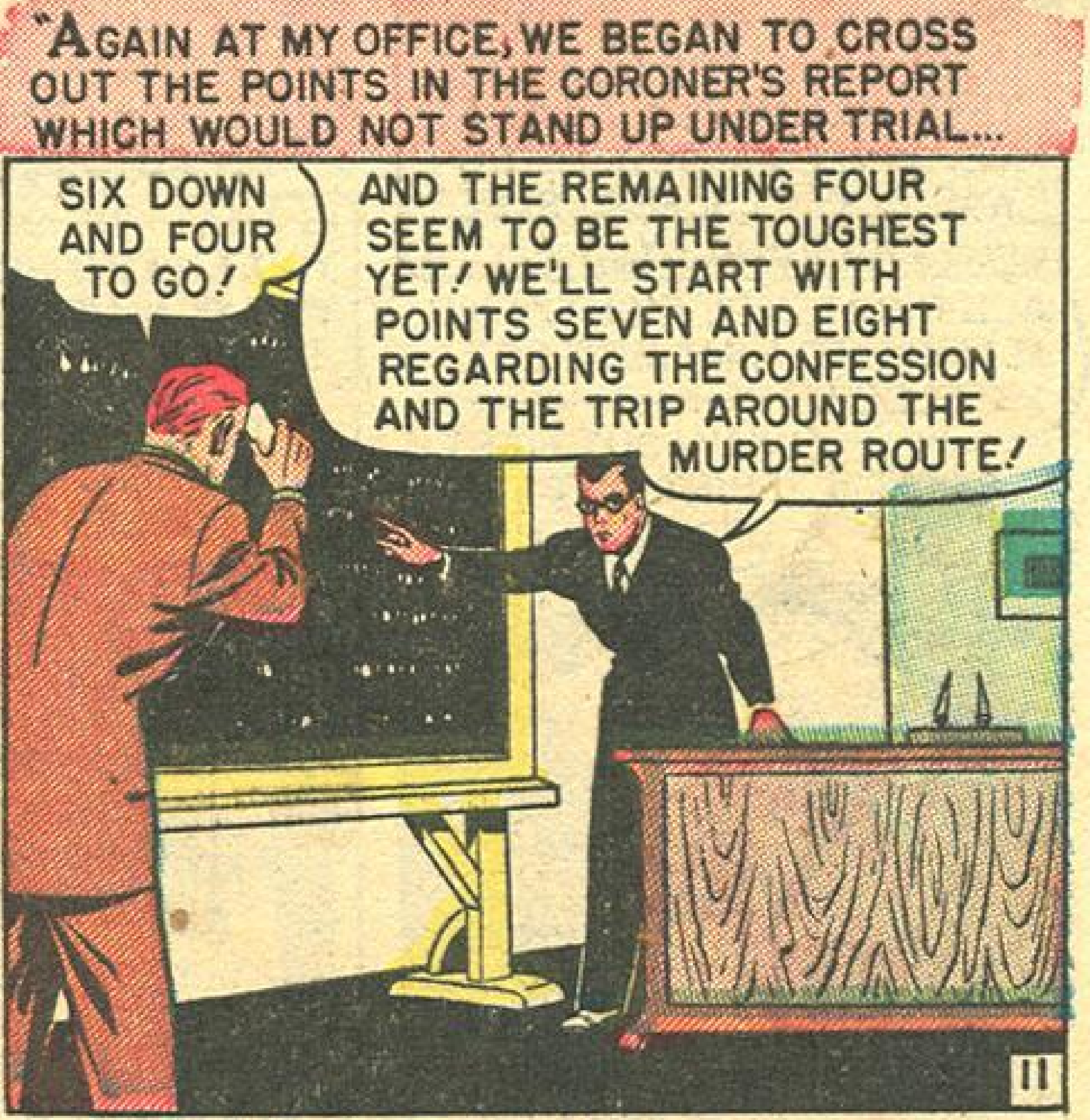

WELL, I DIDN'T HAVE ANY DOUBTS ABOUT IT THEN! I'M QUITE SURE IT WAS THE SAME MAN! IT'S JUST THAT I WANTED TO BE CERTAIN!
ALL RIGHT, MISS HARTLEY! THAT WILL BE ALL!

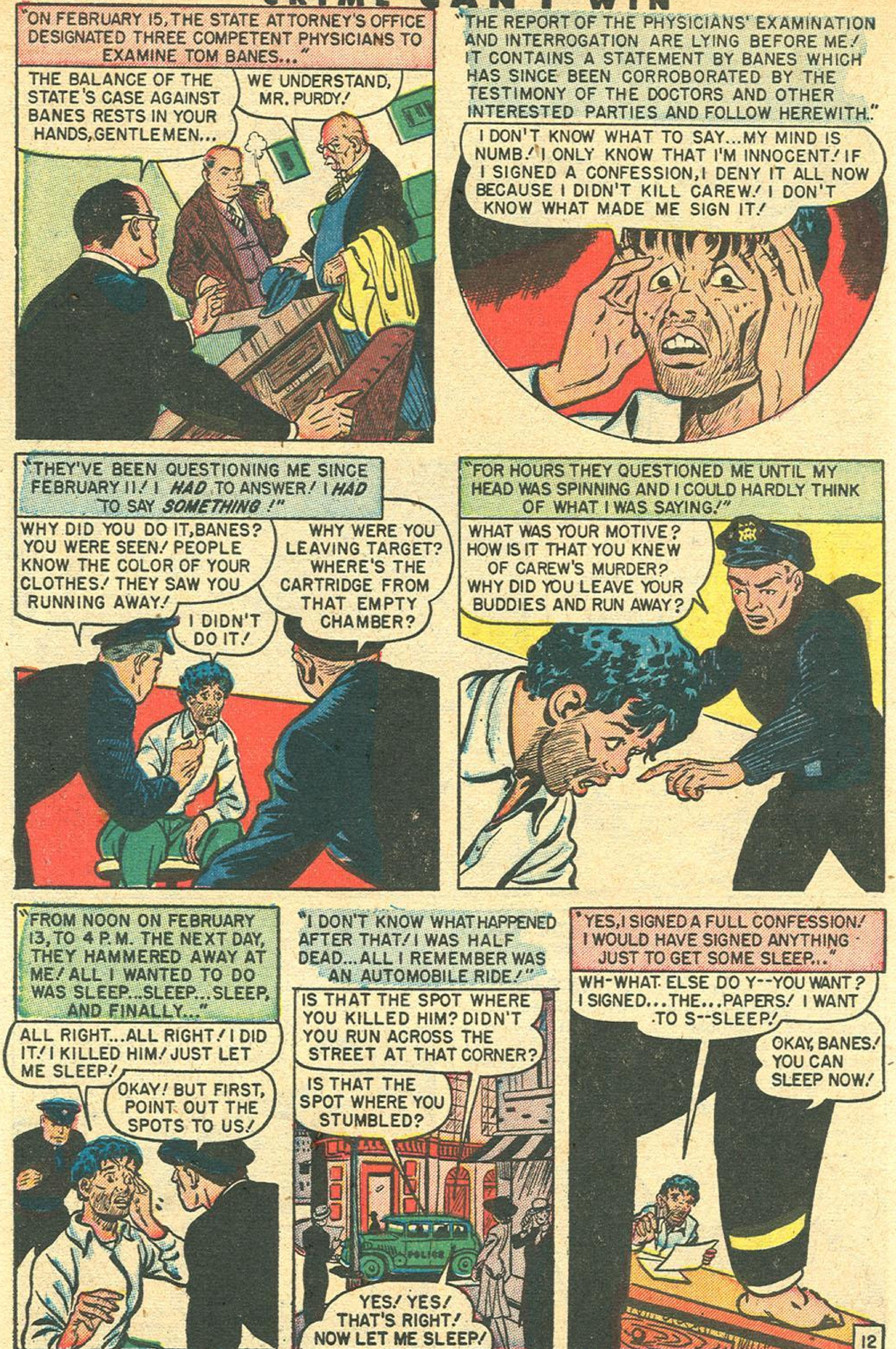

HER TESTIMONY IS OF DUBIOUS VALUE, EMERSON! UNDER CROSS-EXAMINATION, ANY DEFENSE ATTORNEY CAN TEAR HER STORY TO BITS!
WHY NOT GET SOME HELP AND REENACT THE CRIME AT THE EXACT SPOT UNDER THE EXACT CONDITIONS?

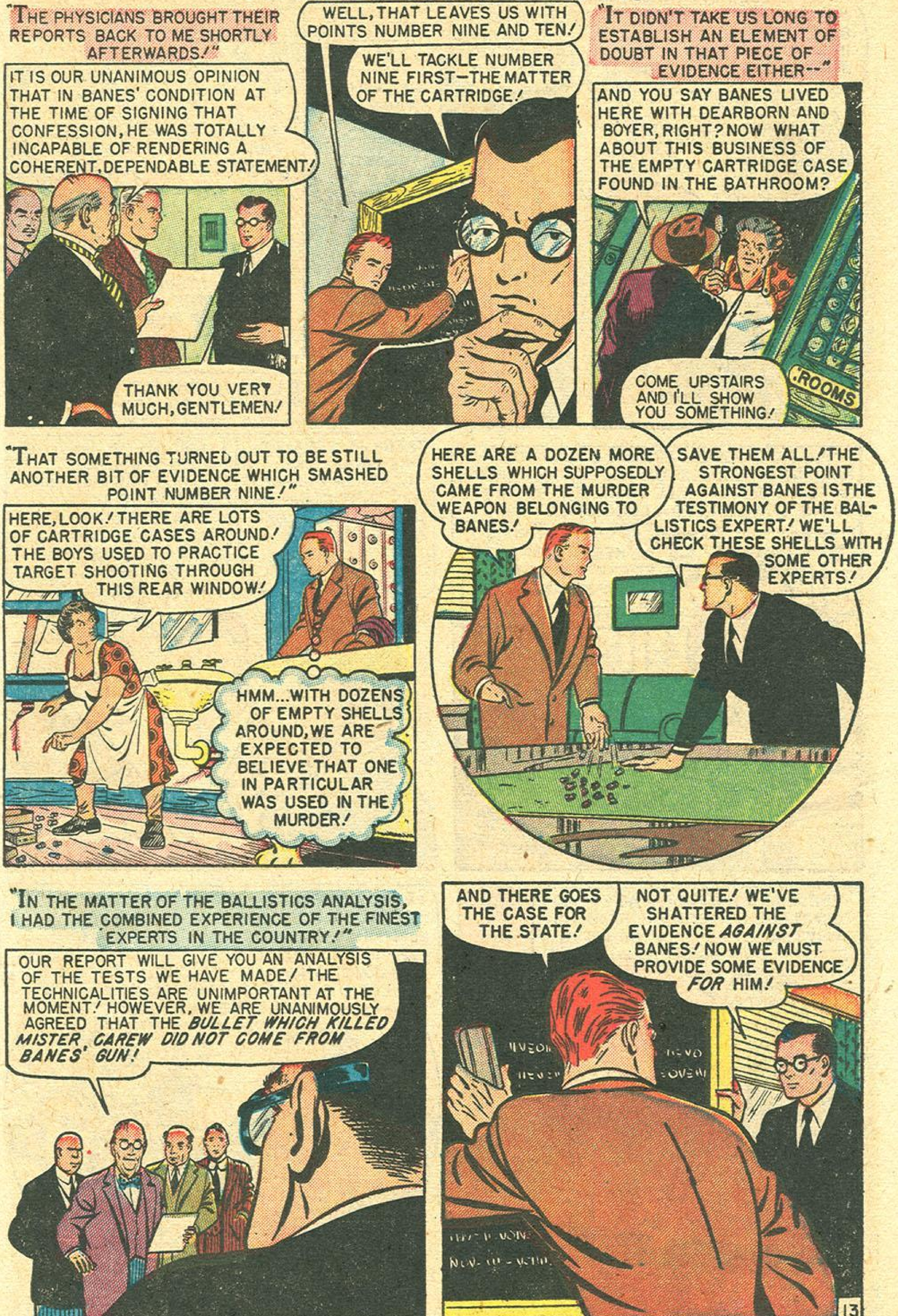

"THAT NIGHT, WITH THE HELP OF MY ASSISTANT AND SEVERAL OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, WE REENACTED THE CRIME!"
THERE! THAT'S ABOUT RIGHT! YOU WITNESSES KEEP YOUR EYES MORE OR LESS AVERTED UNTIL I GIVE THE SIGNAL! JIM, YOU START RUNNING WHEN I GIVE THE WORD AND EVERYONE KEEP YOUR WITS ALERT!
CHECK THE LENGTH OF TIME IT TAKES ME TO DASH FROM THE BEAM OF LIGHT INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE STREET!

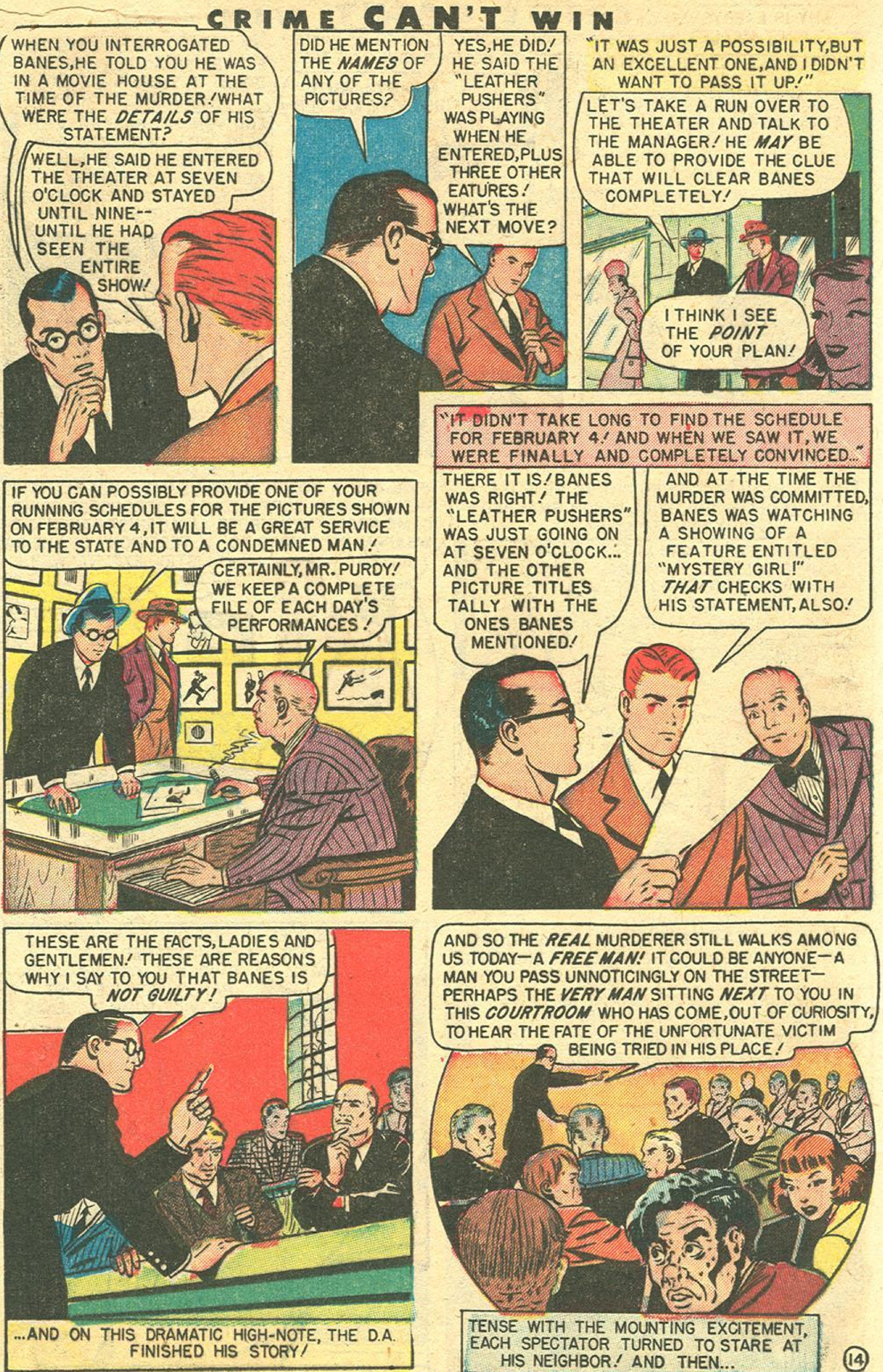

ALL SET...GO!

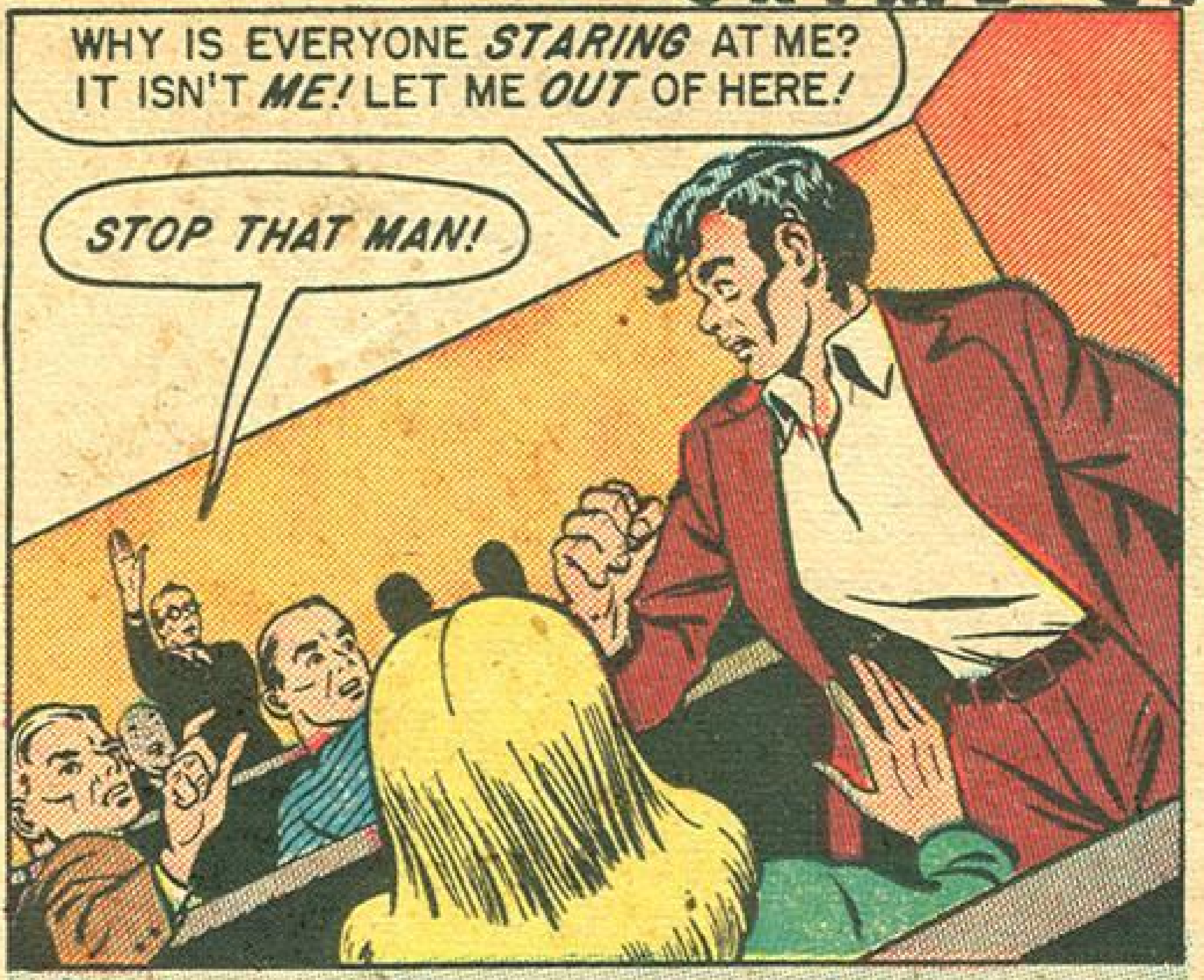

"AGAIN AND AGAIN, WE REPEATED THE ACTIONS, AND EACH TIME WE CAME TO THE SAME CONCLUSIONS!"
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE! WHY, THAT LIGHT ALONE IS ABOUT SIXTY FEET FROM THIS SPOT!
IN OTHER WORDS, A WITNESS WOULD HAVE TO FIX THE FEATURES OF THE MURDERER WITHIN A MATTER OF FOUR SECONDS... AND UNDER EMOTIONAL STRESS, AT THAT!


"AGAIN AT MY OFFICE, WE BEGAN TO CROSS OUT THE POINTS IN THE CORONER'S REPORT WHICH WOULD NOT STAND UP UNDER TRIAL...
SIX DOWN AND FOUR TO GO!
AND THE REMAINING FOUR SEEM TO BE THE TOUGHEST YET! WE'LL START WITH POINTS SEVEN AND EIGHT REGARDING THE CONFESSION AND THE TRIP AROUND THE MURDER ROUTE!

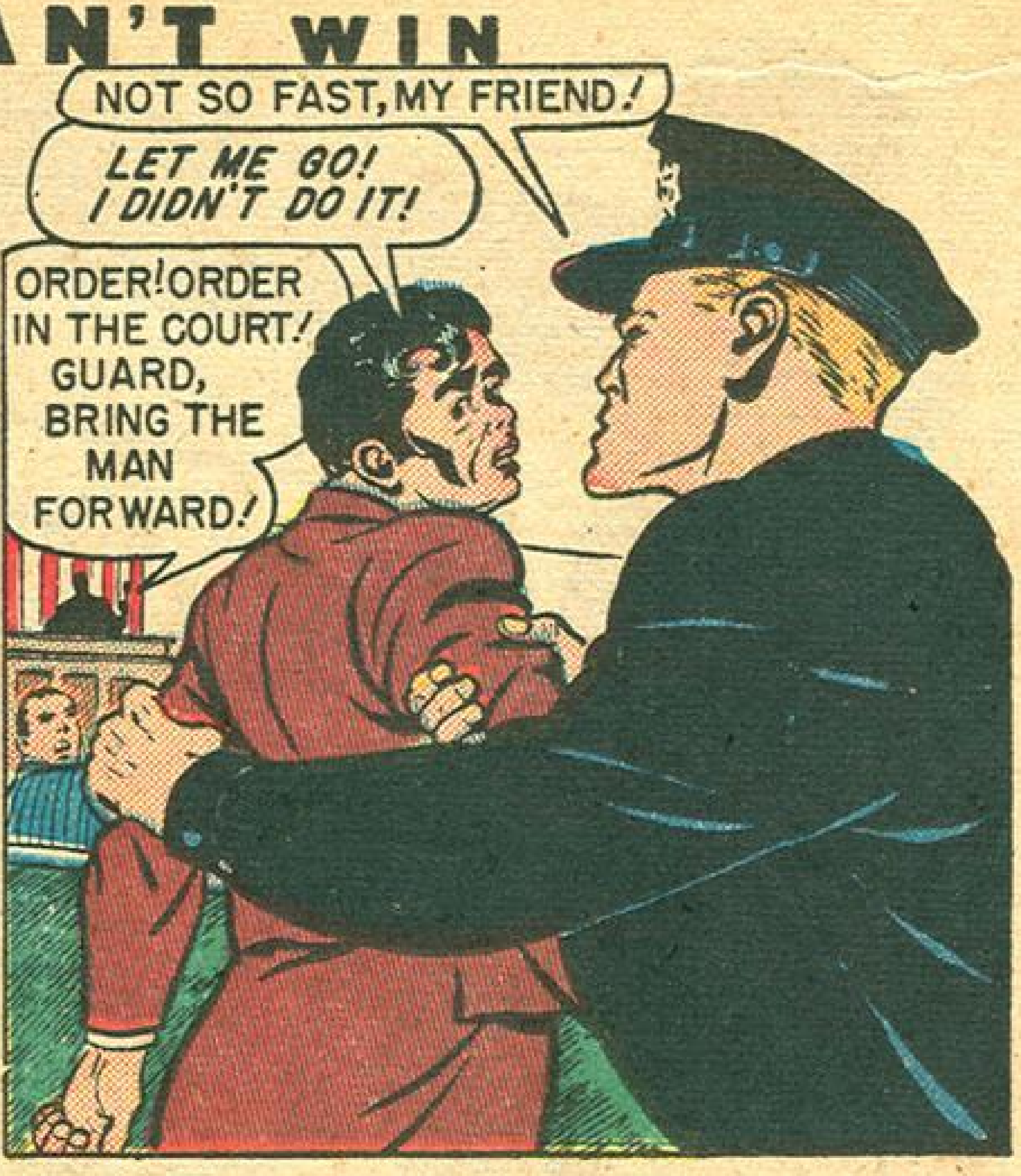

"ON FEBRUARY 15, THE STATE ATTORNEY'S OFFICE DESIGNATED THREE COMPETENT PHYSICIANS TO EXAMINE TOM BANES..."
THE BALANCE OF THE STATE'S CASE AGAINST BANES RESTS IN YOUR HANDS, GENTLEMEN...
WE UNDERSTAND, MR. PURDY!
"THE REPORT OF THE PHYSICIANS' EXAMINATION AND INTERROGATION ARE LYING BEFORE ME! IT CONTAINS A STATEMENT BY BANES WHICH HAS SINCE BEEN CORROBORATED BY THE TESTIMONY OF THE DOCTORS AND OTHER INTERESTED PARTIES AND FOLLOW HEREWITH."
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...MY MIND IS NUMB! I ONLY KNOW THAT I'M INNOCENT! IF I SIGNED A CONFESSION, I DENY IT ALL NOW BECAUSE I DIDN'T KILL CAREW! I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE ME SIGN IT!
"THEY'VE BEEN QUESTIONING ME SINCE FEBRUARY 11! I *HAD* TO ANSWER! I *HAD* TO SAY *SOMETHING* !"
WHY DID YOU DO IT, BANES? YOU WERE SEEN! PEOPLE KNOW THE COLOR OF YOUR CLOTHES! THEY SAW YOU RUNNING AWAY!
WHY WERE YOU LEAVING TARGET? WHERE'S THE CARTRIDGE FROM THAT EMPTY CHAMBER?
I DIDN'T DO IT!
"FOR HOURS THEY QUESTIONED ME UNTIL MY HEAD WAS SPINNING AND I COULD HARDLY THINK OF WHAT I WAS SAYING!"
WHAT WAS YOUR MOTIVE? HOW IS IT THAT YOU KNEW OF CAREW'S MURDER? WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR BUDDIES AND RUN AWAY?
"FROM NOON ON FEBRUARY 13, TO 4 P.M. THE NEXT DAY, THEY HAMMERED AWAY AT ME! ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS SLEEP...SLEEP...SLEEP, AND FINALLY..."
ALL RIGHT...ALL RIGHT! I DID IT! I KILLED HIM! JUST LET ME SLEEP!
OKAY! BUT FIRST, POINT OUT THE SPOTS TO US!
"I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT! I WAS HALF DEAD...ALL I REMEMBER WAS AN AUTOMOBILE RIDE!"
IS THAT THE SPOT WHERE YOU KILLED HIM? DIDN'T YOU RUN ACROSS THE STREET AT THAT CORNER?
IS THAT THE SPOT WHERE YOU STUMBLED?
POLICE
YES! YES! THAT'S RIGHT! NOW LET ME SLEEP!
"YES, I SIGNED A FULL CONFESSION! I WOULD HAVE SIGNED ANYTHING JUST TO GET SOME SLEEP..."
WH-WHAT ELSE DO Y--YOU WANT? I SIGNED...THE...PAPERS! I WANT TO S--SLEEP!
OKAY, BANES! YOU CAN SLEEP NOW!

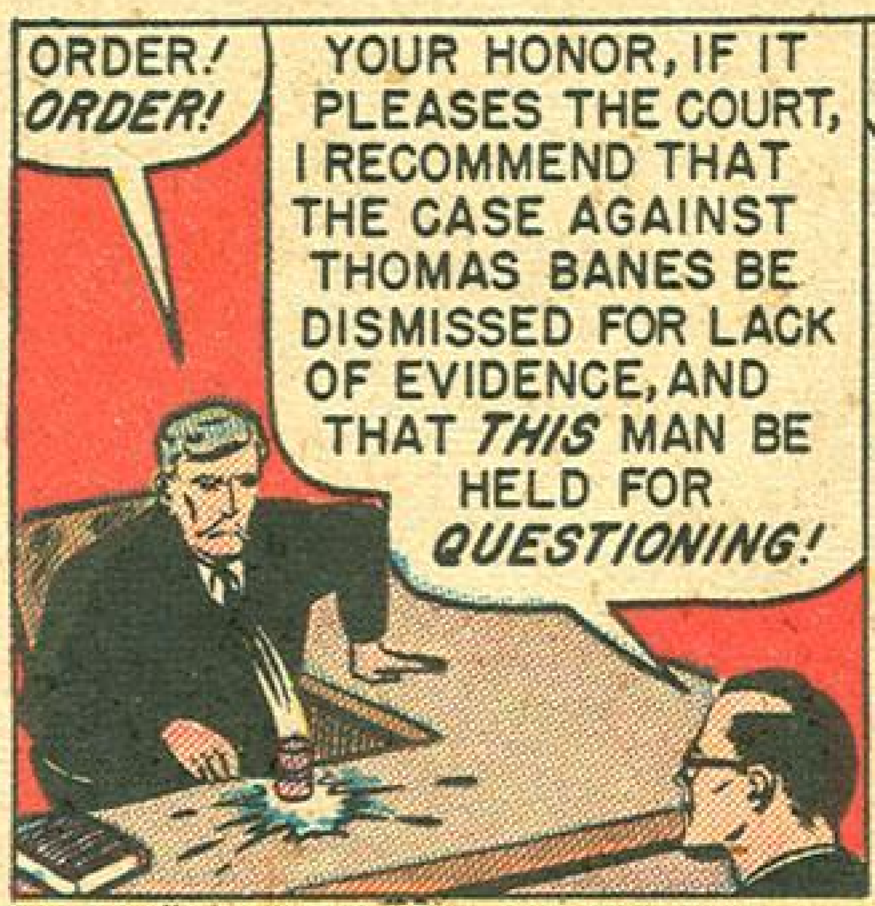

"THE PHYSICIANS BROUGHT THEIR REPORTS BACK TO ME SHORTLY AFTERWARDS!"
IT IS OUR UNANIMOUS OPINION THAT IN BANES' CONDITION AT THE TIME OF SIGNING THAT CONFESSION, HE WAS TOTALLY INCAPABLE OF RENDERING A COHERENT, DEPENDABLE STATEMENT!
THANK YOU VERY MUCH, GENTLEMEN!
WELL, THAT LEAVES US WITH POINTS NUMBER NINE AND TEN!
WE'LL TACKLE NUMBER NINE FIRST—THE MATTER OF THE CARTRIDGE!
"IT DIDN'T TAKE US LONG TO ESTABLISH AN ELEMENT OF DOUBT IN THAT PIECE OF EVIDENCE EITHER--"
AND YOU SAY BANES LIVED HERE WITH DEARBORN AND BOYER, RIGHT? NOW WHAT ABOUT THIS BUSINESS OF THE EMPTY CARTRIDGE CASE FOUND IN THE BATHROOM?
COME UPSTAIRS AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING!
ROOMS
"THAT SOMETHING TURNED OUT TO BE STILL ANOTHER BIT OF EVIDENCE WHICH SMASHED POINT NUMBER NINE!"
HERE, LOOK! THERE ARE LOTS OF CARTRIDGE CASES AROUND! THE BOYS USED TO PRACTICE TARGET SHOOTING THROUGH THIS REAR WINDOW!
HMM...WITH DOZENS OF EMPTY SHELLS AROUND, WE ARE EXPECTED TO BELIEVE THAT ONE IN PARTICULAR WAS USED IN THE MURDER!
HERE ARE A DOZEN MORE SHELLS WHICH SUPPOSEDLY CAME FROM THE MURDER WEAPON BELONGING TO BANES!
SAVE THEM ALL! THE STRONGEST POINT AGAINST BANES IS THE TESTIMONY OF THE BALLISTICS EXPERT! WE'LL CHECK THESE SHELLS WITH SOME OTHER EXPERTS!
"IN THE MATTER OF THE BALLISTICS ANALYSIS, I HAD THE COMBINED EXPERIENCE OF THE FINEST EXPERTS IN THE COUNTRY!"
OUR REPORT WILL GIVE YOU AN ANALYSIS OF THE TESTS WE HAVE MADE! THE TECHNICALITIES ARE UNIMPORTANT AT THE MOMENT! HOWEVER, WE ARE UNANIMOUSLY AGREED THAT THE *BULLET WHICH KILLED MISTER CAREW DID NOT COME FROM BANES' GUN!*
AND THERE GOES THE CASE FOR THE STATE!
NOT QUITE! WE'VE SHATTERED THE EVIDENCE *AGAINST* BANES! NOW WE MUST PROVIDE SOME EVIDENCE *FOR* HIM!


WHEN YOU INTERROGATED BANES, HE TOLD YOU HE WAS IN A MOVIE HOUSE AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER! WHAT WERE THE *DETAILS* OF HIS STATEMENT?
WELL, HE SAID HE ENTERED THE THEATER AT SEVEN O'CLOCK AND STAYED UNTIL NINE-- UNTIL HE HAD SEEN THE ENTIRE SHOW!
DID HE MENTION THE *NAMES* OF ANY OF THE PICTURES?
YES, HE DID! HE SAID THE "LEATHER PUSHERS" WAS PLAYING WHEN HE ENTERED, PLUS THREE OTHER EATURES! WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE?
"IT WAS JUST A POSSIBILITY, BUT AN EXCELLENT ONE, AND I DIDN'T WANT TO PASS IT UP!"
LET'S TAKE A RUN OVER TO THE THEATER AND TALK TO THE MANAGER! HE *MAY* BE ABLE TO PROVIDE THE CLUE THAT WILL CLEAR BANES COMPLETELY!
I THINK I SEE THE *POINT* OF YOUR PLAN!
IF YOU CAN POSSIBLY PROVIDE ONE OF YOUR RUNNING SCHEDULES FOR THE PICTURES SHOWN ON FEBRUARY 4, IT WILL BE A GREAT SERVICE TO THE STATE AND TO A CONDEMNED MAN!
CERTAINLY, MR. PURDY! WE KEEP A COMPLETE FILE OF EACH DAY'S PERFORMANCES!
"IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO FIND THE SCHEDULE FOR FEBRUARY 4! AND WHEN WE SAW IT, WE WERE FINALLY AND COMPLETELY CONVINCED..."
THERE IT IS! BANES WAS RIGHT! THE "LEATHER PUSHERS" WAS JUST GOING ON AT SEVEN O'CLOCK... AND THE OTHER PICTURE TITLES TALLY WITH THE ONES BANES MENTIONED!
AND AT THE TIME THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED, BANES WAS WATCHING A SHOWING OF A FEATURE ENTITLED "MYSTERY GIRL!" *THAT* CHECKS WITH HIS STATEMENT, ALSO!
THESE ARE THE FACTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THESE ARE REASONS WHY I SAY TO YOU THAT BANES IS *NOT GUILTY*!
...AND ON THIS DRAMATIC HIGH-NOTE, THE D.A. FINISHED HIS STORY!
AND SO THE *REAL* MURDERER STILL WALKS AMONG US TODAY—A *FREE MAN!* IT COULD BE ANYONE—A MAN YOU PASS UNNOTICINGLY ON THE STREET—PERHAPS THE *VERY MAN* SITTING *NEXT* TO YOU IN THIS *COURTROOM* WHO HAS COME, OUT OF CURIOSITY, TO HEAR THE FATE OF THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM BEING TRIED IN HIS PLACE!
TENSE WITH THE MOUNTING EXCITEMENT, EACH SPECTATOR TURNED TO STARE AT HIS NEIGHBOR! AND THEN...

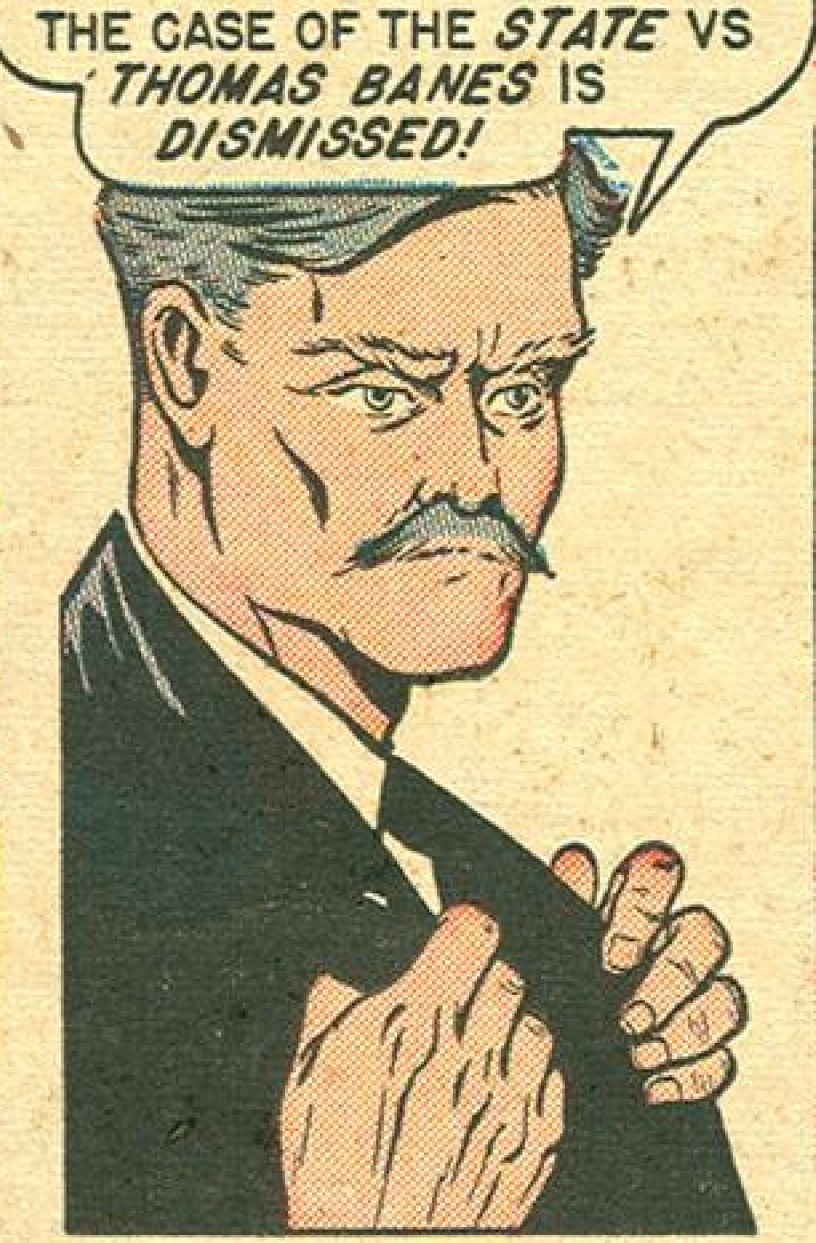

WHY IS EVERYONE *STARING* AT ME? IT ISN'T *ME!* LET ME *OUT* OF HERE!
STOP THAT MAN!

SUDDENLY, THE COURT WAS IN A TURMOIL AS A SPECTATOR, MADDENED WITH FEAR, LEAPED TO HIS FEET!

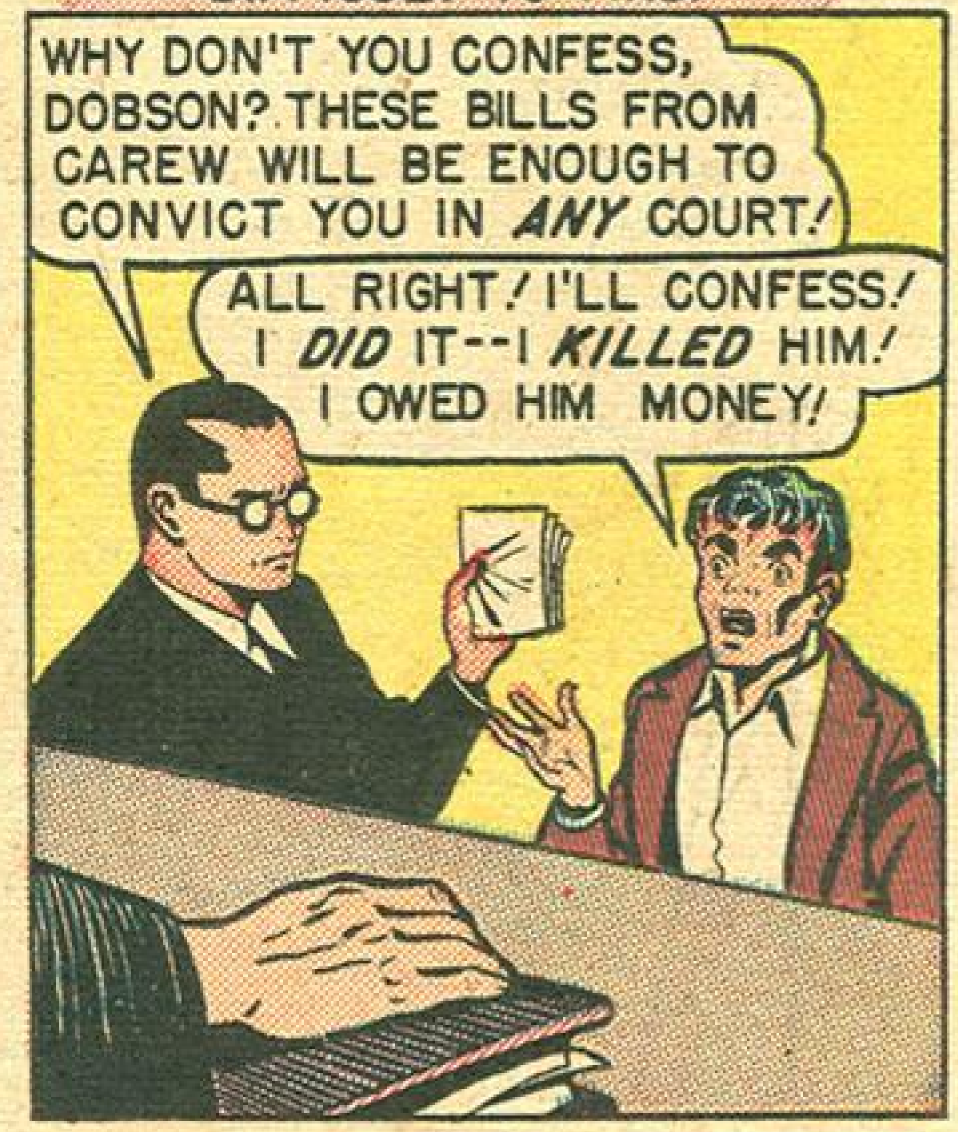

NOT SO FAST, MY FRIEND!
LET ME GO! I DIDN'T DO IT!
ORDER! ORDER IN THE COURT! GUARD, BRING THE MAN FORWARD!


ORDER! *ORDER!*
YOUR HONOR, IF IT PLEASES THE COURT, I RECOMMEND THAT THE CASE AGAINST THOMAS BANES BE DISMISSED FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE, AND THAT *THIS* MAN BE HELD FOR *QUESTIONING!*

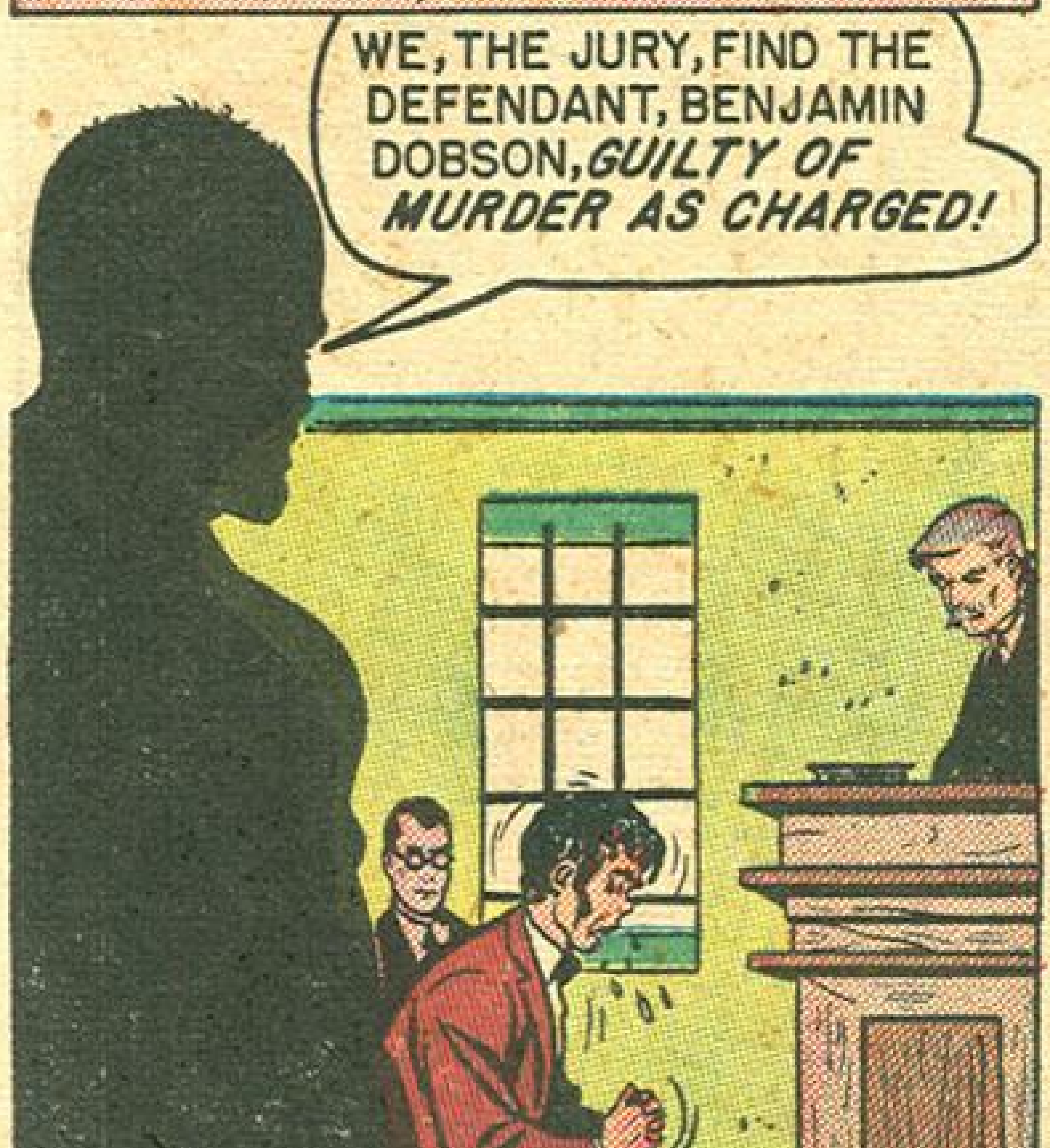
THE SHREWD MIND OF PURDY IMMEDIATELY GRASPED THE ENTIRE SITUATION! BY A CHANCE STATEMENT, THE REAL MURDERER, A CURIOUS VISITOR IN THE COURT, HAD BEEN FRIGHTENED INTO THE OPEN!


BOTH REQUESTS ARE GRANTED! THE CASE OF THE *STATE* VS *THOMAS BANES* IS *DISMISSED!*

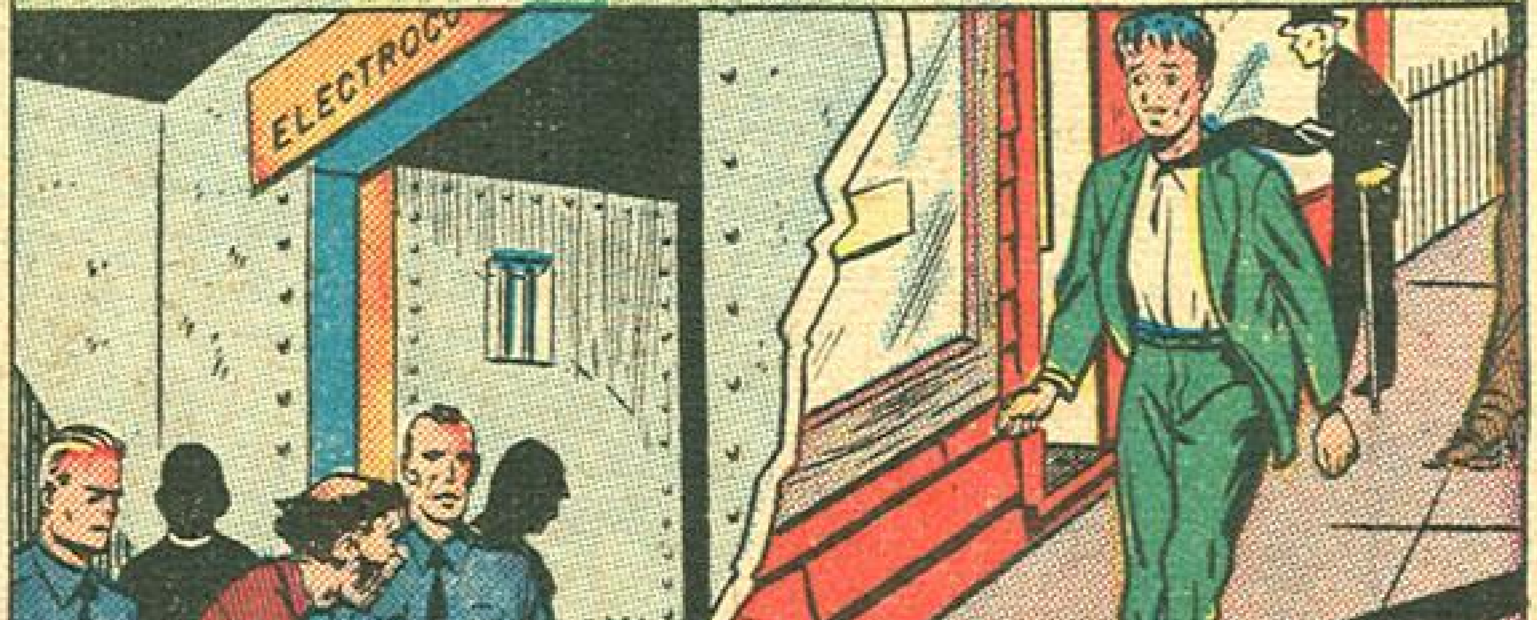
EVIDENCE AGAINST THE SECOND MAN, BEN DOBSON, WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO FIND!


WHY DON'T YOU CONFESS, DOBSON? THESE BILLS FROM CAREW WILL BE ENOUGH TO CONVICT YOU IN *ANY* COURT!
ALL RIGHT! I'LL CONFESS! I *DID* IT--I *KILLED* HIM! I OWED HIM MONEY!

AND THIS TIME, THE JURY DECIDED...


WE, THE JURY, FIND THE DEFENDANT, BENJAMIN DOBSON, *GUILTY OF MURDER AS CHARGED!*

IN DUE TIME THE PROCESS OF THE LAW BROUGHT THE GUILTY DOBSON TO THE CHAIR... AND GAVE FREEDOM TO THE INNOCENT BANES!



THE WAYS OF JUSTICE ARE MANY AND DEVIOUS... AS IN THIS CASE, WHEN A GUILTY CONSCIENCE BROUGHT A CURIOUS KILLER TO WATCH AN INNOCENT MAN TRIED FOR MURDER--AND THE LONG ARM OF JUSTICE REACHED OUT TO PUNISH THE REAL CULPRIT!

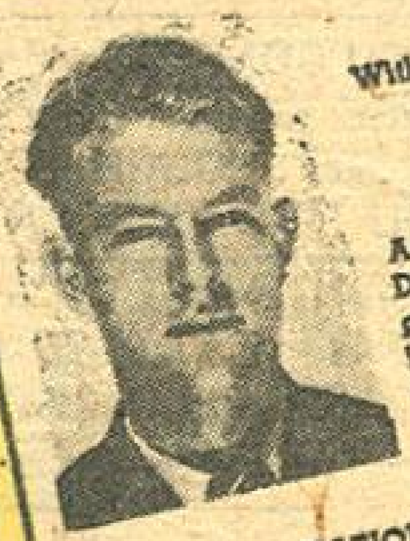
THE END

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

$100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES

JOHN CLARK BRICK



With aliases: Donald Arthur Dean, Donald Deen

DESCRIPTION

Age, 33, born September 27, 1914, San Diego, California; Height, 6' 1"; Weight 175 pounds; Eyes, blue; Hair, blond; Complexion, light; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupations, dishwasher, laborer, clerk.

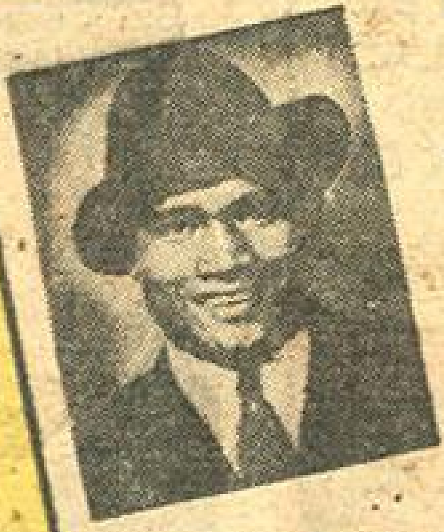
NATIONAL STOLEN PROPERTY ACT

CRIMINAL RECORD

John Clark Brick has been arrested in the State of California on charges which include Auto Theft, Disturbing the Peace, and Statutory Rape. On January 17, 1946, a complaint was filed with a United States Commissioner at Seattle, Washington, charging this subject, as John C. Brick, with a violation of the National Stolen Property Act.

Fingerprint Classification: 6 1 5 R 101
M 17 R 101

LAZARO AGUILIAR RAMOS



With aliases: Larry Ramos, Lazaro Ramos

DESCRIPTION

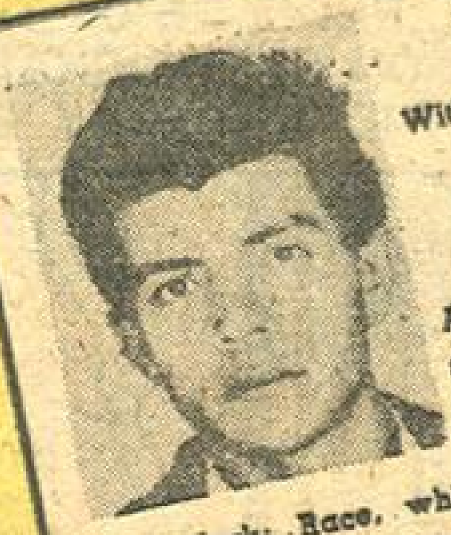
Age, 34, born February 11, 1914, Philippine Islands (not verified); Height, 5' 8"; Weight, 150 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black; Complexion, light brown; Build, medium, muscular; Race, brown; Nationality, Filipino born, believed U.S. citizen; Occupations, houseboy, bus boy, prize fighter, movie extra, railroad worker; Scars and marks, tattoo left arm; Peculiarities, gambler, dresses well.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Los Angeles, California, on October 7, 1942, charging subject, as Lazaro Aguiliar Ramos, with a violation of the Unlawful Flight to Avoid Prosecution Statute in that he did travel in interstate commerce from Beverly Hills, California, to Seattle, Washington, with intent to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder, which crime was committed at Beverly Hills, California, on February 2, 1938.

Fingerprint Classification: (none available).

ANTONIO TAVERA



With aliases: Miguel Leon Rico, Antonio Vera, Miguel Rico-Leon

DESCRIPTION

Age, 31, born September 8, 1916, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico; Height, 5' 7½"; Weight, 135 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black; Build, medium; Complexion, dark; Race, white; Nationality, Mexican; Occupations, bartender, laborer, storekeeper; Scars and marks, 1¼" vertical cut scar center of forehead.

ASSAULTING AND KILLING A FEDERAL OFFICER

CAUTION:

TAVERA IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS AND MAY BE ARMED

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Los Angeles, California, June 27, 1945, charging this subject, as Miguel Leon Rico, with killing a patrol inspector of the Immigration and Naturalization Service while said inspector was engaged in the performance of his official duties.

Fingerprint Classification: 10 0 31 W 110 16
0 20 W OMM

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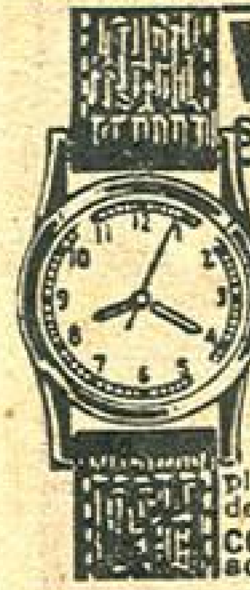

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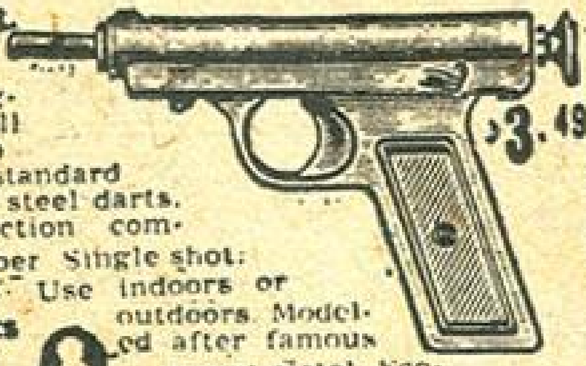

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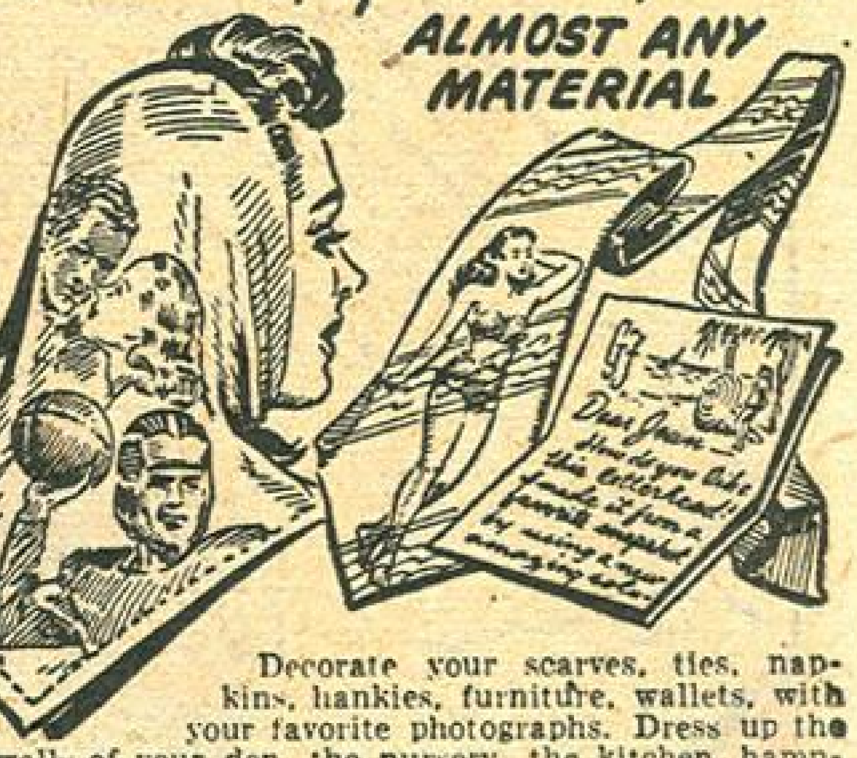

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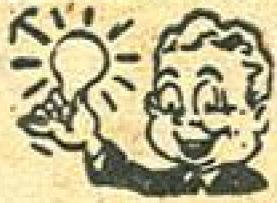

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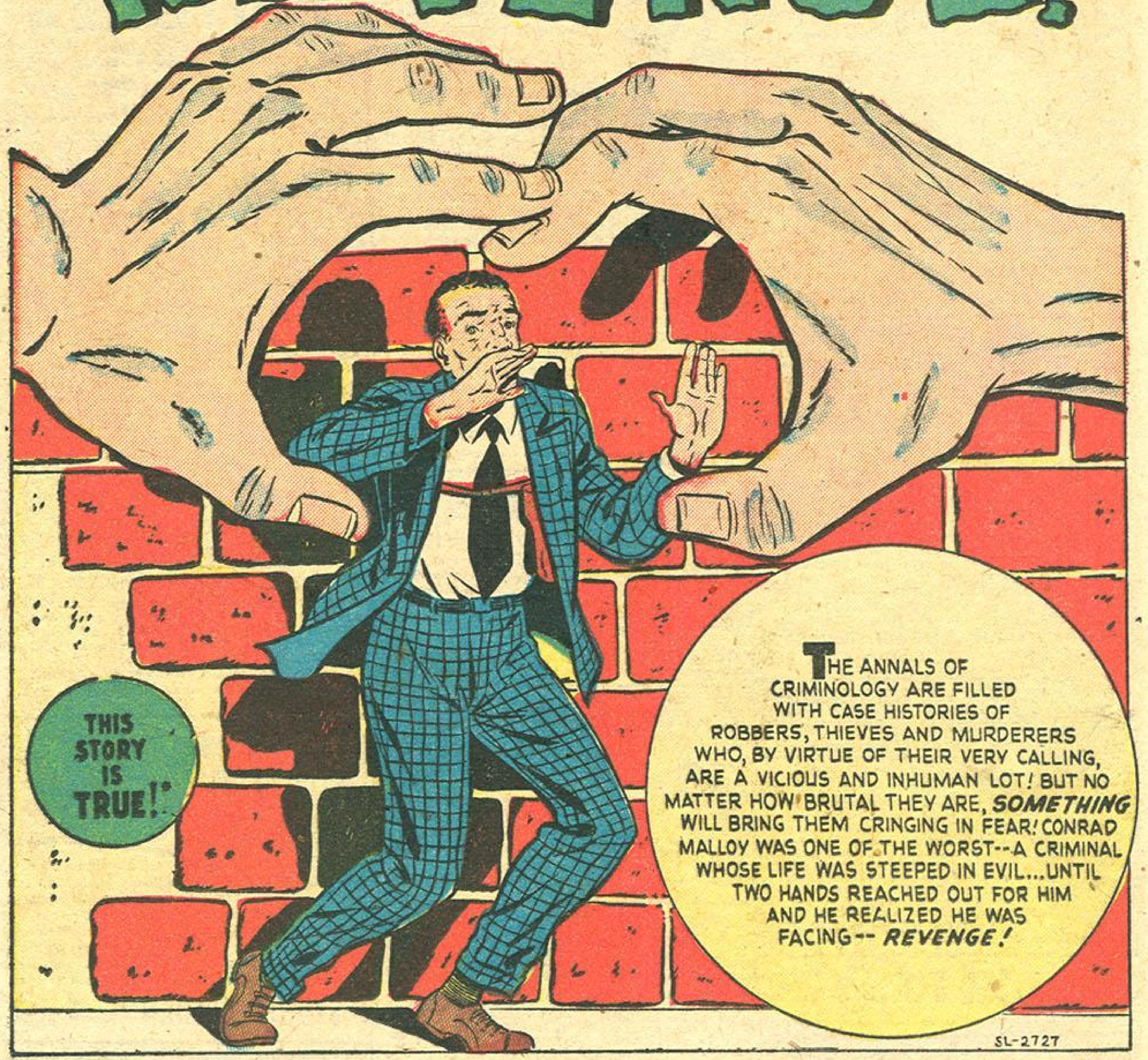
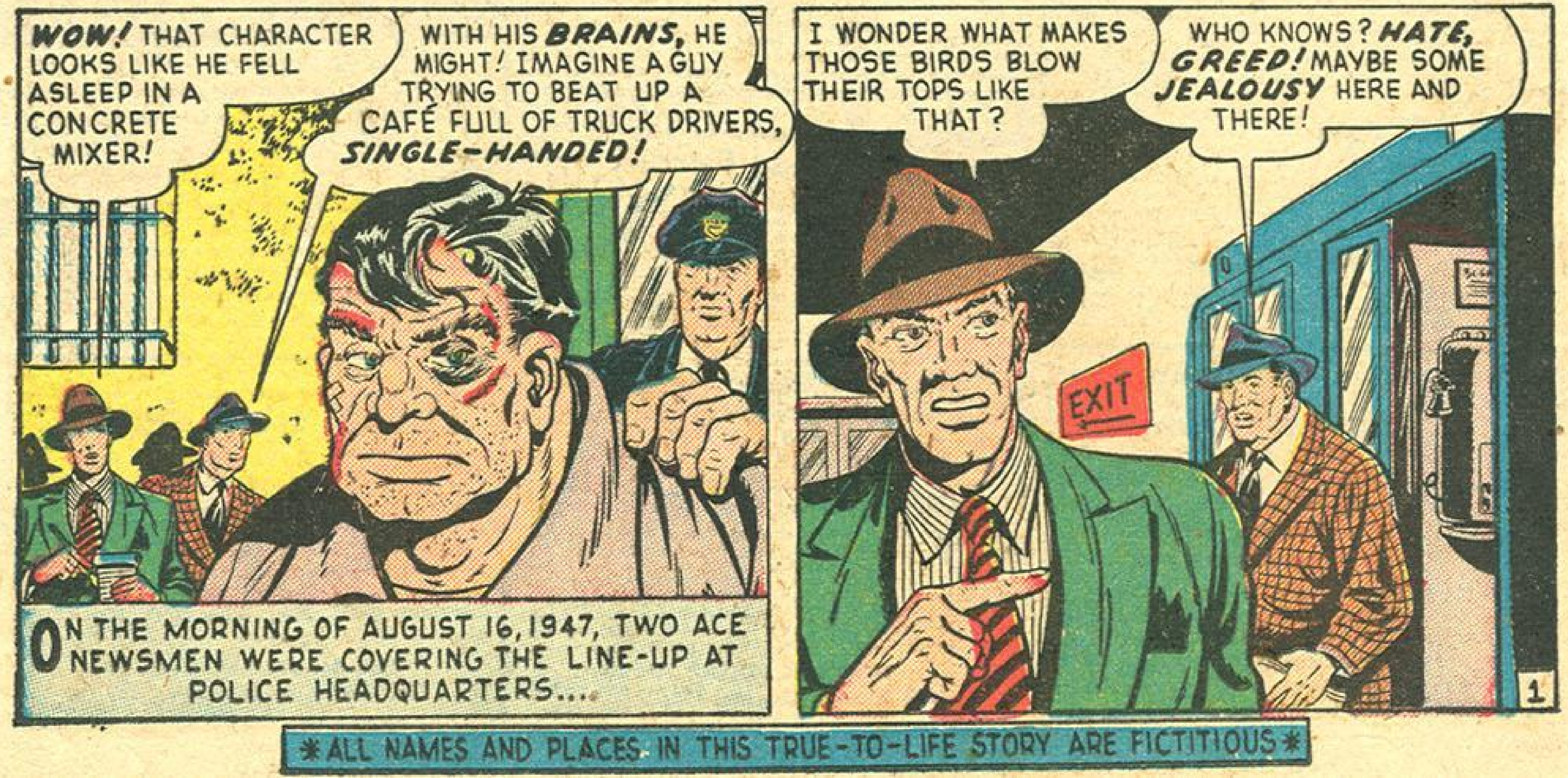
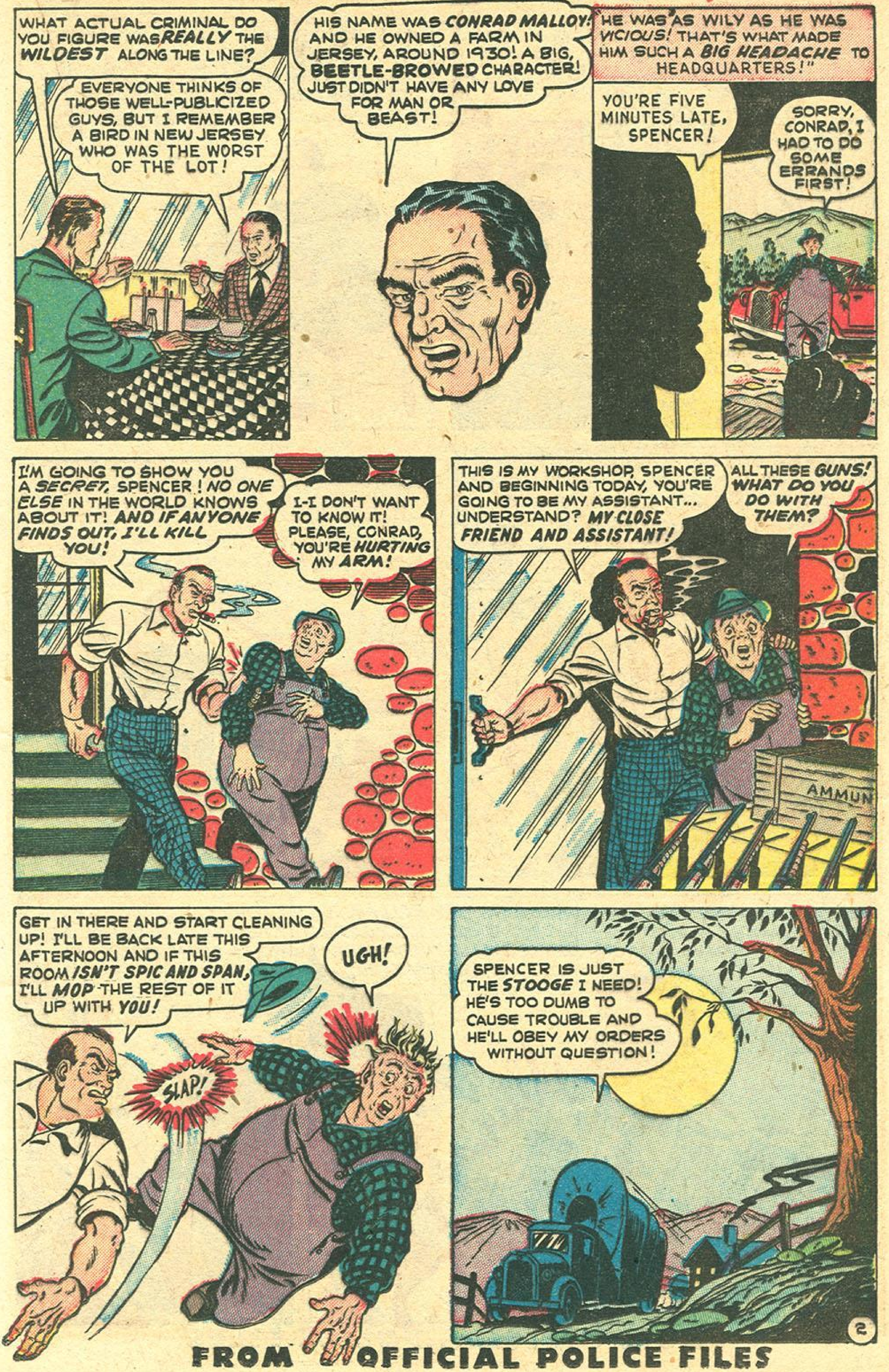
CRIME CAN'T WIN

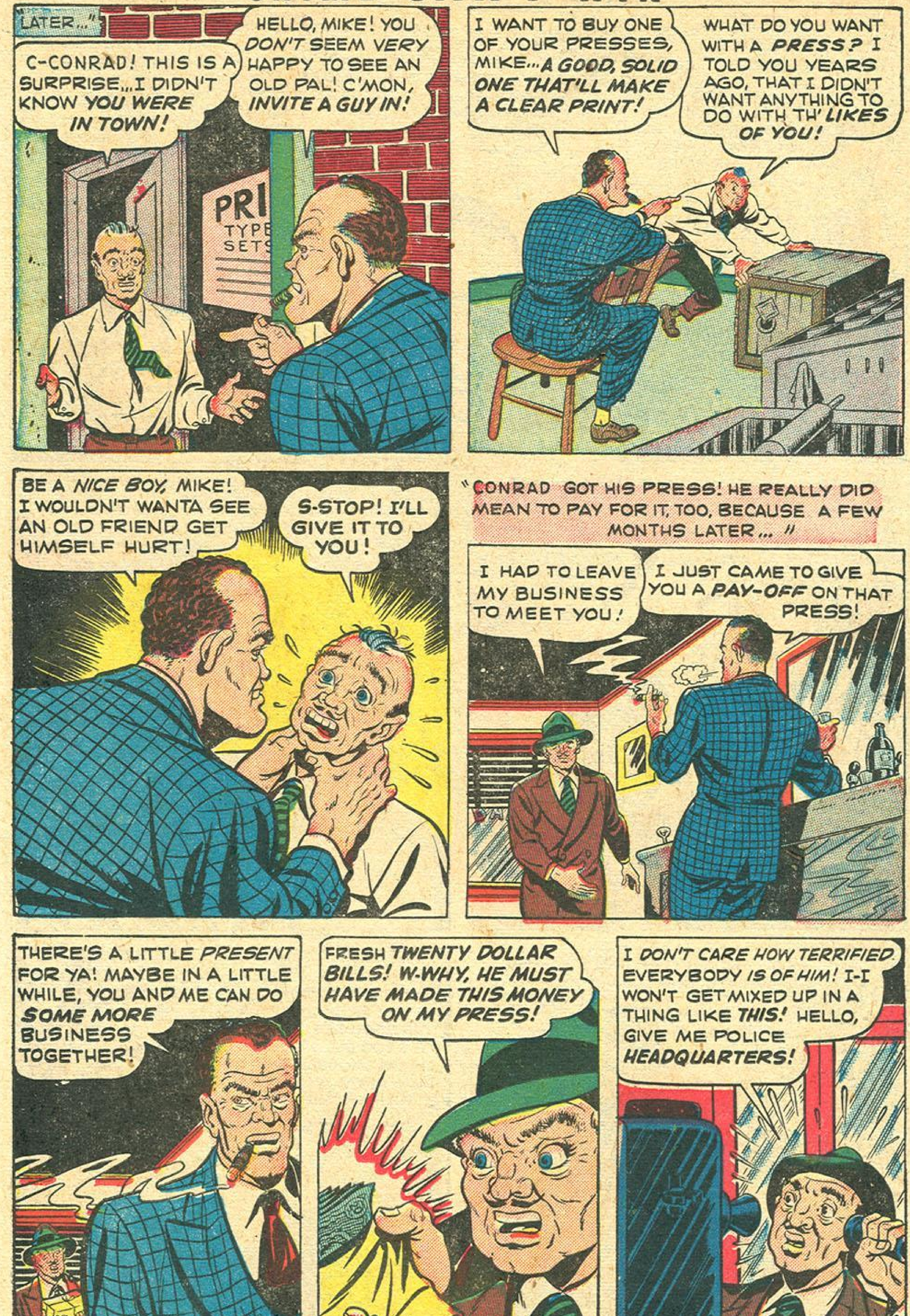
"REVENGE!"

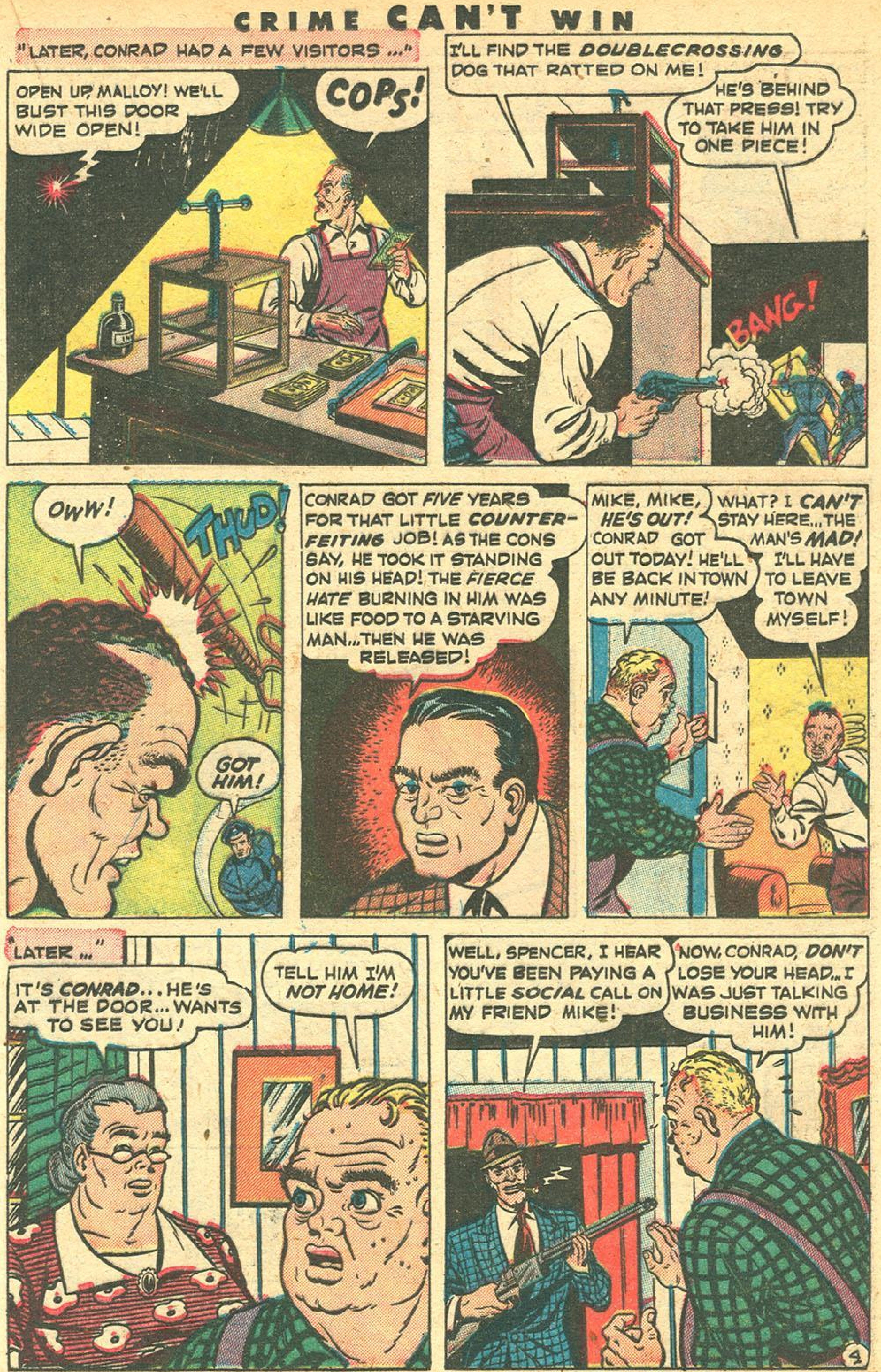

THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
THE ANNALS OF CRIMINOLOGY ARE FILLED WITH CASE HISTORIES OF ROBBERS, THIEVES AND MURDERERS WHO, BY VIRTUE OF THEIR VERY CALLING, ARE A VICIOUS AND INHUMAN LOT! BUT NO MATTER HOW BRUTAL THEY ARE, *SOMETHING* WILL BRING THEM CRINGING IN FEAR! CONRAD MALLOY WAS ONE OF THE WORST--A CRIMINAL WHOSE LIFE WAS STEEPED IN EVIL...UNTIL TWO HANDS REACHED OUT FOR HIM AND HE REALIZED HE WAS FACING-- *REVENGE!*
SL-2727

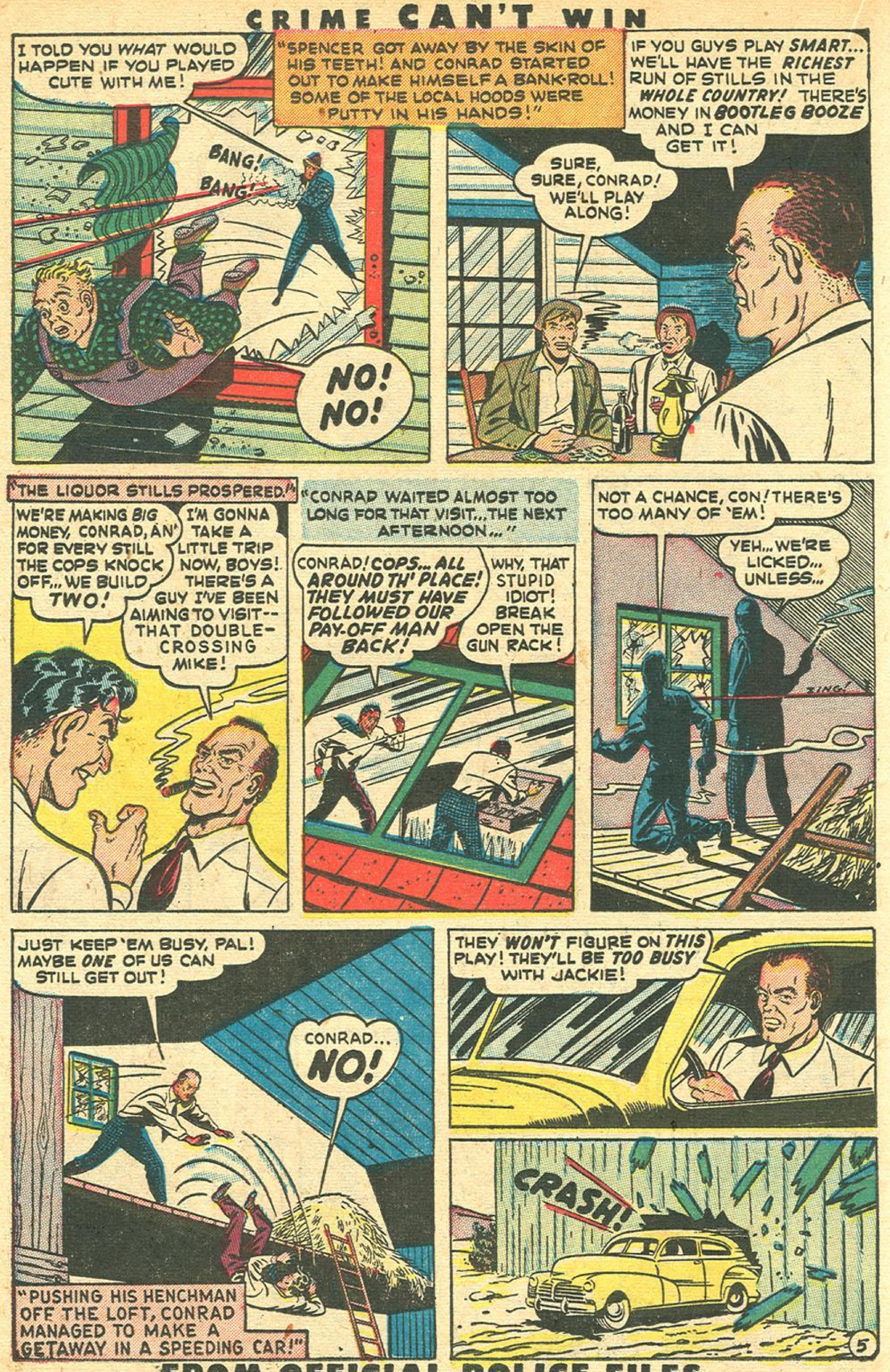

WOW! THAT CHARACTER LOOKS LIKE HE FELL ASLEEP IN A CONCRETE MIXER!
WITH HIS *BRAINS*, HE MIGHT! IMAGINE A GUY TRYING TO BEAT UP A CAFÉ FULL OF TRUCK DRIVERS, *SINGLE-HANDED!*
ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 16, 1947, TWO ACE NEWSMEN WERE COVERING THE LINE-UP AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
I WONDER WHAT MAKES THOSE BIRDS BLOW THEIR TOPS LIKE THAT?
WHO KNOWS? *HATE, GREED!* MAYBE SOME *JEALOUSY* HERE AND THERE!
EXIT

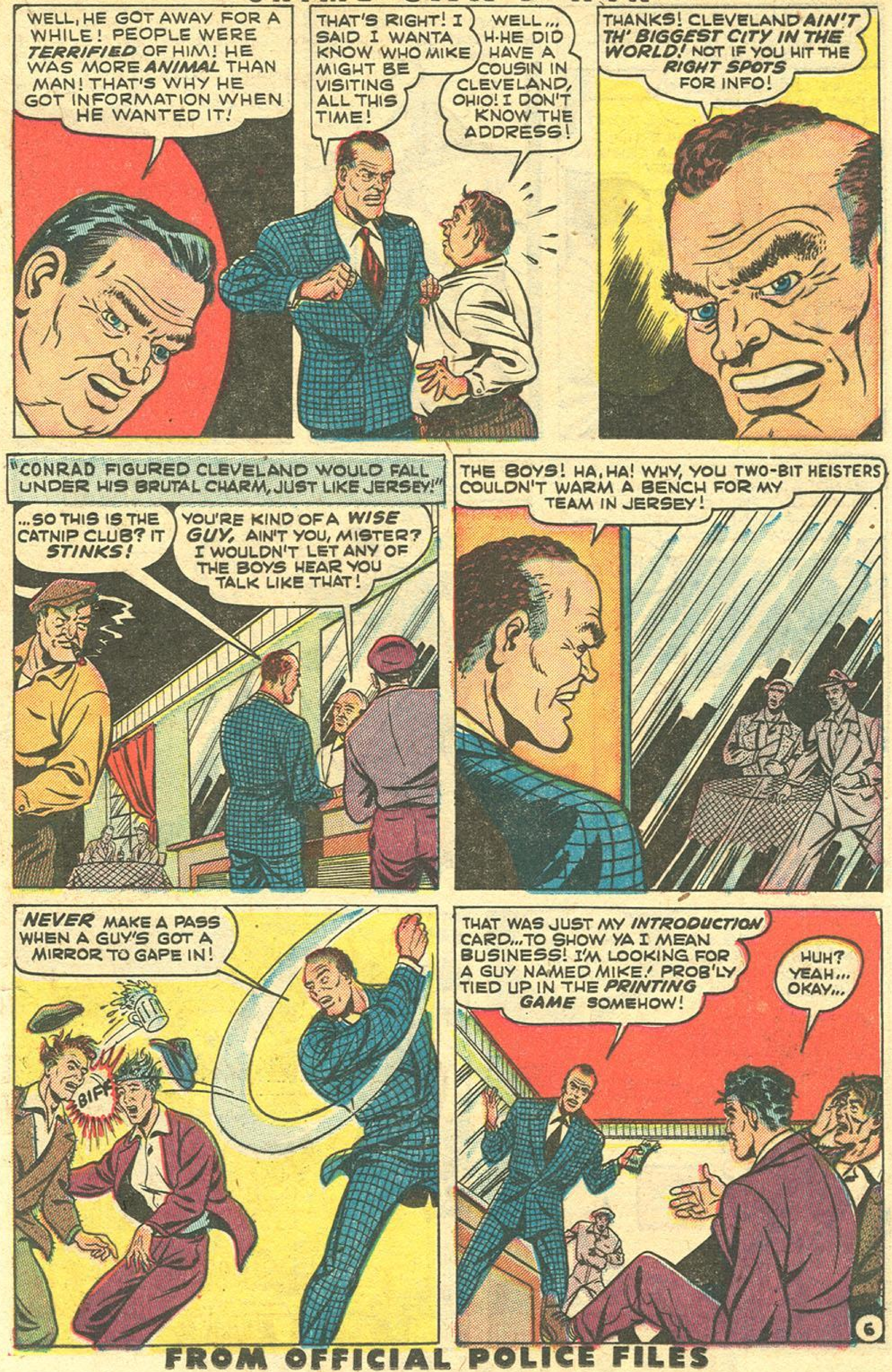
ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS

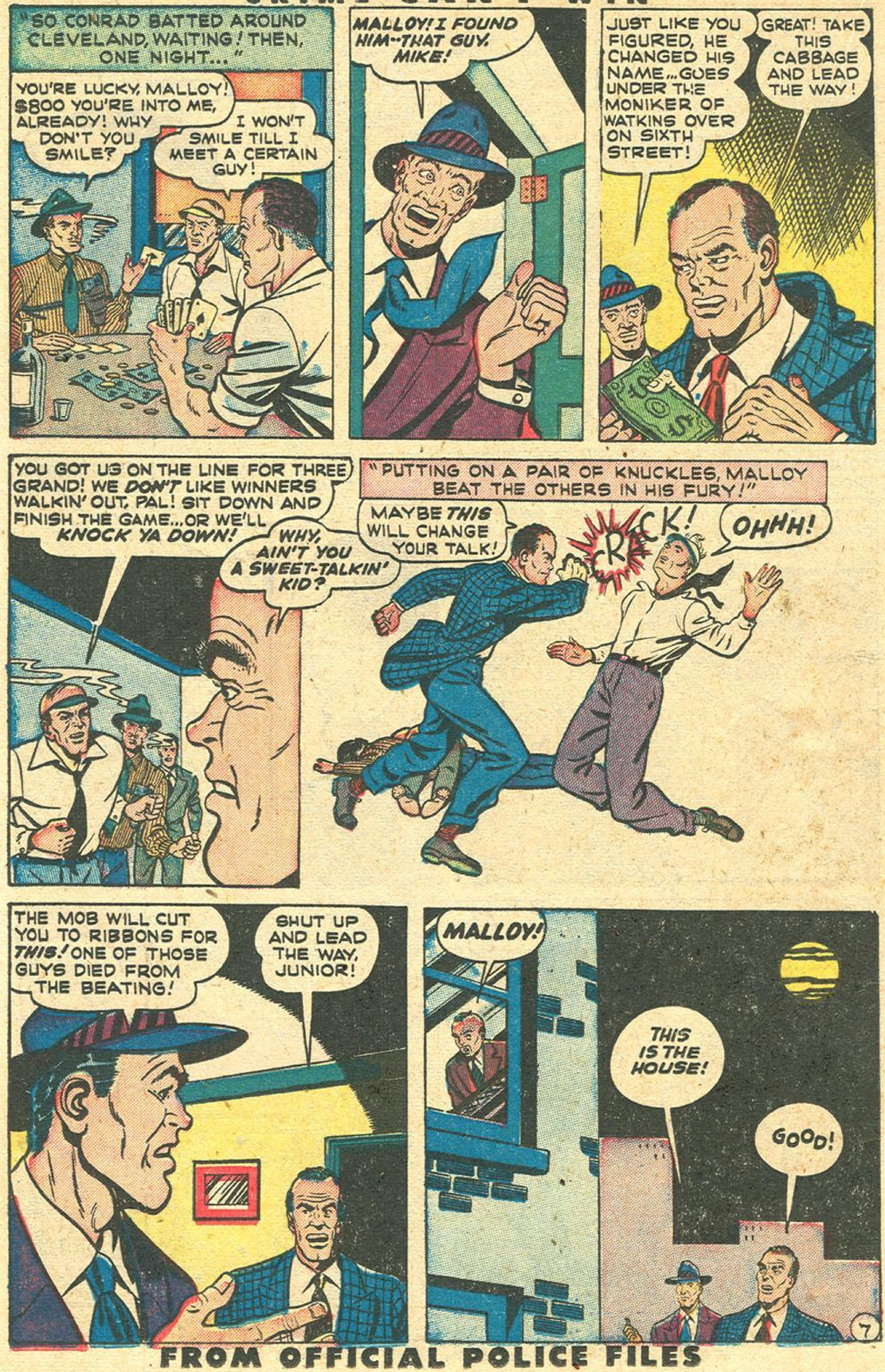

WHAT ACTUAL CRIMINAL DO YOU FIGURE WAS *REALLY* THE *WILDEST* ALONG THE LINE?
EVERYONE THINKS OF THOSE WELL-PUBLICIZED GUYS, BUT I REMEMBER A BIRD IN NEW JERSEY WHO WAS THE WORST OF THE LOT!
HIS NAME WAS *CONRAD MALLOY!* AND HE OWNED A FARM IN JERSEY, AROUND 1930! A BIG, **BEETLE-BROWED** CHARACTER! JUST DIDN'T HAVE ANY LOVE FOR MAN OR BEAST!
HE WAS AS WILY AS HE WAS *VICIOUS!* THAT'S WHAT MADE HIM SUCH A ***BIG HEADACHE*** TO HEADQUARTERS!"
YOU'RE FIVE MINUTES LATE, SPENCER!
SORRY, CONRAD, I HAD TO DO SOME ERRANDS FIRST!
I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU A *SECRET,* SPENCER! ***NO ONE ELSE*** IN THE WORLD KNOWS ABOUT IT! ***AND IF ANYONE FINDS OUT, I'LL KILL YOU!***
I-I DON'T WANT TO KNOW IT! PLEASE, CONRAD, YOU'RE ***HURTING*** MY ***ARM!***
THIS IS MY WORKSHOP, SPENCER AND BEGINNING TODAY, YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY ASSISTANT... UNDERSTAND? ***MY CLOSE FRIEND AND ASSISTANT!***
ALL THESE ***GUNS!*** ***WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THEM?***
AMMUN
GET IN THERE AND START CLEANING UP! I'LL BE BACK LATE THIS AFTERNOON AND IF THIS ROOM ***ISN'T SPIC AND SPAN,*** I'LL ***MOP*** THE REST OF IT UP WITH ***YOU!***
UGH!
SLAP!
SPENCER IS JUST THE ***STOOGE*** I NEED! HE'S TOO DUMB TO CAUSE TROUBLE AND HE'LL OBEY MY ORDERS WITHOUT QUESTION!

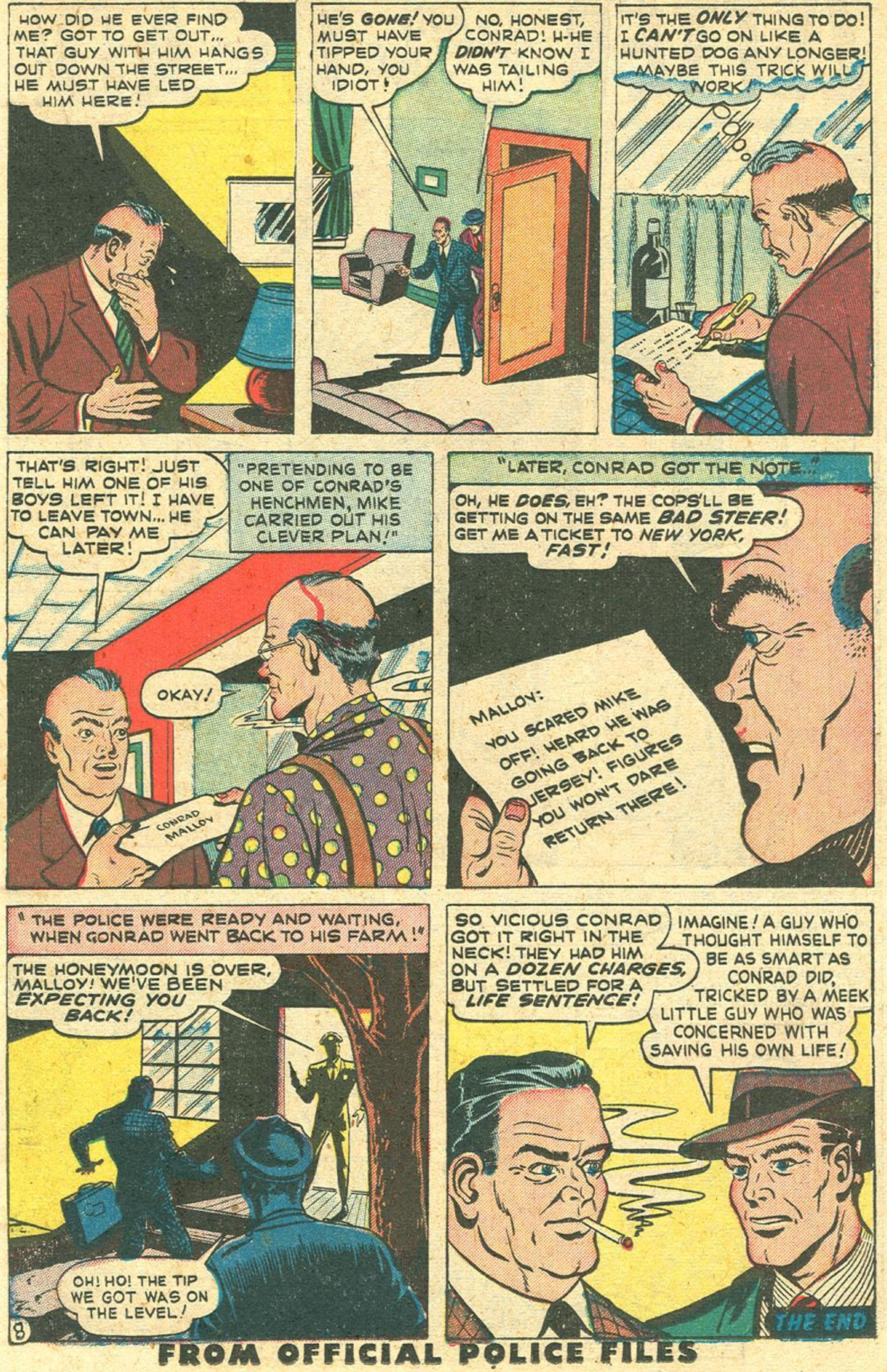

LATER..."
C-CONRAD! THIS IS A SURPRISE,..I DIDN'T KNOW *YOU WERE IN TOWN!*
HELLO, MIKE! YOU *DON'T* SEEM *VERY* HAPPY TO SEE AN OLD PAL! C'MON, *INVITE A GUY IN!*
PRI TYPE SETS
I WANT TO BUY ONE OF YOUR PRESSES, MIKE... *A GOOD, SOLID ONE THAT'LL MAKE A CLEAR PRINT!*
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH A *PRESS?* I TOLD YOU YEARS AGO, THAT I DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH TH' *LIKES OF YOU!*
BE A *NICE BOY,* MIKE! I WOULDN'T WANTA SEE AN OLD FRIEND GET HIMSELF HURT!
S-STOP! I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU!
"CONRAD GOT HIS PRESS! HE REALLY DID MEAN TO PAY FOR IT, TOO, BECAUSE A FEW MONTHS LATER... "
I HAD TO LEAVE MY BUSINESS TO MEET YOU!
I JUST CAME TO GIVE YOU A *PAY-OFF* ON THAT PRESS!
THERE'S A LITTLE *PRESENT* FOR YA! MAYBE IN A LITTLE WHILE, YOU AND ME CAN DO *SOME MORE* BUSINESS TOGETHER!
FRESH *TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS! W-WHY, HE MUST HAVE MADE THIS MONEY ON MY PRESS!*
I *DON'T CARE HOW TERRIFIED* EVERYBODY *IS OF HIM!* I-I WON'T GET MIXED UP IN A THING LIKE *THIS!* HELLO, GIVE ME POLICE *HEADQUARTERS!*
3


"LATER, CONRAD HAD A FEW VISITORS ..."
OPEN UP, MALLOY! WE'LL BUST THIS DOOR WIDE OPEN!
COPS!
I'LL FIND THE *DOUBLECROSSING* DOG THAT RATTED ON ME!
HE'S BEHIND THAT PRESS! TRY TO TAKE HIM IN ONE PIECE!
BANG!
OWW!
THUD!
GOT HIM!
CONRAD GOT *FIVE* YEARS FOR THAT LITTLE *COUNTERFEITING* JOB! AS THE CONS SAY, HE TOOK IT STANDING ON HIS HEAD! THE *FIERCE HATE* BURNING IN HIM WAS LIKE FOOD TO A STARVING MAN... THEN HE WAS RELEASED!
MIKE, MIKE, *HE'S OUT!* CONRAD GOT OUT TODAY! HE'LL BE BACK IN TOWN ANY MINUTE!
WHAT? I *CAN'T* STAY HERE... THE MAN'S *MAD!* I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE TOWN MYSELF!
"LATER ..."
IT'S *CONRAD*... HE'S AT THE DOOR... WANTS TO SEE YOU!
TELL HIM I'M *NOT HOME!*
WELL, SPENCER, I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN PAYING A LITTLE *SOCIAL* CALL ON MY FRIEND MIKE!
NOW, CONRAD, *DON'T* LOSE YOUR HEAD... I WAS JUST TALKING BUSINESS WITH HIM!
4


I TOLD YOU *WHAT* WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU PLAYED CUTE WITH ME!
BANG! BANG!
NO! NO!
"SPENCER GOT AWAY BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH! AND CONRAD STARTED OUT TO MAKE HIMSELF A BANK-ROLL! SOME OF THE LOCAL HOODS WERE "PUTTY IN HIS HANDS!"
IF YOU GUYS PLAY *SMART*... WE'LL HAVE THE *RICHEST* RUN OF STILLS IN THE *WHOLE COUNTRY!* THERE'S MONEY IN *BOOTLEG BOOZE* AND I CAN GET IT!
SURE, SURE, CONRAD! WE'LL PLAY ALONG!
"THE LIQUOR STILLS PROSPERED."
WE'RE MAKING *BIG* MONEY, CONRAD, AN' FOR EVERY STILL THE COPS KNOCK OFF... WE BUILD *TWO!*
I'M GONNA TAKE A LITTLE TRIP NOW, BOYS! THERE'S A GUY I'VE BEEN AIMING TO VISIT-- THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING MIKE!
"CONRAD WAITED ALMOST TOO LONG FOR THAT VISIT... THE NEXT AFTERNOON..."
CONRAD! *COPS... ALL AROUND TH' PLACE! THEY MUST HAVE FOLLOWED OUR PAY-OFF MAN BACK!*
WHY, THAT STUPID IDIOT! BREAK OPEN THE GUN RACK!
NOT A CHANCE, CON! THERE'S TOO MANY OF 'EM!
YEH... WE'RE LICKED... UNLESS...
ZING!
JUST KEEP 'EM BUSY, PAL! MAYBE *ONE* OF US CAN STILL GET OUT!
CONRAD... NO!
"PUSHING HIS HENCHMAN OFF THE LOFT, CONRAD MANAGED TO MAKE A GETAWAY IN A SPEEDING CAR!"
THEY *WON'T* FIGURE ON *THIS* PLAY! THEY'LL BE *TOO BUSY* WITH JACKIE!
CRASH!

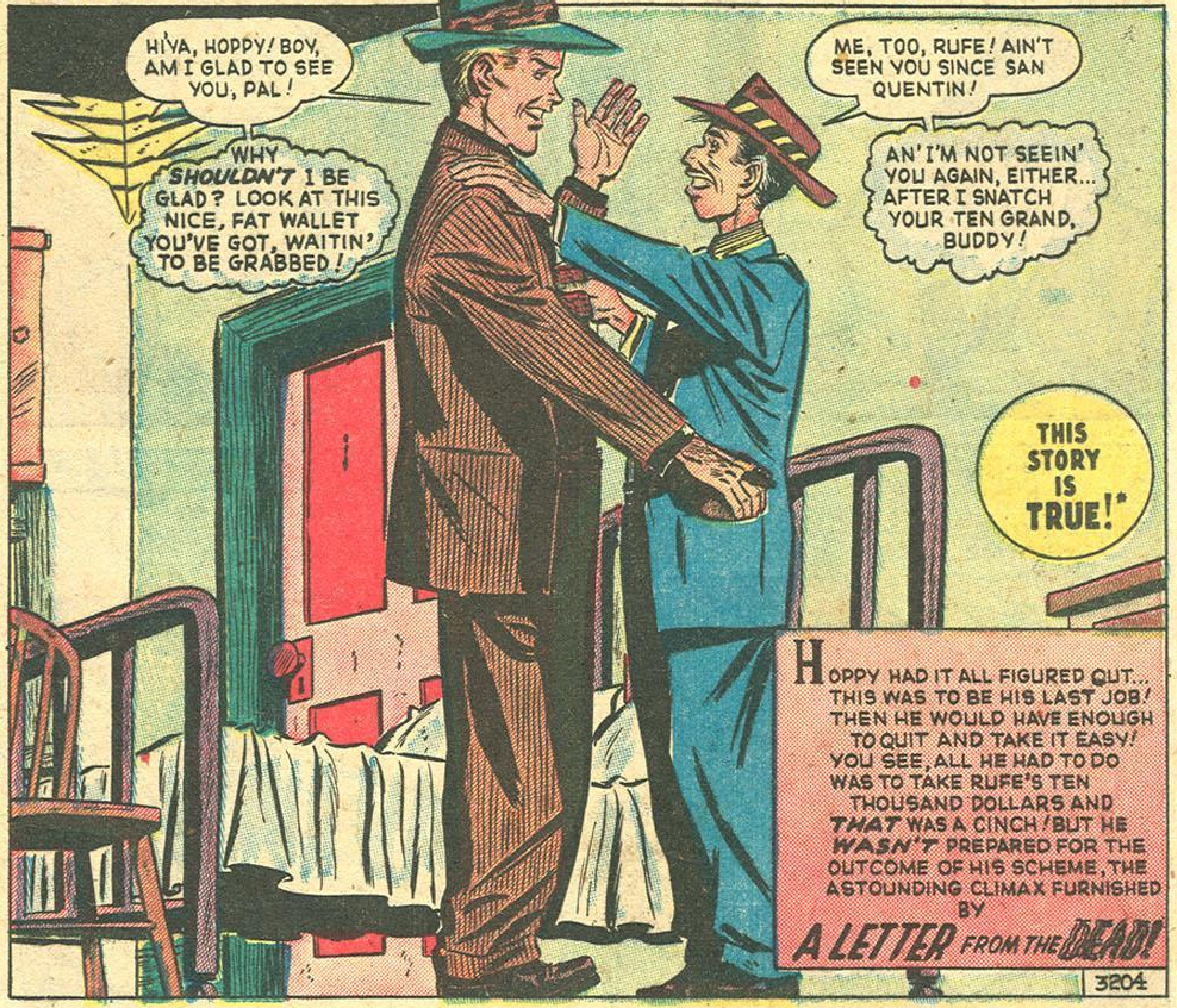

WELL, HE GOT AWAY FOR A WHILE! PEOPLE WERE *TERRIFIED* OF HIM! HE WAS MORE *ANIMAL* THAN MAN! THAT'S WHY HE GOT INFORMATION WHEN HE WANTED IT!
THAT'S RIGHT! I SAID I WANTA KNOW WHO MIKE MIGHT BE VISITING ALL THIS TIME!
WELL... H-HE DID HAVE A COUSIN IN CLEVELAND, OHIO! I DON'T KNOW THE ADDRESS!
THANKS! CLEVELAND *AIN'T TH' BIGGEST CITY IN THE WORLD!* NOT IF YOU HIT THE *RIGHT SPOTS* FOR INFO!
"CONRAD FIGURED CLEVELAND WOULD FALL UNDER HIS BRUTAL CHARM, JUST LIKE JERSEY!"
...SO THIS IS THE CATNIP CLUB? IT *STINKS!*
YOU'RE KIND OF A *WISE GUY,* AIN'T YOU, MISTER? I WOULDN'T LET ANY OF THE BOYS HEAR YOU TALK LIKE THAT!
THE BOYS! HA, HA! WHY, YOU TWO-BIT HEISTERS COULDN'T WARM A BENCH FOR MY TEAM IN JERSEY!
NEVER MAKE A PASS WHEN A GUY'S GOT A MIRROR TO GAPE IN!
BIFF
THAT WAS JUST MY *INTRODUCTION* CARD... TO SHOW YA I MEAN BUSINESS! I'M LOOKING FOR A GUY NAMED MIKE! PROB'LY TIED UP IN THE *PRINTING GAME* SOMEHOW!
HUH? YEAH... OKAY...


"SO CONRAD BATTED AROUND CLEVELAND, WAITING! THEN, ONE NIGHT..."
YOU'RE LUCKY, MALLOY! $800 YOU'RE INTO ME, ALREADY! WHY DON'T YOU SMILE?
I WON'T SMILE TILL I MEET A CERTAIN GUY!
MALLOY! I FOUND HIM--THAT GUY, MIKE!
JUST LIKE YOU FIGURED, HE CHANGED HIS NAME...GOES UNDER THE MONIKER OF WATKINS OVER ON SIXTH STREET!
GREAT! TAKE THIS CABBAGE AND LEAD THE WAY!
YOU GOT US ON THE LINE FOR THREE GRAND! WE DON'T LIKE WINNERS WALKIN' OUT, PAL! SIT DOWN AND FINISH THE GAME...OR WE'LL KNOCK YA DOWN!
WHY, AIN'T YOU A SWEET-TALKIN' KID?
"PUTTING ON A PAIR OF KNUCKLES, MALLOY BEAT THE OTHERS IN HIS FURY!"
MAYBE THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR TALK!
CRACK!
OHHH!
THE MOB WILL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS FOR THIS! ONE OF THOSE GUYS DIED FROM THE BEATING!
SHUT UP AND LEAD THE WAY, JUNIOR!
MALLOY!
THIS IS THE HOUSE!
GOOD!


HOW DID HE EVER FIND ME? GOT TO GET OUT... THAT GUY WITH HIM HANGS OUT DOWN THE STREET... HE MUST HAVE LED HIM HERE!
HE'S *GONE!* YOU MUST HAVE TIPPED YOUR HAND, YOU IDIOT!
NO, HONEST, CONRAD! H-HE *DIDN'T* KNOW I WAS TAILING HIM!
IT'S THE *ONLY* THING TO DO! I *CAN'T* GO ON LIKE A HUNTED DOG ANY LONGER! MAYBE THIS TRICK WILL WORK!
THAT'S RIGHT! JUST TELL HIM ONE OF HIS BOYS LEFT IT! I HAVE TO LEAVE TOWN... HE CAN PAY ME LATER!
"PRETENDING TO BE ONE OF CONRAD'S HENCHMEN, MIKE CARRIED OUT HIS CLEVER PLAN!"
OKAY!
CONRAD MALLOY
"LATER, CONRAD GOT THE NOTE..."
OH, HE *DOES*, EH? THE COPS'LL BE GETTING ON THE SAME *BAD STEER!* GET ME A TICKET TO *NEW YORK, FAST!*
MALLOY: YOU SCARED MIKE OFF! HEARD HE WAS GOING BACK TO JERSEY! FIGURES YOU WON'T DARE RETURN THERE!
"THE POLICE WERE READY AND WAITING, WHEN CONRAD WENT BACK TO HIS FARM!"
THE HONEYMOON IS OVER, MALLOY! WE'VE BEEN *EXPECTING YOU BACK!*
OH! HO! THE TIP WE GOT WAS ON THE LEVEL!
8
SO VICIOUS CONRAD GOT IT RIGHT IN THE NECK! THEY HAD HIM ON A *DOZEN CHARGES,* BUT SETTLED FOR A *LIFE SENTENCE!*
IMAGINE! A GUY WHO THOUGHT HIMSELF TO BE AS SMART AS CONRAD DID, TRICKED BY A MEEK LITTLE GUY WHO WAS CONCERNED WITH SAVING HIS OWN LIFE!
THE END

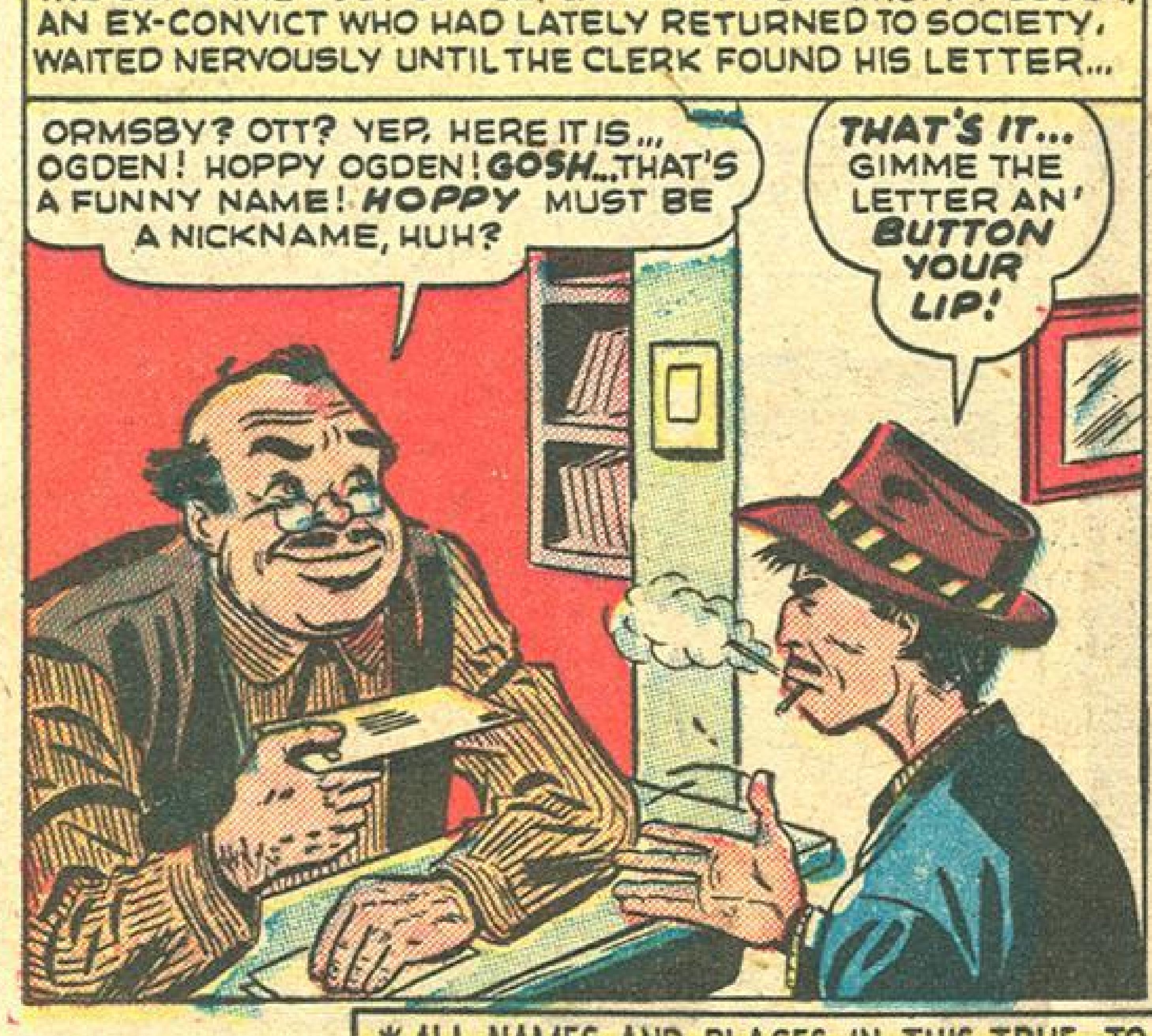
CRIME CAN'T WIN

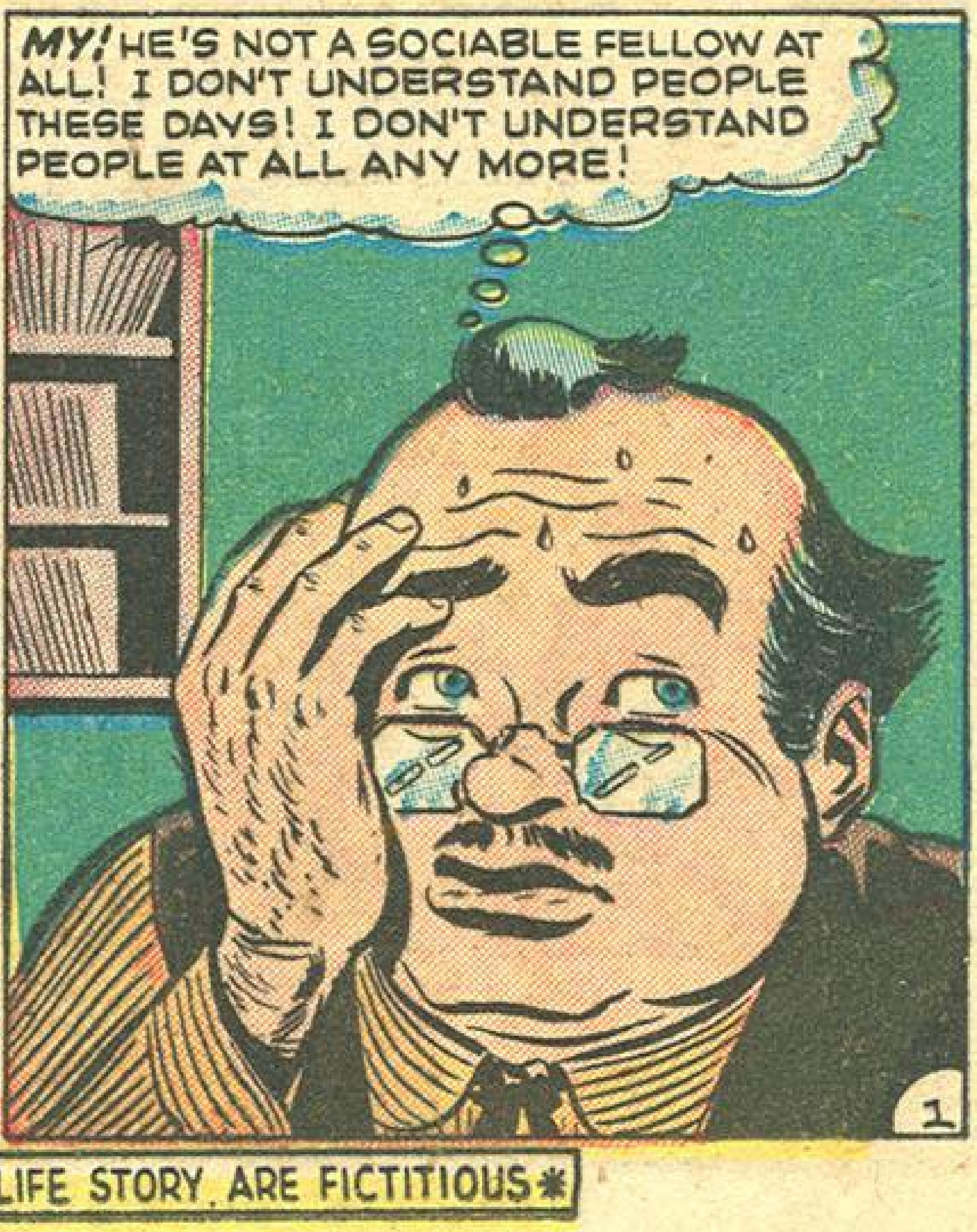
"LETTER from the DEAD!"


HI'YA, HOPPY! BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, PAL!
ME, TOO, RUFE! AIN'T SEEN YOU SINCE SAN QUENTIN!
WHY *SHOULDN'T* I BE GLAD? LOOK AT THIS NICE, FAT WALLET YOU'VE GOT, WAITIN' TO BE GRABBED!
AN' I'M NOT SEEIN' YOU AGAIN, EITHER... AFTER I SNATCH YOUR TEN GRAND, BUDDY!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
3204

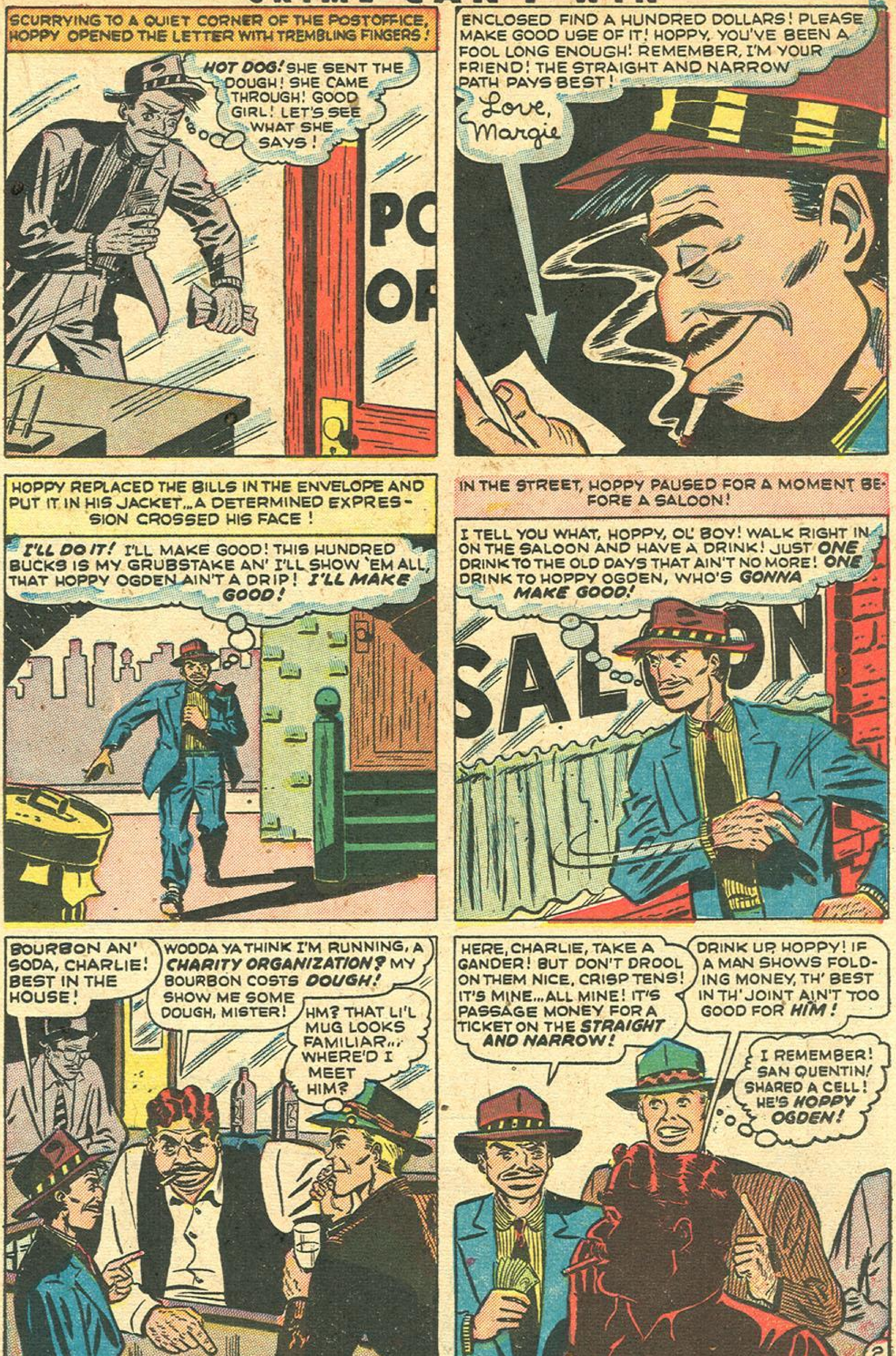
HOPPY HAD IT ALL FIGURED OUT... THIS WAS TO BE HIS LAST JOB! THEN HE WOULD HAVE ENOUGH TO QUIT AND TAKE IT EASY! YOU SEE, ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS TO TAKE RUFE'S TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND *THAT* WAS A CINCH! BUT HE *WASN'T* PREPARED FOR THE OUTCOME OF HIS SCHEME, THE ASTOUNDING CLIMAX FURNISHED BY **A LETTER FROM THE DEAD!**

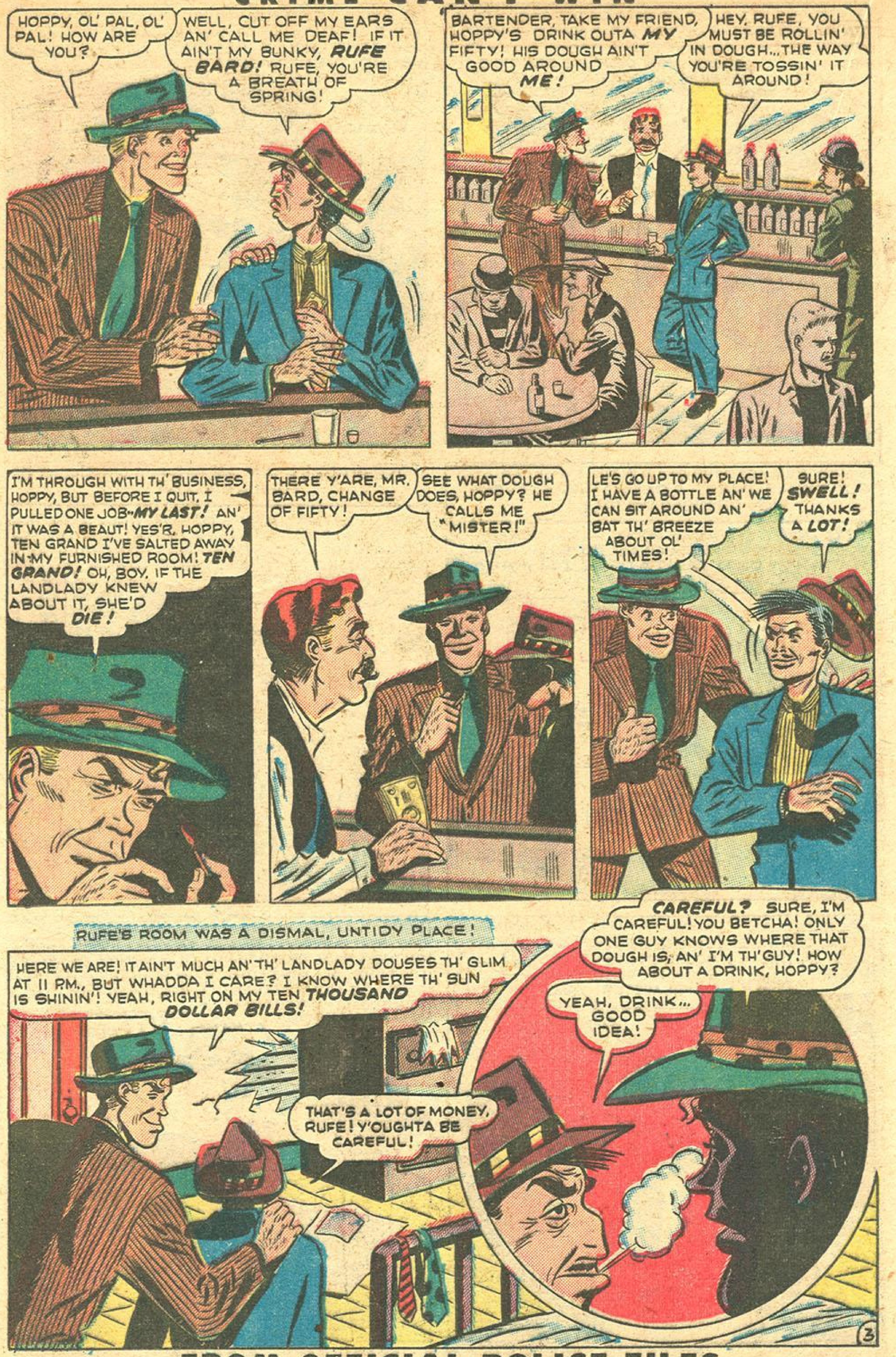
THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO... HOPPY OGDEN, AN EX-CONVICT WHO HAD LATELY RETURNED TO SOCIETY, WAITED NERVOUSLY UNTIL THE CLERK FOUND HIS LETTER...

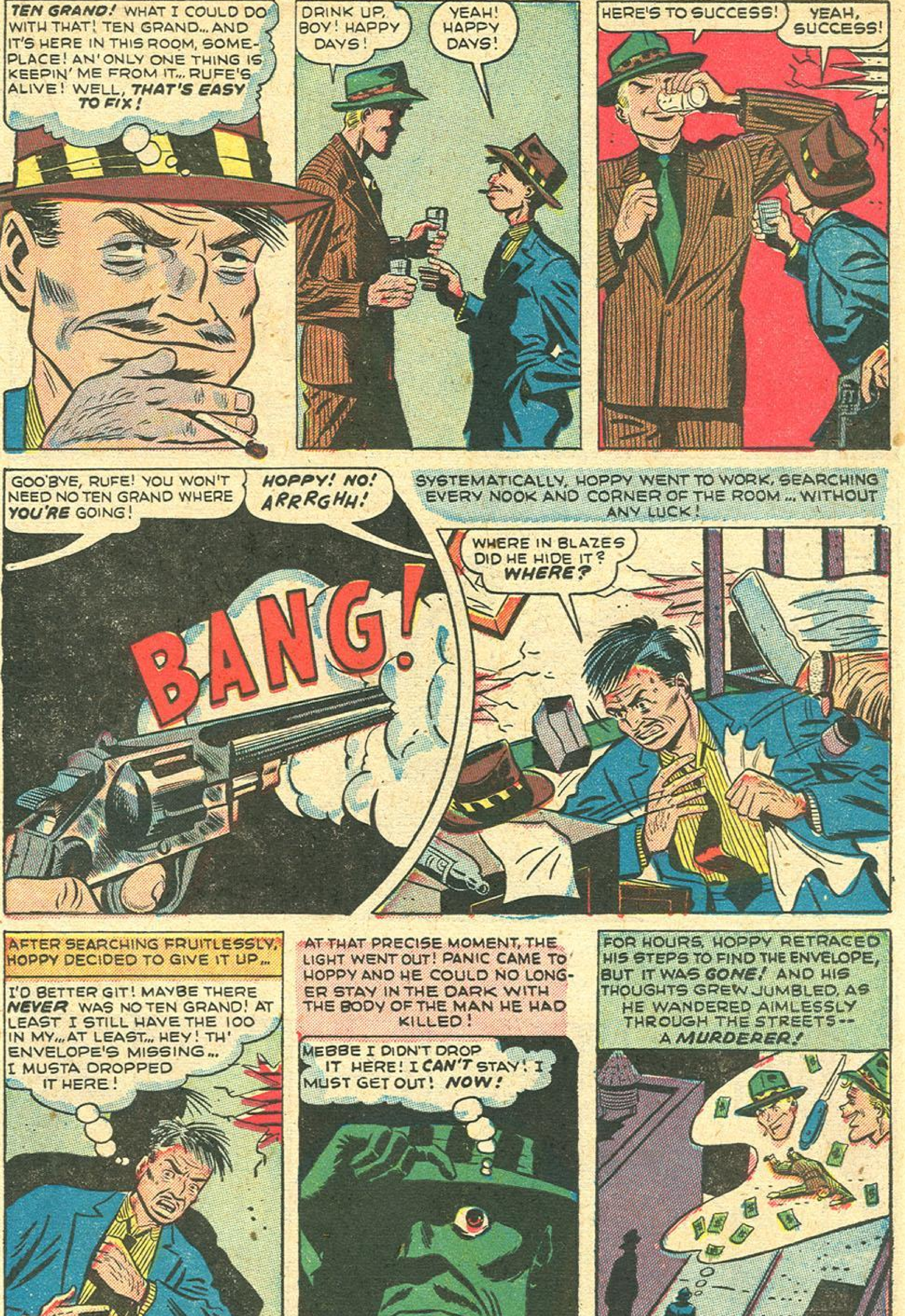

ORMSBY? OTT? YEP, HERE IT IS... OGDEN! HOPPY OGDEN! *GOSH*... THAT'S A FUNNY NAME! *HOPPY* MUST BE A NICKNAME, HUH?
THAT'S IT... GIMME THE LETTER AN' *BUTTON YOUR LIP!*

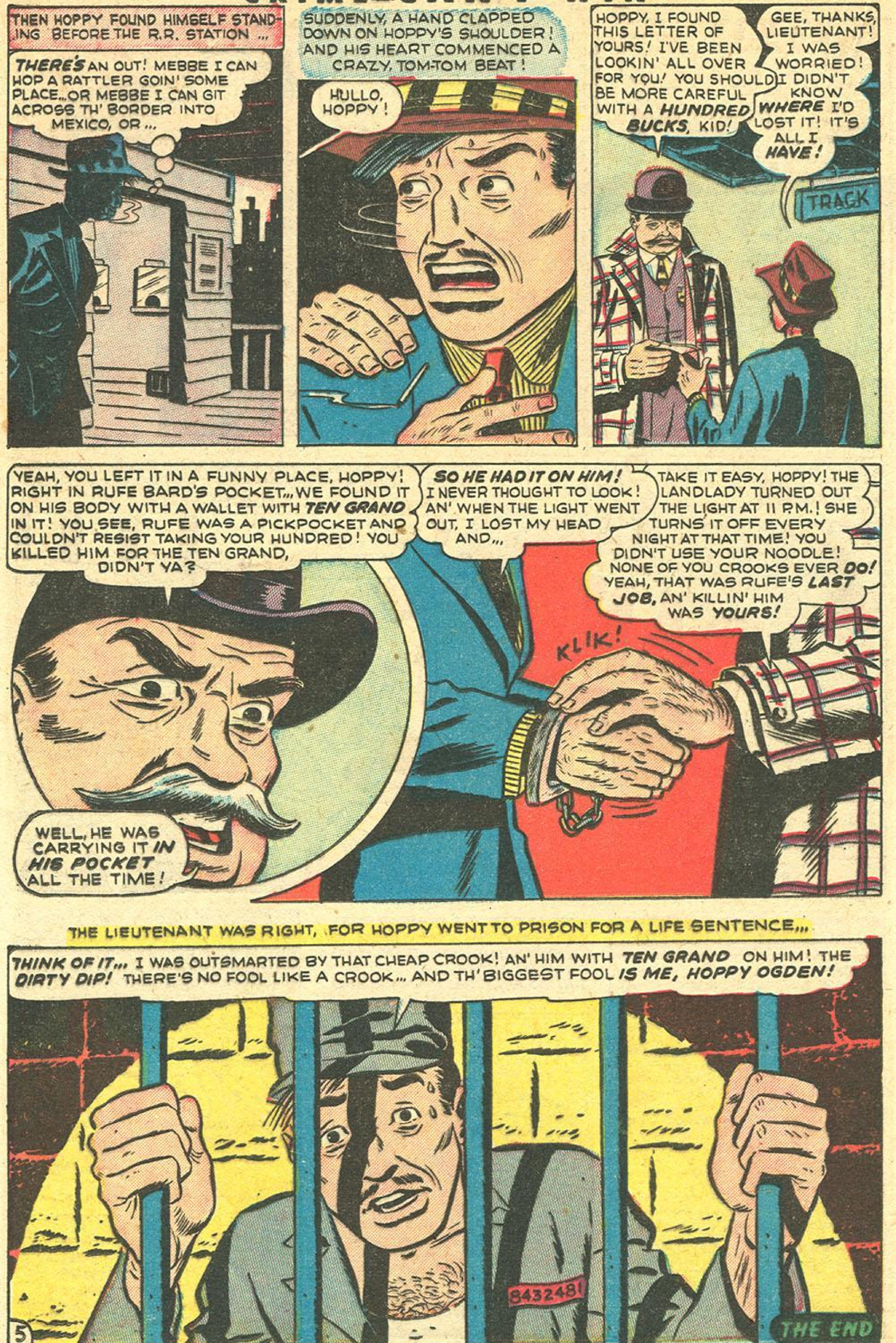

MY! HE'S NOT A SOCIABLE FELLOW AT ALL! I DON'T UNDERSTAND PEOPLE THESE DAYS! I DON'T UNDERSTAND PEOPLE AT ALL ANY MORE!

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS


SCURRYING TO A QUIET CORNER OF THE POSTOFFICE, HOPPY OPENED THE LETTER WITH TREMBLING FINGERS!
HOT DOG! SHE SENT THE DOUGH! SHE CAME THROUGH! GOOD GIRL! LET'S SEE WHAT SHE SAYS!
PO
OF
ENCLOSED FIND A HUNDRED DOLLARS! PLEASE MAKE GOOD USE OF IT! HOPPY, YOU'VE BEEN A FOOL LONG ENOUGH! REMEMBER, I'M YOUR FRIEND! THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH PAYS BEST!
Love, Margie
HOPPY REPLACED THE BILLS IN THE ENVELOPE AND PUT IT IN HIS JACKET... A DETERMINED EXPRESSION CROSSED HIS FACE!
I'LL DO IT! I'LL MAKE GOOD! THIS HUNDRED BUCKS IS MY GRUBSTAKE AN' I'LL SHOW 'EM ALL, THAT HOPPY OGDEN AIN'T A DRIP! *I'LL MAKE GOOD!*
IN THE STREET, HOPPY PAUSED FOR A MOMENT BEFORE A SALOON!
I TELL YOU WHAT, HOPPY, OL' BOY! WALK RIGHT IN ON THE SALOON AND HAVE A DRINK! JUST *ONE* DRINK TO THE OLD DAYS THAT AIN'T NO MORE! *ONE* DRINK TO HOPPY OGDEN, WHO'S *GONNA MAKE GOOD!*
SAL ON
BOURBON AN' SODA, CHARLIE! BEST IN THE HOUSE!
WODDA YA THINK I'M RUNNING, A *CHARITY ORGANIZATION?* MY BOURBON COSTS *DOUGH!* SHOW ME SOME DOUGH, MISTER!
HM? THAT LI'L MUG LOOKS FAMILIAR... WHERE'D I MEET HIM?
HERE, CHARLIE, TAKE A GANDER! BUT DON'T DROOL ON THEM NICE, CRISP TENS! IT'S MINE... ALL MINE! IT'S PASSAGE MONEY FOR A TICKET ON THE *STRAIGHT AND NARROW!*
DRINK UP, HOPPY! IF A MAN SHOWS FOLDING MONEY, TH' BEST IN TH' JOINT AIN'T TOO GOOD FOR *HIM!*
I REMEMBER! SAN QUENTIN! SHARED A CELL! HE'S *HOPPY OGDEN!*


HOPPY, OL' PAL, OL' PAL! HOW ARE YOU?
WELL, CUT OFF MY EARS AN' CALL ME DEAF! IF IT AIN'T MY BUNKY, RUFE BARD! RUFE, YOU'RE A BREATH OF SPRING!
BARTENDER, TAKE MY FRIEND, HOPPY'S DRINK OUTA MY FIFTY! HIS DOUGH AIN'T GOOD AROUND ME!
HEY, RUFE, YOU MUST BE ROLLIN' IN DOUGH...THE WAY YOU'RE TOSSIN' IT AROUND!
I'M THROUGH WITH TH' BUSINESS, HOPPY, BUT BEFORE I QUIT, I PULLED ONE JOB--MY LAST! AN' IT WAS A BEAUT! YES'R, HOPPY, TEN GRAND I'VE SALTED AWAY IN MY FURNISHED ROOM! TEN GRAND! OH, BOY, IF THE LANDLADY KNEW ABOUT IT, SHE'D DIE!
THERE Y'ARE, MR. BARD, CHANGE OF FIFTY!
SEE WHAT DOUGH DOES, HOPPY? HE CALLS ME "MISTER!"
LE'S GO UP TO MY PLACE! I HAVE A BOTTLE AN' WE CAN SIT AROUND AN' BAT TH' BREEZE ABOUT OL' TIMES!
SURE! SWELL! THANKS A LOT!
RUFE'S ROOM WAS A DISMAL, UNTIDY PLACE!
HERE WE ARE! IT AIN'T MUCH AN' TH' LANDLADY DOUSES TH' GLIM AT 11 P.M., BUT WHADDA I CARE? I KNOW WHERE TH' SUN IS SHININ'! YEAH, RIGHT ON MY TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS!
THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY, RUFE! Y'OUGHTA BE CAREFUL!
CAREFUL? SURE, I'M CAREFUL! YOU BETCHA! ONLY ONE GUY KNOWS WHERE THAT DOUGH IS, AN' I'M TH' GUY! HOW ABOUT A DRINK, HOPPY?
YEAH, DRINK... GOOD IDEA!


TEN GRAND! WHAT I COULD DO WITH THAT! TEN GRAND... AND IT'S HERE IN THIS ROOM, SOMEPLACE! AN' ONLY ONE THING IS KEEPIN' ME FROM IT... RUFE'S ALIVE! WELL, THAT'S EASY TO FIX!
DRINK UP, BOY! HAPPY DAYS!
YEAH! HAPPY DAYS!
HERE'S TO SUCCESS!
YEAH, SUCCESS!
GOO'BYE, RUFE! YOU WON'T NEED NO TEN GRAND WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
HOPPY! NO! ARRRGHH!
BANG!
SYSTEMATICALLY, HOPPY WENT TO WORK, SEARCHING EVERY NOOK AND CORNER OF THE ROOM ... WITHOUT ANY LUCK!
WHERE IN BLAZES DID HE HIDE IT? WHERE?
AFTER SEARCHING FRUITLESSLY, HOPPY DECIDED TO GIVE IT UP...
I'D BETTER GIT! MAYBE THERE NEVER WAS NO TEN GRAND! AT LEAST I STILL HAVE THE 100 IN MY... AT LEAST... HEY! TH' ENVELOPE'S MISSING... I MUSTA DROPPED IT HERE!
AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, THE LIGHT WENT OUT! PANIC CAME TO HOPPY AND HE COULD NO LONGER STAY IN THE DARK WITH THE BODY OF THE MAN HE HAD KILLED!
MEBBE I DIDN'T DROP IT HERE! I CAN'T STAY! I MUST GET OUT! NOW!
FOR HOURS, HOPPY RETRACED HIS STEPS TO FIND THE ENVELOPE, BUT IT WAS GONE! AND HIS THOUGHTS GREW JUMBLED, AS HE WANDERED AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE STREETS -- A MURDERER!


THEN HOPPY FOUND HIMSELF STANDING BEFORE THE R.R. STATION ...
THERE'S AN OUT! MEBBE I CAN HOP A RATTLER GOIN' SOME PLACE... OR MEBBE I CAN GIT ACROSS TH' BORDER INTO MEXICO, OR ...
SUDDENLY, A HAND CLAPPED DOWN ON HOPPY'S SHOULDER! AND HIS HEART COMMENCED A CRAZY, TOM-TOM BEAT!
HULLO, HOPPY!
HOPPY, I FOUND THIS LETTER OF YOURS! I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER FOR YOU! YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL WITH A HUNDRED BUCKS, KID!
GEE, THANKS, LIEUTENANT! I WAS WORRIED! I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE I'D LOST IT! IT'S ALL I HAVE!
TRACK
YEAH, YOU LEFT IT IN A FUNNY PLACE, HOPPY! RIGHT IN RUFE BARD'S POCKET... WE FOUND IT ON HIS BODY WITH A WALLET WITH TEN GRAND IN IT! YOU SEE, RUFE WAS A PICKPOCKET AND COULDN'T RESIST TAKING YOUR HUNDRED! YOU KILLED HIM FOR THE TEN GRAND, DIDN'T YA?
SO HE HAD IT ON HIM! I NEVER THOUGHT TO LOOK! AN' WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT, I LOST MY HEAD AND...
TAKE IT EASY, HOPPY! THE LANDLADY TURNED OUT THE LIGHT AT 11 P.M.! SHE TURNS IT OFF EVERY NIGHT AT THAT TIME! YOU DIDN'T USE YOUR NOODLE! NONE OF YOU CROOKS EVER DO! YEAH, THAT WAS RUFE'S LAST JOB, AN' KILLIN' HIM WAS YOURS!
KLIK!
WELL, HE WAS CARRYING IT IN HIS POCKET ALL THE TIME!
THE LIEUTENANT WAS RIGHT, FOR HOPPY WENT TO PRISON FOR A LIFE SENTENCE...
THINK OF IT... I WAS OUTSMARTED BY THAT CHEAP CROOK! AN' HIM WITH TEN GRAND ON HIM! THE DIRTY DIP! THERE'S NO FOOL LIKE A CROOK... AND TH' BIGGEST FOOL IS ME, HOPPY OGDEN!
8432481
5
THE END

STAMP NEWS

By KENT B. STILES

Notwithstanding the deluge of special stamps earlier announced at Washington for release during 1948 the Post Office Department has added five. The revised schedule commits the Department to at least fifteen such adhesives from January through December—and if you are looking for a reason for this generous output you can reflect that this is an election year! The more persons who are pleased before November arrives, the more votes the Democratic candidates should, theoretically, receive. Or so some politicians seem to think!

Congress enacted a bill calling for a stamp to commemorate the Swedish Pioneer Centennial being observed in the American Mid-West this Summer. President Truman promptly vetoed it. Shortly thereafter he changed his mind and directed the stamp be printed—and it appeared, a 5c in dark blue and light blue, on June 4. The design shows a Swedish pioneer moving Westward with a covered wagon a century ago. Six stars at left and six stars at right represent twelve States in which the Swedish immigrants settled.

The second additional stamp announced is one to honor Clara Barton (1821 - 1912), who was the first president of the American Red Cross.

The third promised item will mark the centennial of the creating of Oregon Territory, from which were carved the States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming.

Recalling a century of "peace and cooperation" between the United States and Canada will be a "special" to appear probably in August. The two countries have been at peace longer than a century, so what the stamp will specifically recall is the building of the first suspension bridge across the Niagara gorge between Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Niagara Falls, Ontario, in 1848.

A Hungarian air series carries portraits of persons associated with transportation. Most of the men honored are philatelic familiars, but three are newcomers to our hobby's gallery:

80 AMERICAN
All different Stamps from North America.
Only 5c to Approval Buyers.
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Packet of WORLDWIDE STAMPS. Package of Hinges. Perforation Guage and Millimeter Scale. Watermark Detector. Everything 10c to approval buyers
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STAMPS FROM COCHIN, OCEANIE, CAMEROUN.
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DIXIE STAMP CO. Dept. 16. Milwaukee 1, Wis.

FREE HUNGARY XMAS SET FREE
TO APPROVAL BUYERS.
PLADON STAMP CO.
1717-M Idaho Street Toledo 5, Ohio

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1c Complete set Royal Visit, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set Confederation, Geo. V set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only 1c to approval applicants. 1c
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100 WORLDWIDE 5c
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BOERGER STAMP CO.,
204 C Main St., Toledo 5, Ohio

50 HUNGARY 5c
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BRANDWEIN STAMP CO., Box 92Z Bayonne, N. J.

118 DIFFERENT STAMPS
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Including AIRMAILS, PRESIDENTIALS, high values, 19th Century, COMMEMORATIVES, coils, revenues, etc. to applicants for our BARGAIN APPROVALS. FREE BIG LISTS included.
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Includes Liberia Triangle, Bolshevik "Berlin Bear", $4.00 U. S., $100.00 Shanghai, Tricolored Corsica, etc. ALL 5c. Approvals.
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GIANT AND MIDGET TRIANGLES!
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Big Lot 54 Different includes Roosevelt stamps from Monaco & San Marino, also Hitler & Mussolini stamps from Libia, Bohemia & many others. ALL ONLY 5c. Approvals.
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FREE OFFER
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WOW!! $10.00 WORTH OF FUN — ONLY 10c!
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THE PLAINEST CLUE

"YOU'LL never marry Anita!" Jonathan Withers said vehemently. Here in his study on the top floor of his big country mansion he sat forward in his chair and glared.

"She's eighteen," Peter Snell retorted. "How can you . . ."

"Oh, I can all right! I'll disinherit you both! You wouldn't like marrying her when she's penniless, would you?"

Snell tried to keep himself calm, but he could feel his anger rising. It was worse than he'd thought! He was a distant cousin of rich old Jonathan Withers, a crotchety old man, terrible to live with. Anita was Withers' granddaughter, his favorite, and his principal heir. Snell knew that he would get nothing but a small legacy, perhaps a few thousands. Anita was his chance—his big chance for sudden riches. . .

A flood of swift thoughts was now surging through Snell's mind. Old Withers and he were alone here in a lonely wing on the third floor of the huge old house. Withers had his study with its adjoining bedroom and bath here because he wanted quiet, to be disconnected from any possible sounds from downstairs. It was nearly midnight now. Two nephews, another cousin and Anita were downstairs, playing bridge with some guests in the big living room. Several servants were down there, too, but not a sound could be heard here.

And of course the reverse was true. There was no one to hear or know what happened upstairs now. Snell had told the butler to go to bed, and instead he had brought up the old man's bedtime tea and toast. And he had stopped in his own bedroom on the second floor and pocketed his little revolver with its silencer. The sound of its report would be only a faint plop. . .

"You think I don't know what kind of a fellow you are, don't you?" Withers was saying. "All my family—nothing but spongers, waiting for me to die to see what they're going to get out of me! And you're the worst!"

Snell was barely conscious that he had leaped out of his chair with the little revolver leveled in his shaking hand, but he was on his feet, firing downward. His first shot missed the old man's head and thudded against the wall down by the floor. But the second found its mark! Withers was partly out of his chair, but he crumpled back, partly slithering over the chair arm, with the wound in his temple.

For a moment the room seemed to sway around the panting Snell. But the thing was over now. Snell collected his thoughts. He was in no real danger. He had thought this thing out carefully. There was no chance that anyone else would come up here tonight. Withers was always furious if anyone ever disturbed him.

Snell wiped off the handle of the little revolver and dropped it to the floor. He knew the weapon could never be traced to him, and he was quite calm when he sauntered downstairs a moment later. The bridge party was in full swing. The big clock in the hall was just chiming twelve when Snell appeared.

"You tucked him in bed okay?" Tom Withers, one of the nephews, asked with a sarcastic grin.

Snell smiled. "Sure, sure. He's all right. Who's winning?"

The game went on. At about twelve-thirty it broke up and the guests left.

It was about a quarter past one when Snell smelled the smoke. He was in his bedroom, but he hadn't yet undressed. The entire household was aroused and made a big commotion, but there was no need to turn in a fire alarm. They found that when the bridge party had broken up, somebody had emptied a big ash tray into a wastebasket and a smoldering cigarette butt had set fire to the contents of the basket.

But then there was a sudden wild shout from upstairs. Thomas, the butler, frightened at the smoke, had rushed upstairs to the third floor to arouse the old man. He was coming down now, screaming, "Mr. Withers! He—he's dead! Someone shot him!"

They all rushed up in horrified panic. Then, they wildly phoned for the police.

. . . It could easily have been an outside marauder. The police figured that right away. Back stairs led to the third floor from the back of the house. Several of the back windows were unlocked, and this summer night one of them was found open. Snell chuckled to himself when one of the policemen mentioned it. That was lucky! Snell was quite calm, not worried at all. Why should he be?

"It happened sometime between midnight and quarter past one," Snell was telling Police Sergeant Marks, who was in charge here now. "I brought him tea and toast, and it was just midnight by the hall clock when I came down and joined the party again."

Everyone remembered that. Tom Withers confirmed it, and all of them agreed that they had retired before one o'clock. Between then and the fire at one-fifteen, if it hadn't been an outside marauder, anyone in the house could have sneaked up there and done it.

Sergeant Marks nodded when Snell mentioned that angle of it. He and Snell were at the study door now. Several of the policemen were inside the room where the body still lay huddled in the big chair by the radio, waiting for the County Medical Examiner to arrive.

And suddenly from within the room one of the policemen called, "Well, whoever saw anything like this before! Come take a look, Sarge!"

Marks went into the study. For a minute they were all excitedly whispering in there. What were they whispering about?

Marks said, "Yeah, I've heard that it sometimes happens."

They were all over by the radio, looking at something. Their backs blocked Snell's view so that he couldn't see what they were talking about. A tremor of fear darted through him, but he told himself again that he was perfectly safe. Nobody could possibly prove what time the murder was committed. They'd have to prove that the shots were fired at midnight when he was up here alone with the old man. And that they couldn't do!

Or could they? Finally the sergeant came back. He stood grimly confronting Snell. Then abruptly, he said, "Well, seems we got you, you murderer! Come take a look!"

Snell's heart leaped wildly. "You—what do you mean, you . . ."

Now they were all pushing him, shoving him toward the radio. Withers' little electric clock stood there on top of the radio. Its hands marked three minutes of ten. Weird horrible thing! The clock was running, and as Snell wonderingly stared, its hands indicated four minutes of ten!

"Sure! It's running backward!" the sergeant was saying. "That can happen with some makes of electric clocks, the models like this one that were made before the war! What started its running backward? That's easy. Take a look at the plug down in the base socket."

The radio and the clock were plugged into a base socket in the wall by the floor. "The first shot missed him," Marks was saying. "It hit that base socket and smashed the clock plug. For a split second the current was interrupted, and the clock stopped, but the short circuit fused the wires again. The clock started, and it happened to start running backward. Friend of mine had one open once and showed me how and why it sometimes happens. Anyways there it is!"

So what? Snell heard himself saying, "Why, that's very interesting, Sergeant, but . . ."

"Sure is," Marks said. "It's running backward at the same rate that real time is progressing forward." Marks had his watch in hand. "Anybody can figure it out. Electric clock says it's now five of ten, but the real time is two o'clock. Exactly halfway between those is the murder time. And that makes it two and a half minutes of twelve! That's the time you were up here, Snell! We've sure got you!"

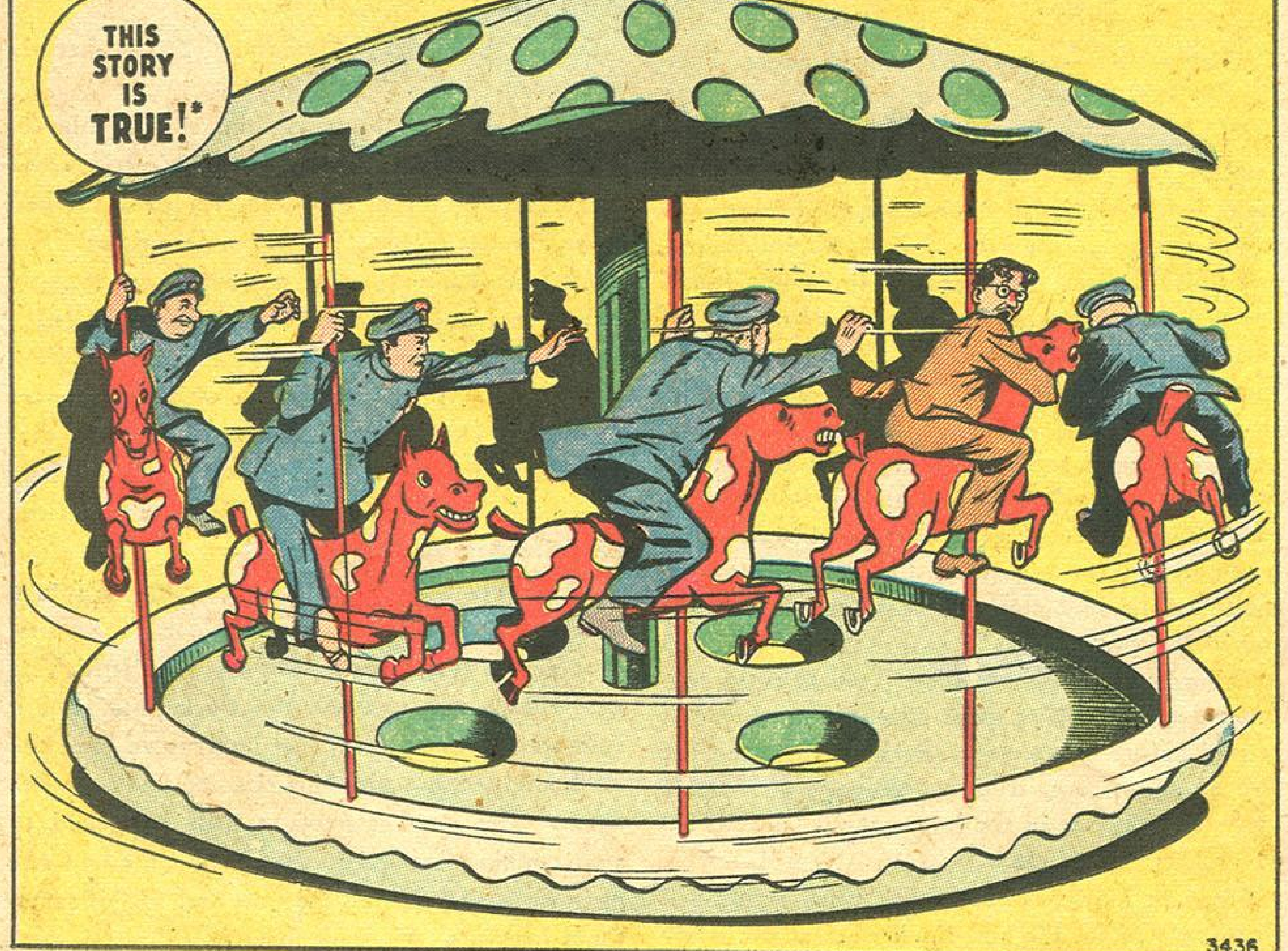
Snell was gasping, "Why—why—how could I think of a thing like that?" He realized then, *too late*, that the perfect murder isn't an easy thing to commit!

THE END

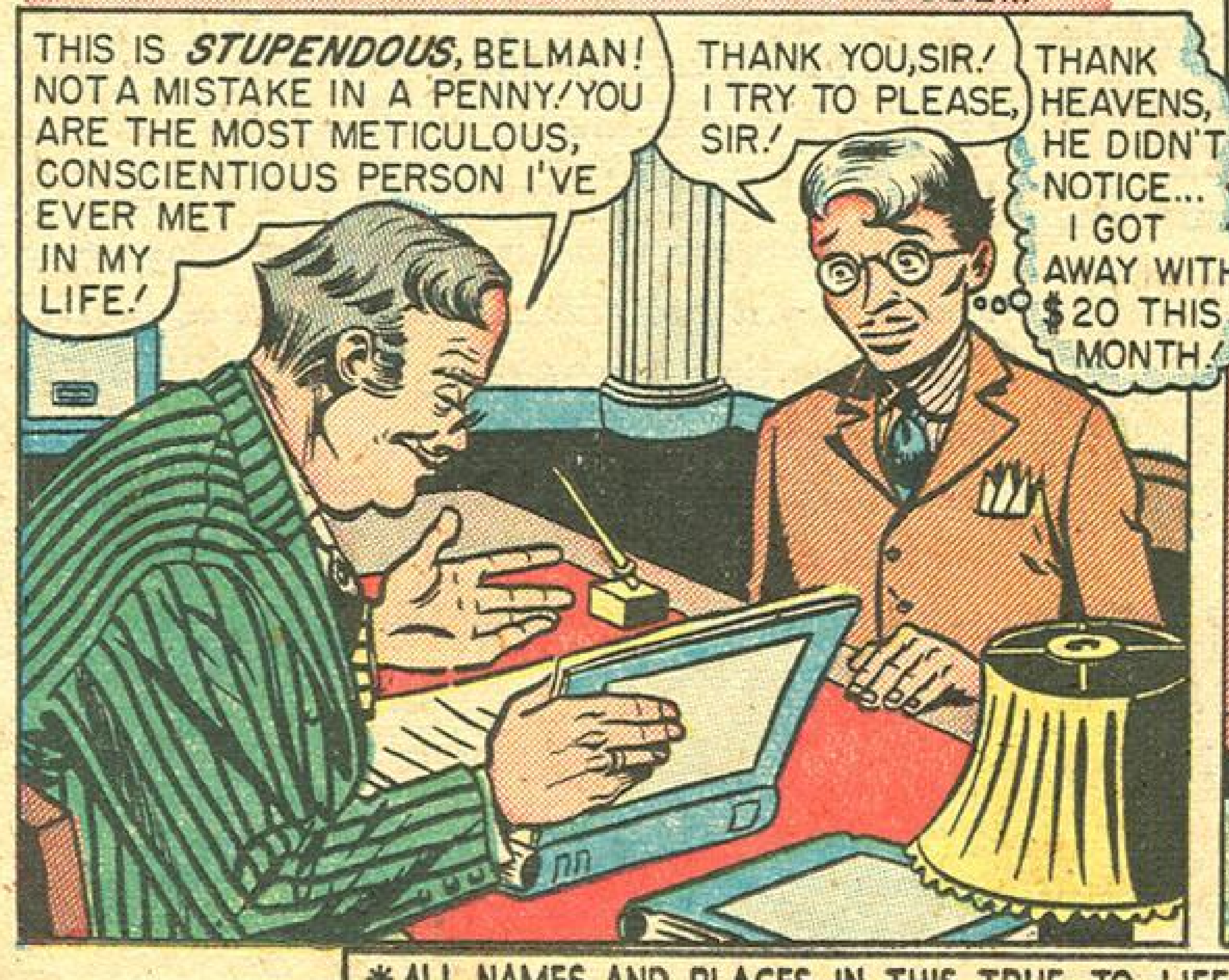
SL-3067

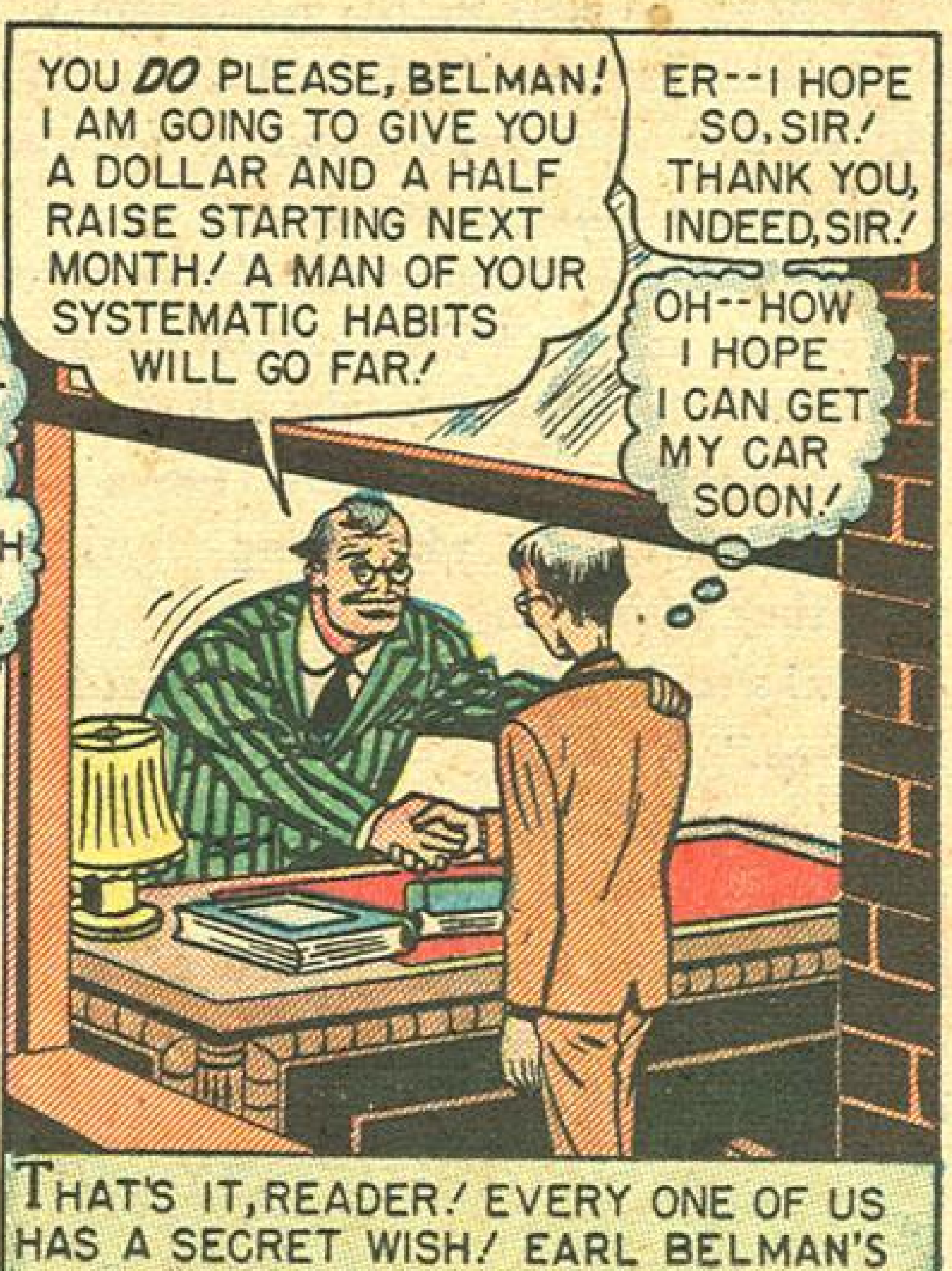
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND? ***SURE*** YOU HAVE! BUT WHAT IF IT WERE GOING SO FAST YOU COULDN'T GET OFF? THAT'S WHAT ***CRIME*** IS... A MAD WHIRLIGIG FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE, EXCEPT... ***PUNISHMENT!*** ONE LITTLE MAN TRIED TO HIT A SHORT CUT TO BIG MONEY BY TRYING FOR THE BRASS RING... AND HE FOUND OUT HIS MERRY-GO-ROUND WAS BUILT ON... OF ALL THINGS...

"The *FATAL* BUTTON!"


THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
3436

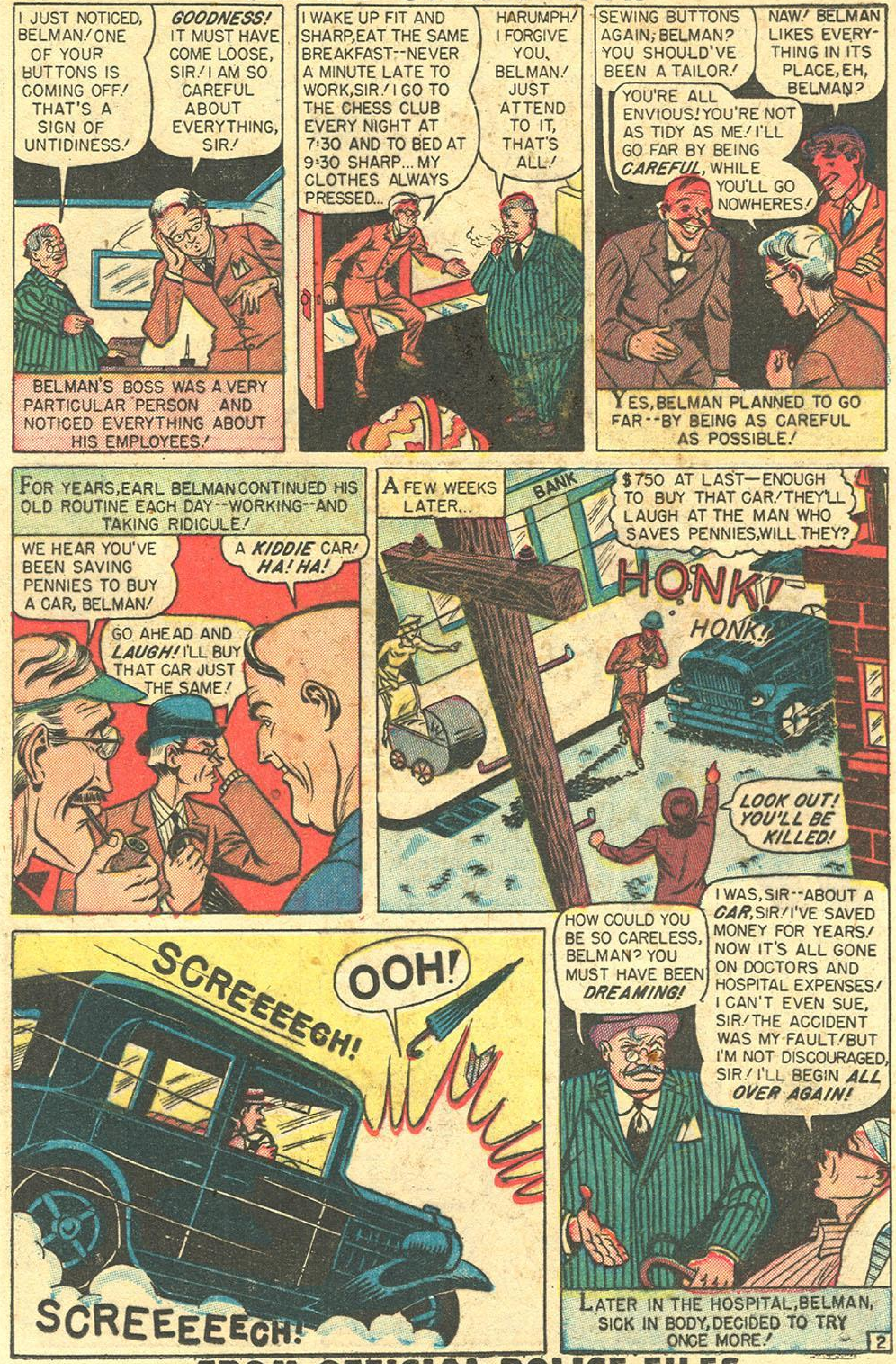
ONCE UPON A TIME, IN 1923, IN A SMALL CITY IN UPSTATE NEW YORK, THERE LIVED A MAN NAMED EARL BELMAN, WHO MADE HIS LIVELIHOOD AS AN ACCOUNTANT AND MANAGED TO MAKE A FEW PENNIES ON THE SIDE...

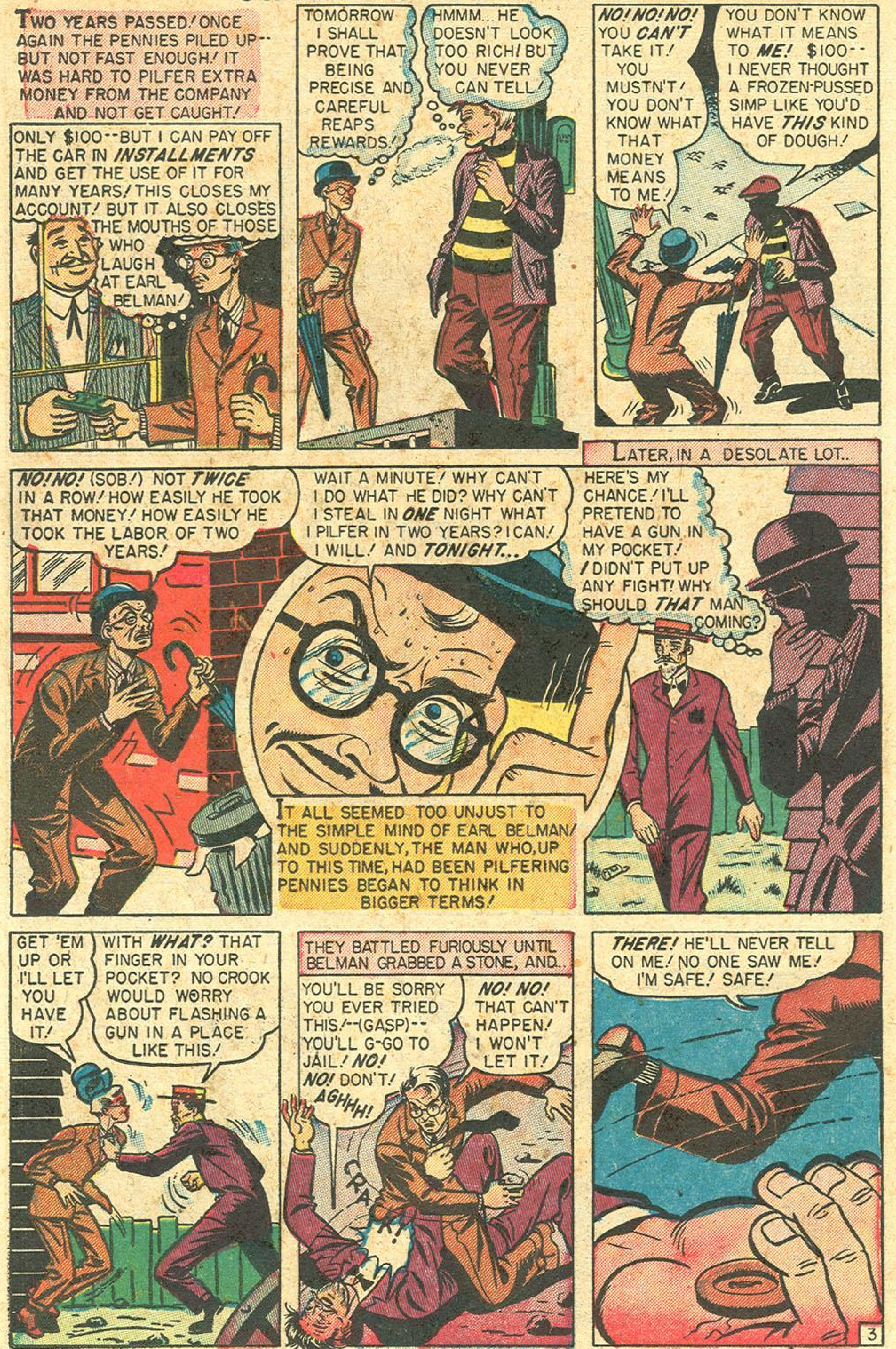

THIS IS *STUPENDOUS*, BELMAN! NOT A MISTAKE IN A PENNY! YOU ARE THE MOST METICULOUS, CONSCIENTIOUS PERSON I'VE EVER MET IN MY LIFE!
THANK YOU, SIR! I TRY TO PLEASE, SIR!
THANK HEAVENS, HE DIDN'T NOTICE... I GOT AWAY WITH $20 THIS MONTH!

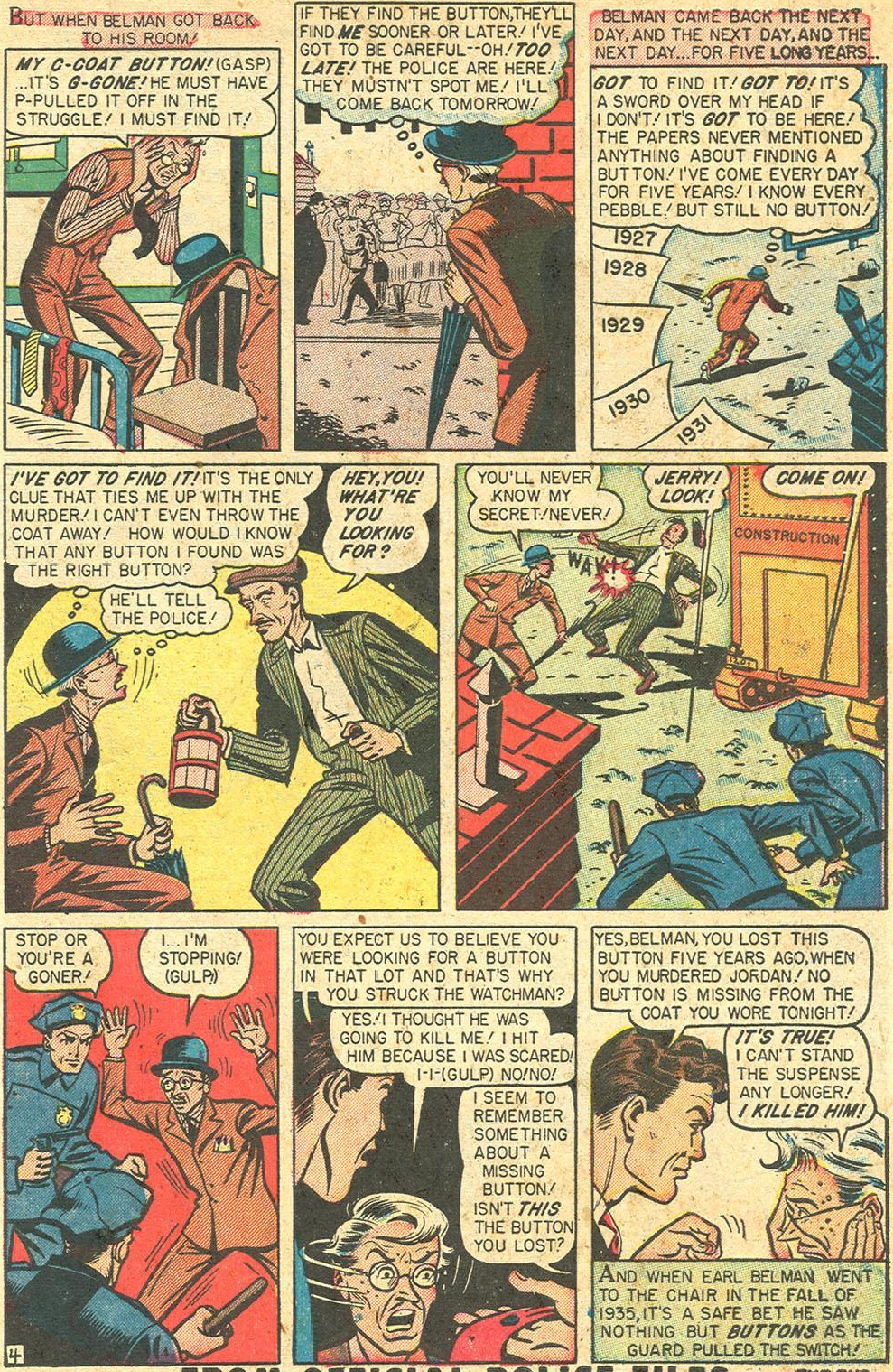

YOU *DO* PLEASE, BELMAN! I AM GOING TO GIVE YOU A DOLLAR AND A HALF RAISE STARTING NEXT MONTH! A MAN OF YOUR SYSTEMATIC HABITS WILL GO FAR!
ER--I HOPE SO, SIR! THANK YOU, INDEED, SIR!
OH--HOW I HOPE I CAN GET MY CAR SOON!

THAT'S IT, READER! EVERY ONE OF US HAS A SECRET WISH! EARL BELMAN'S WAS FOR A CAR!

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS

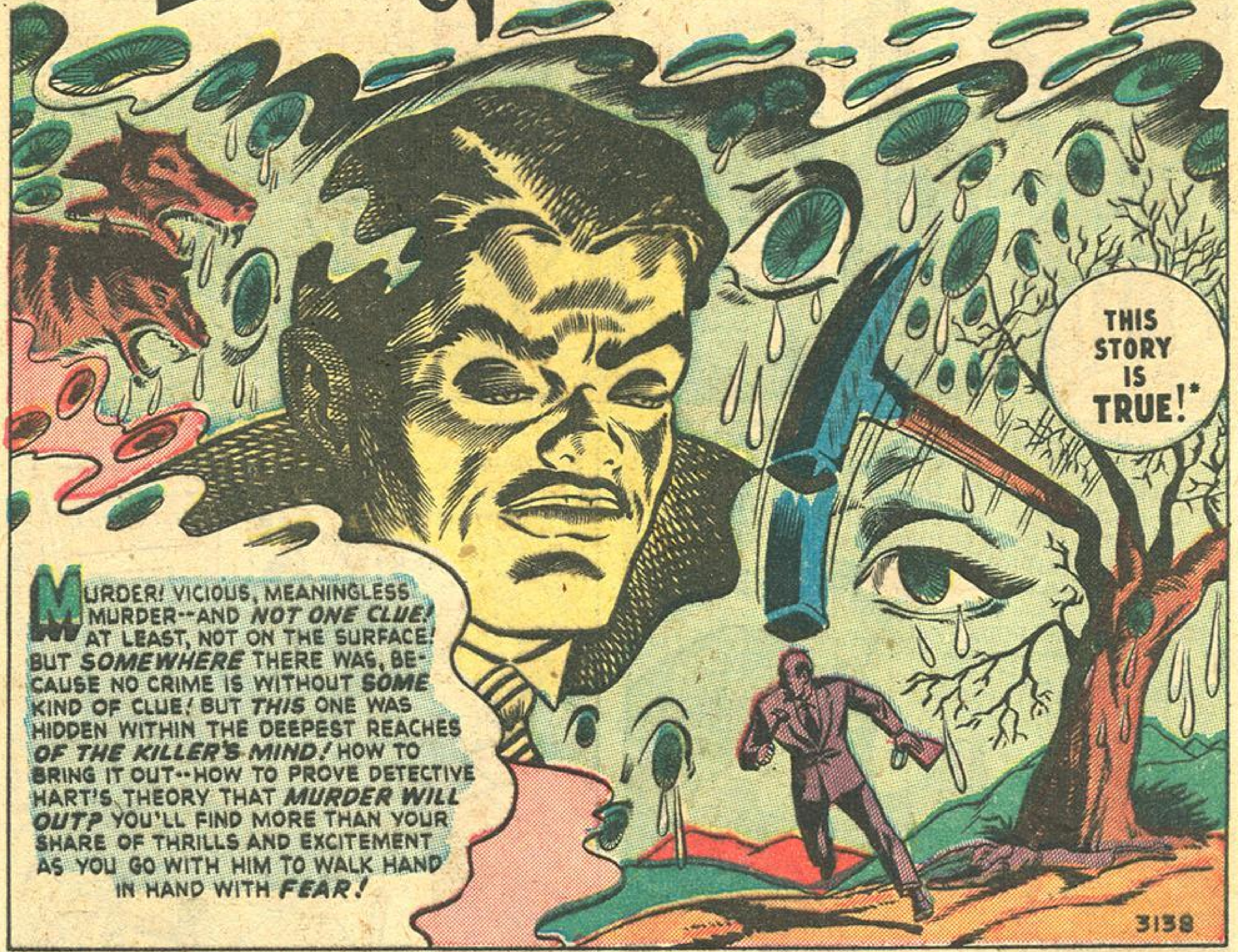

I JUST NOTICED, BELMAN! ONE OF YOUR BUTTONS IS COMING OFF! THAT'S A SIGN OF UNTIDINESS!
GOODNESS! IT MUST HAVE COME LOOSE, SIR! I AM SO CAREFUL ABOUT EVERYTHING, SIR!
BELMAN'S BOSS WAS A VERY PARTICULAR PERSON AND NOTICED EVERYTHING ABOUT HIS EMPLOYEES!
I WAKE UP FIT AND SHARP, EAT THE SAME BREAKFAST--NEVER A MINUTE LATE TO WORK, SIR! I GO TO THE CHESS CLUB EVERY NIGHT AT 7:30 AND TO BED AT 9:30 SHARP... MY CLOTHES ALWAYS PRESSED...
HARUMPH! I FORGIVE YOU, BELMAN! JUST ATTEND TO IT, THAT'S ALL!
SEWING BUTTONS AGAIN, BELMAN? YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN A TAILOR!
NAW! BELMAN LIKES EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE, EH, BELMAN?
YOU'RE ALL ENVIOUS! YOU'RE NOT AS TIDY AS ME! I'LL GO FAR BY BEING CAREFUL, WHILE YOU'LL GO NOWHERES!
YES, BELMAN PLANNED TO GO FAR--BY BEING AS CAREFUL AS POSSIBLE!
FOR YEARS, EARL BELMAN CONTINUED HIS OLD ROUTINE EACH DAY--WORKING--AND TAKING RIDICULE!
WE HEAR YOU'VE BEEN SAVING PENNIES TO BUY A CAR, BELMAN!
A KIDDIE CAR! HA! HA!
GO AHEAD AND LAUGH! I'LL BUY THAT CAR JUST THE SAME!
A FEW WEEKS LATER...
BANK
$750 AT LAST—ENOUGH TO BUY THAT CAR! THEY'LL LAUGH AT THE MAN WHO SAVES PENNIES, WILL THEY?
HONK!
HONK!
LOOK OUT! YOU'LL BE KILLED!
SCREEEEEGH!
OOH!
SCREEEEEECH!
HOW COULD YOU BE SO CARELESS, BELMAN? YOU MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING!
I WAS, SIR--ABOUT A CAR, SIR! I'VE SAVED MONEY FOR YEARS! NOW IT'S ALL GONE ON DOCTORS AND HOSPITAL EXPENSES! I CAN'T EVEN SUE, SIR! THE ACCIDENT WAS MY FAULT! BUT I'M NOT DISCOURAGED, SIR! I'LL BEGIN ALL OVER AGAIN!
LATER IN THE HOSPITAL, BELMAN, SICK IN BODY, DECIDED TO TRY ONCE MORE!
2

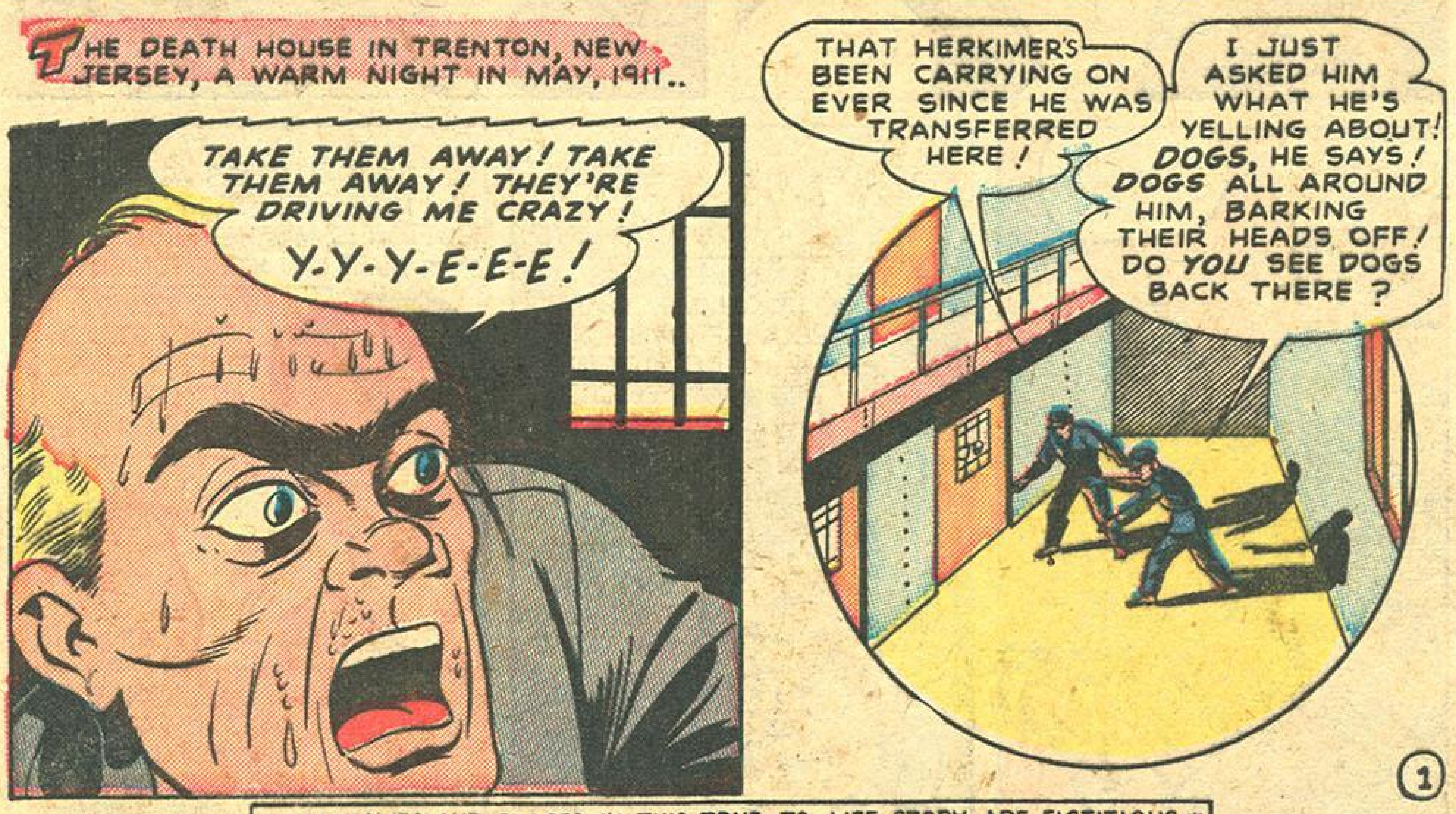

TWO YEARS PASSED! ONCE AGAIN THE PENNIES PILED UP-- BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH! IT WAS HARD TO PILFER EXTRA MONEY FROM THE COMPANY AND NOT GET CAUGHT!
ONLY $100--BUT I CAN PAY OFF THE CAR IN *INSTALLMENTS* AND GET THE USE OF IT FOR MANY YEARS! THIS CLOSES MY ACCOUNT! BUT IT ALSO CLOSES THE MOUTHS OF THOSE WHO LAUGH AT EARL BELMAN!
TOMORROW I SHALL PROVE THAT BEING PRECISE AND CAREFUL REAPS REWARDS!
HMMM... HE DOESN'T LOOK TOO RICH! BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL!
NO! NO! NO! YOU *CAN'T* TAKE IT! YOU MUSTN'T! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MONEY MEANS TO ME!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO *ME!* $100-- I NEVER THOUGHT A FROZEN-PUSSED SIMP LIKE YOU'D HAVE *THIS* KIND OF DOUGH!
LATER, IN A DESOLATE LOT..
NO! NO! (SOB!) NOT *TWICE* IN A ROW! HOW EASILY HE TOOK THAT MONEY! HOW EASILY HE TOOK THE LABOR OF TWO YEARS!
WAIT A MINUTE! WHY CAN'T I DO WHAT HE DID? WHY CAN'T I STEAL IN *ONE* NIGHT WHAT I PILFER IN TWO YEARS? I CAN! I WILL! AND *TONIGHT...*
IT ALL SEEMED TOO UNJUST TO THE SIMPLE MIND OF EARL BELMAN! AND SUDDENLY, THE MAN WHO, UP TO THIS TIME, HAD BEEN PILFERING PENNIES BEGAN TO THINK IN BIGGER TERMS!
HERE'S MY CHANCE! I'LL PRETEND TO HAVE A GUN IN MY POCKET! *I* DIDN'T PUT UP ANY FIGHT! WHY SHOULD *THAT* MAN COMING?
GET 'EM UP OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!
WITH *WHAT?* THAT FINGER IN YOUR POCKET? NO CROOK WOULD WORRY ABOUT FLASHING A GUN IN A PLACE LIKE THIS!
THEY BATTLED FURIOUSLY UNTIL BELMAN GRABBED A STONE, AND..
YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU EVER TRIED THIS!--(GASP)-- YOU'LL G-GO TO JAIL! *NO! NO!* DON'T! *AGHHH!*
NO! NO! THAT CAN'T HAPPEN! I WON'T LET IT!
CRA
THERE! HE'LL NEVER TELL ON ME! NO ONE SAW ME! I'M SAFE! SAFE!


BUT WHEN BELMAN GOT BACK TO HIS ROOM!
MY C-COAT BUTTON! (GASP) ...IT'S G-GONE! HE MUST HAVE P-PULLED IT OFF IN THE STRUGGLE! I MUST FIND IT!
IF THEY FIND THE BUTTON, THEY'LL FIND ME SOONER OR LATER! I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL--OH! TOO LATE! THE POLICE ARE HERE! THEY MUSTN'T SPOT ME! I'LL COME BACK TOMORROW!
BELMAN CAME BACK THE NEXT DAY, AND THE NEXT DAY, AND THE NEXT DAY... FOR FIVE LONG YEARS...
GOT TO FIND IT! GOT TO! IT'S A SWORD OVER MY HEAD IF I DON'T! IT'S GOT TO BE HERE! THE PAPERS NEVER MENTIONED ANYTHING ABOUT FINDING A BUTTON! I'VE COME EVERY DAY FOR FIVE YEARS! I KNOW EVERY PEBBLE! BUT STILL NO BUTTON!
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
I'VE GOT TO FIND IT! IT'S THE ONLY CLUE THAT TIES ME UP WITH THE MURDER! I CAN'T EVEN THROW THE COAT AWAY! HOW WOULD I KNOW THAT ANY BUTTON I FOUND WAS THE RIGHT BUTTON?
HEY, YOU! WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING FOR?
HE'LL TELL THE POLICE!
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW MY SECRET! NEVER!
JERRY! LOOK!
COME ON!
CONSTRUCTION
WAK!
STOP OR YOU'RE A GONER!
I... I'M STOPPING! (GULP!)
YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE YOU WERE LOOKING FOR A BUTTON IN THAT LOT AND THAT'S WHY YOU STRUCK THE WATCHMAN?
YES! I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME! I HIT HIM BECAUSE I WAS SCARED! I-I-(GULP) NO! NO!
I SEEM TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT A MISSING BUTTON! ISN'T THIS THE BUTTON YOU LOST?
YES, BELMAN, YOU LOST THIS BUTTON FIVE YEARS AGO, WHEN YOU MURDERED JORDAN! NO BUTTON IS MISSING FROM THE COAT YOU WORE TONIGHT!
IT'S TRUE! I CAN'T STAND THE SUSPENSE ANY LONGER! I KILLED HIM!
AND WHEN EARL BELMAN WENT TO THE CHAIR IN THE FALL OF 1935, IT'S A SAFE BET HE SAW NOTHING BUT BUTTONS AS THE GUARD PULLED THE SWITCH!
4

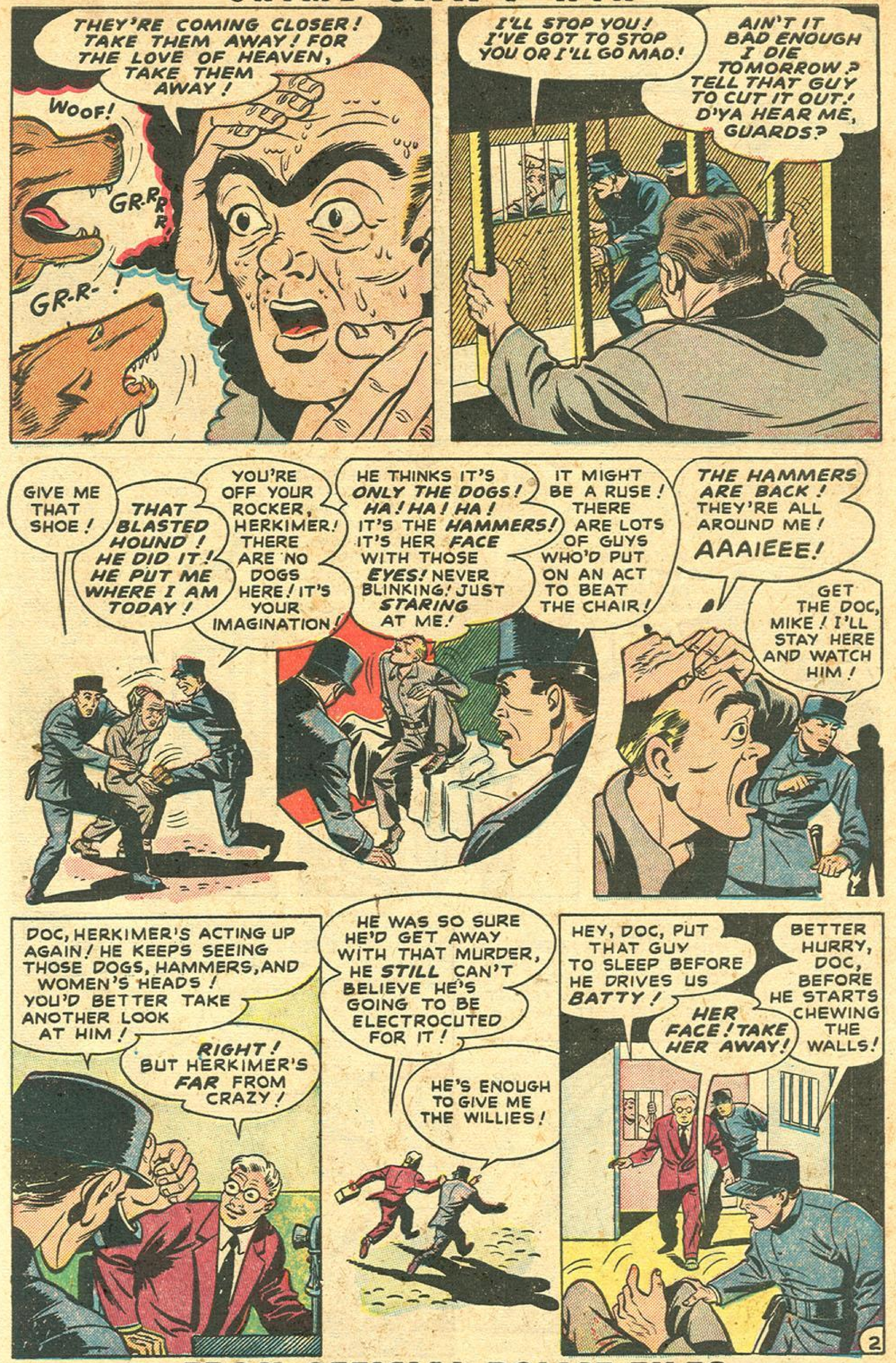
THE END

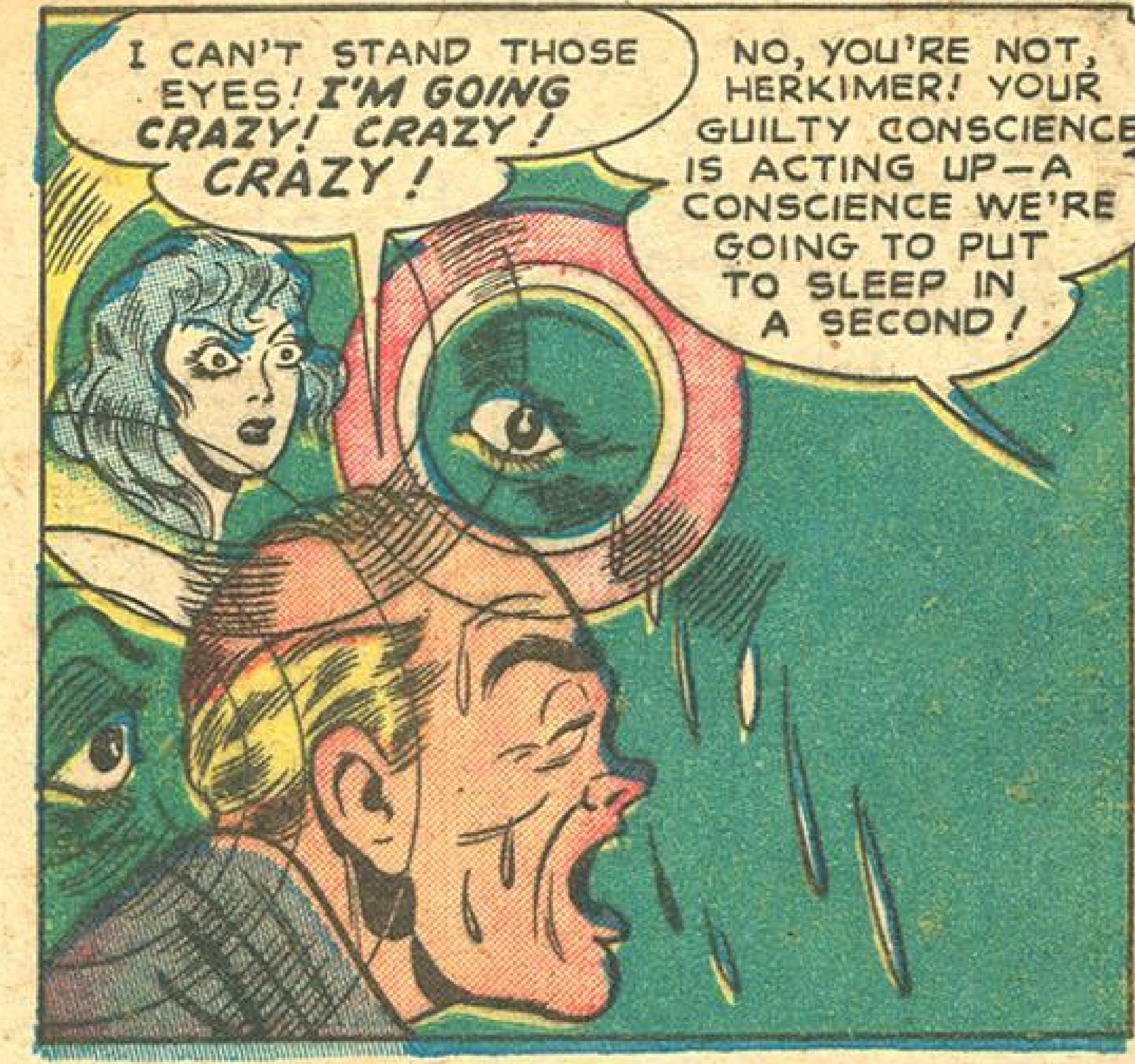
"The EYES of DOOM!"

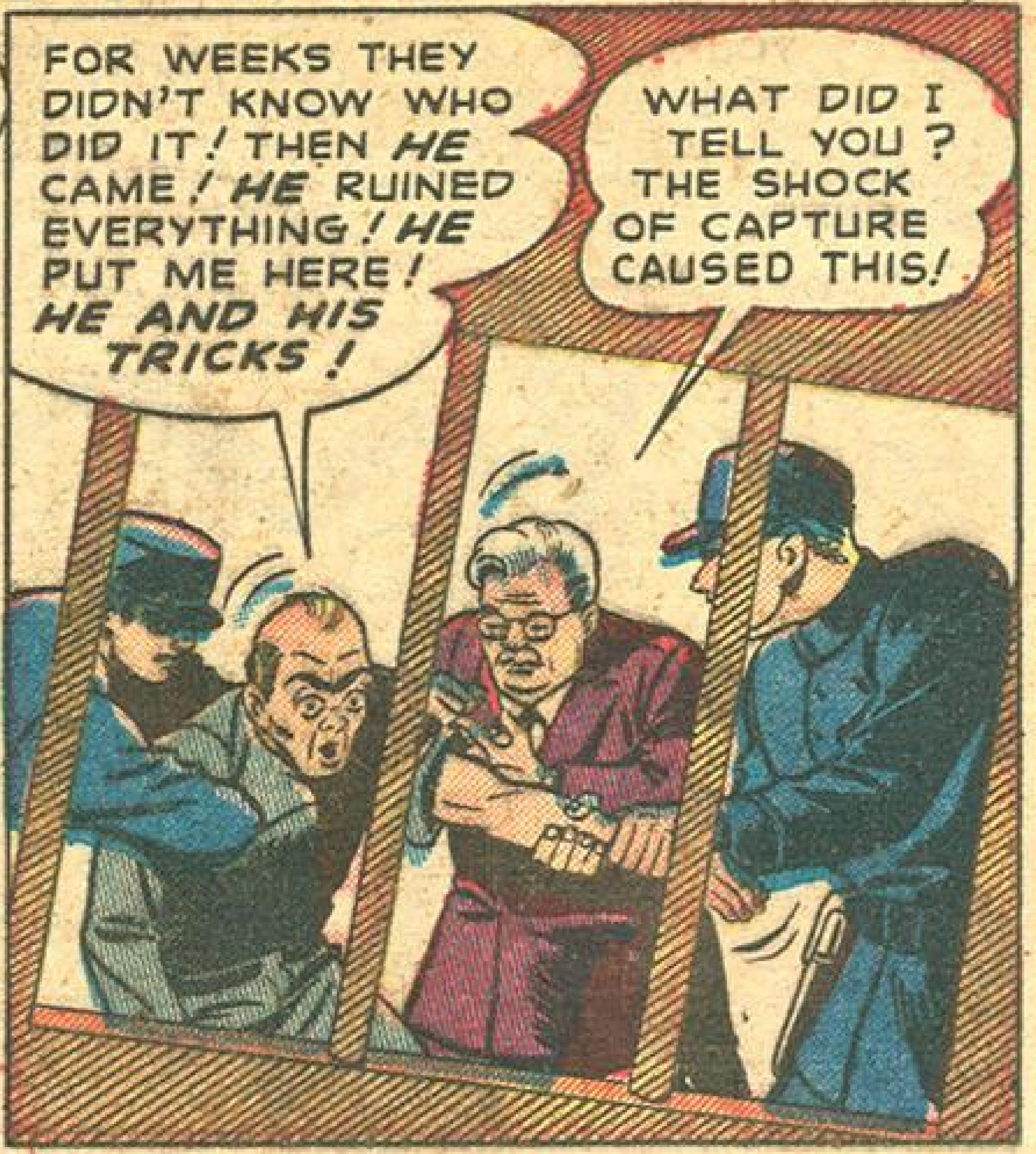

MURDER! VICIOUS, MEANINGLESS MURDER--AND *NOT ONE CLUE!* AT LEAST, NOT ON THE SURFACE! BUT *SOMEWHERE* THERE WAS, BECAUSE NO CRIME IS WITHOUT *SOME* KIND OF CLUE! BUT *THIS* ONE WAS HIDDEN WITHIN THE DEEPEST REACHES *OF THE KILLER'S MIND!* HOW TO BRING IT OUT--HOW TO PROVE DETECTIVE HART'S THEORY THAT *MURDER WILL OUT?* YOU'LL FIND MORE THAN YOUR SHARE OF THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT AS YOU GO WITH HIM TO WALK HAND IN HAND WITH *FEAR!*
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
3138

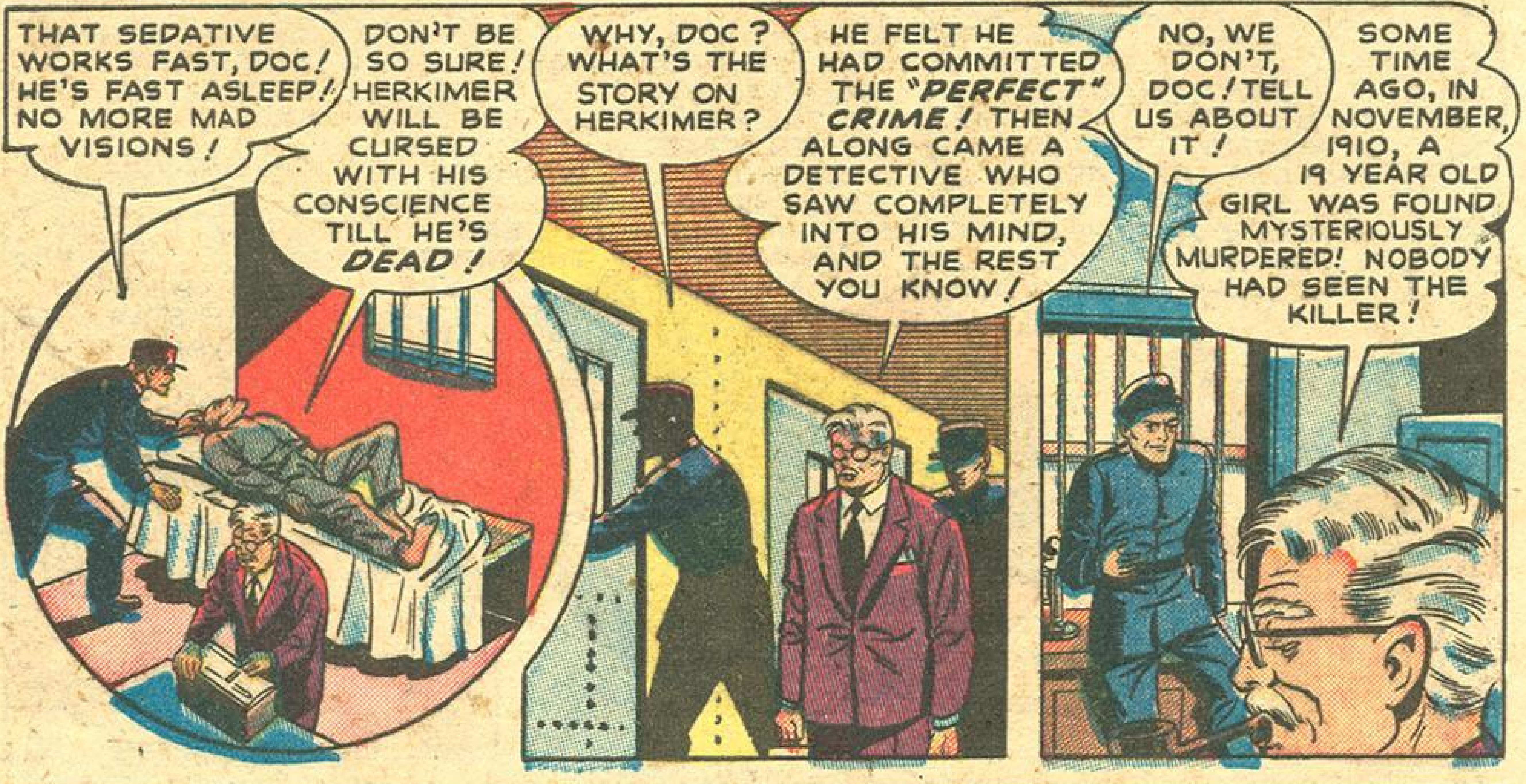

THE DEATH HOUSE IN TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, A WARM NIGHT IN MAY, 1911..
TAKE THEM AWAY! TAKE THEM AWAY! THEY'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY!
Y-Y-Y-E-E-E!
THAT HERKIMER'S BEEN CARRYING ON EVER SINCE HE WAS TRANSFERRED HERE!
I JUST ASKED HIM WHAT HE'S YELLING ABOUT! *DOGS,* HE SAYS! *DOGS* ALL AROUND HIM, BARKING THEIR HEADS OFF! DO *YOU* SEE DOGS BACK THERE?

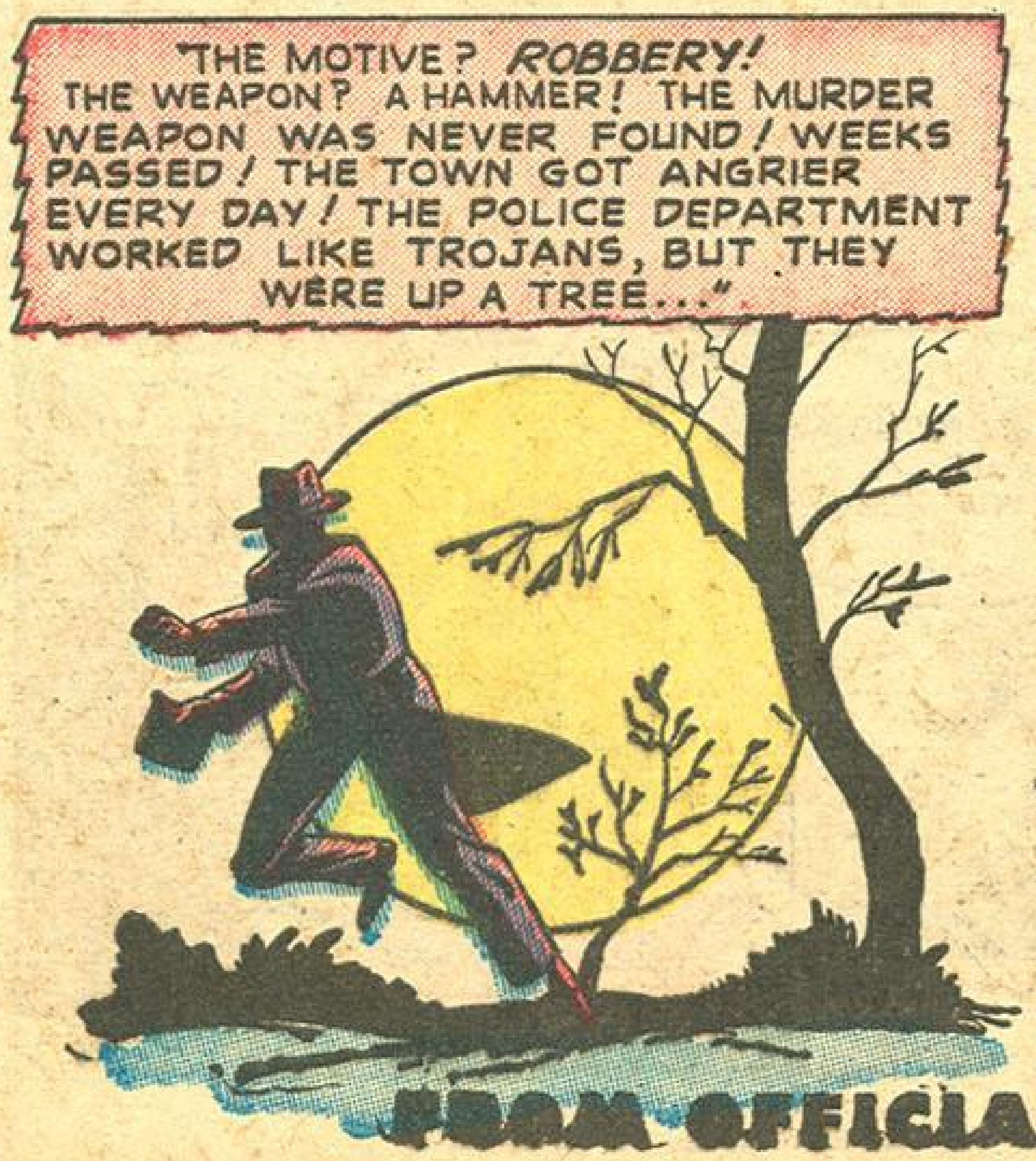
ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY ARE FICTITIOUS

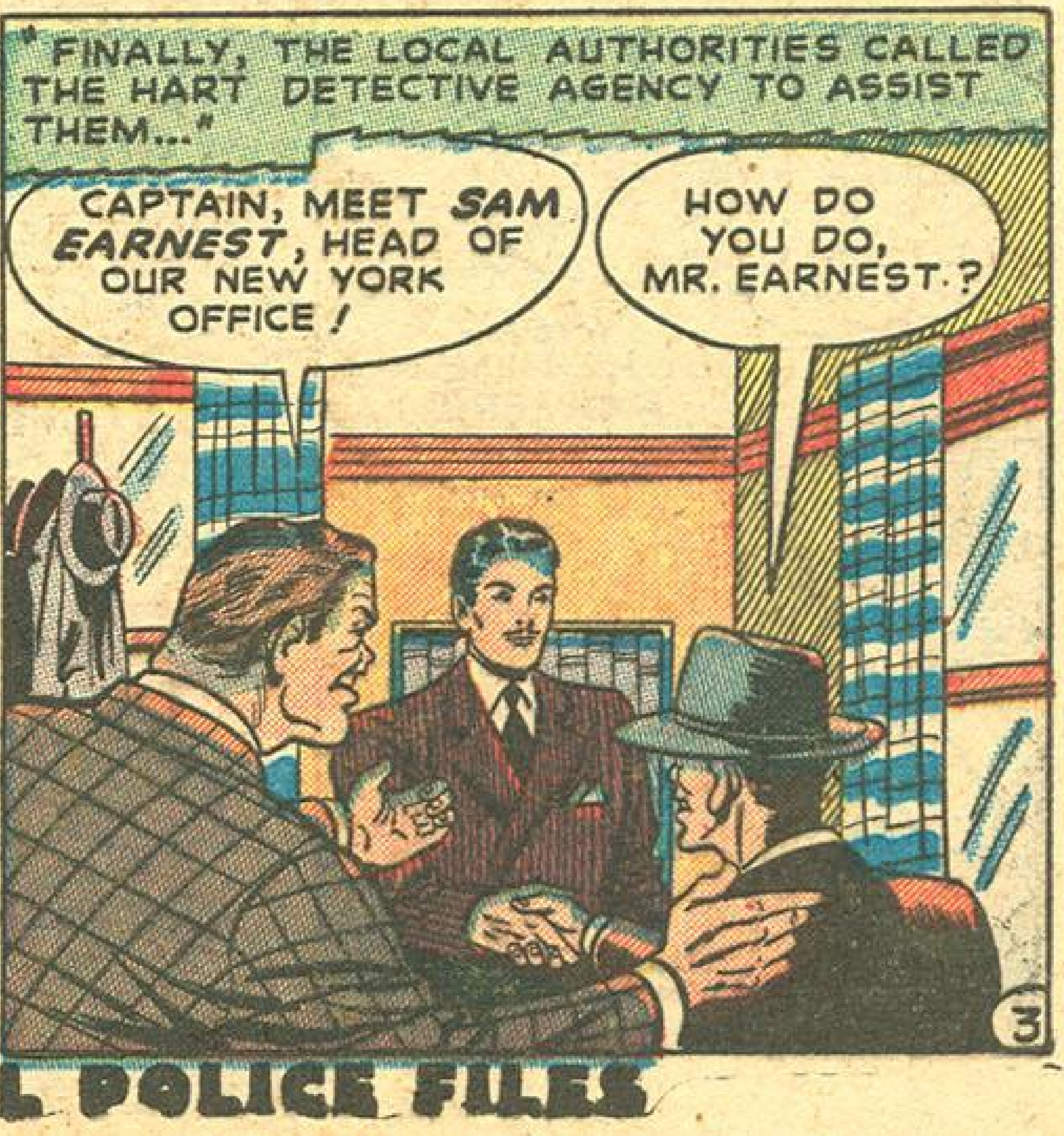

THEY'RE COMING CLOSER! TAKE THEM AWAY! FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, TAKE THEM AWAY!
WOOF!
GR-RRRR
GR-R-!
I'LL STOP YOU! I'VE GOT TO STOP YOU OR I'LL GO MAD!
AIN'T IT BAD ENOUGH I DIE TOMORROW? TELL THAT GUY TO CUT IT OUT! D'YA HEAR ME, GUARDS?
GIVE ME THAT SHOE!
THAT BLASTED HOUND! HE DID IT! HE PUT ME WHERE I AM TODAY!
YOU'RE OFF YOUR ROCKER, HERKIMER! THERE ARE NO DOGS HERE! IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION!
HE THINKS IT'S ONLY THE DOGS! HA! HA! HA! IT'S THE HAMMERS! IT'S HER FACE WITH THOSE EYES! NEVER BLINKING! JUST STARING AT ME!
IT MIGHT BE A RUSE! THERE ARE LOTS OF GUYS WHO'D PUT ON AN ACT TO BEAT THE CHAIR!
THE HAMMERS ARE BACK! THEY'RE ALL AROUND ME! AAAIEEE!
GET THE DOC, MIKE! I'LL STAY HERE AND WATCH HIM!
DOC, HERKIMER'S ACTING UP AGAIN! HE KEEPS SEEING THOSE DOGS, HAMMERS, AND WOMEN'S HEADS! YOU'D BETTER TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT HIM!
RIGHT! BUT HERKIMER'S FAR FROM CRAZY!
HE WAS SO SURE HE'D GET AWAY WITH THAT MURDER, HE STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S GOING TO BE ELECTROCUTED FOR IT!
HE'S ENOUGH TO GIVE ME THE WILLIES!
HEY, DOC, PUT THAT GUY TO SLEEP BEFORE HE DRIVES US BATTY!
BETTER HURRY, DOC, BEFORE HE STARTS CHEWING THE WALLS!
HER FACE! TAKE HER AWAY!

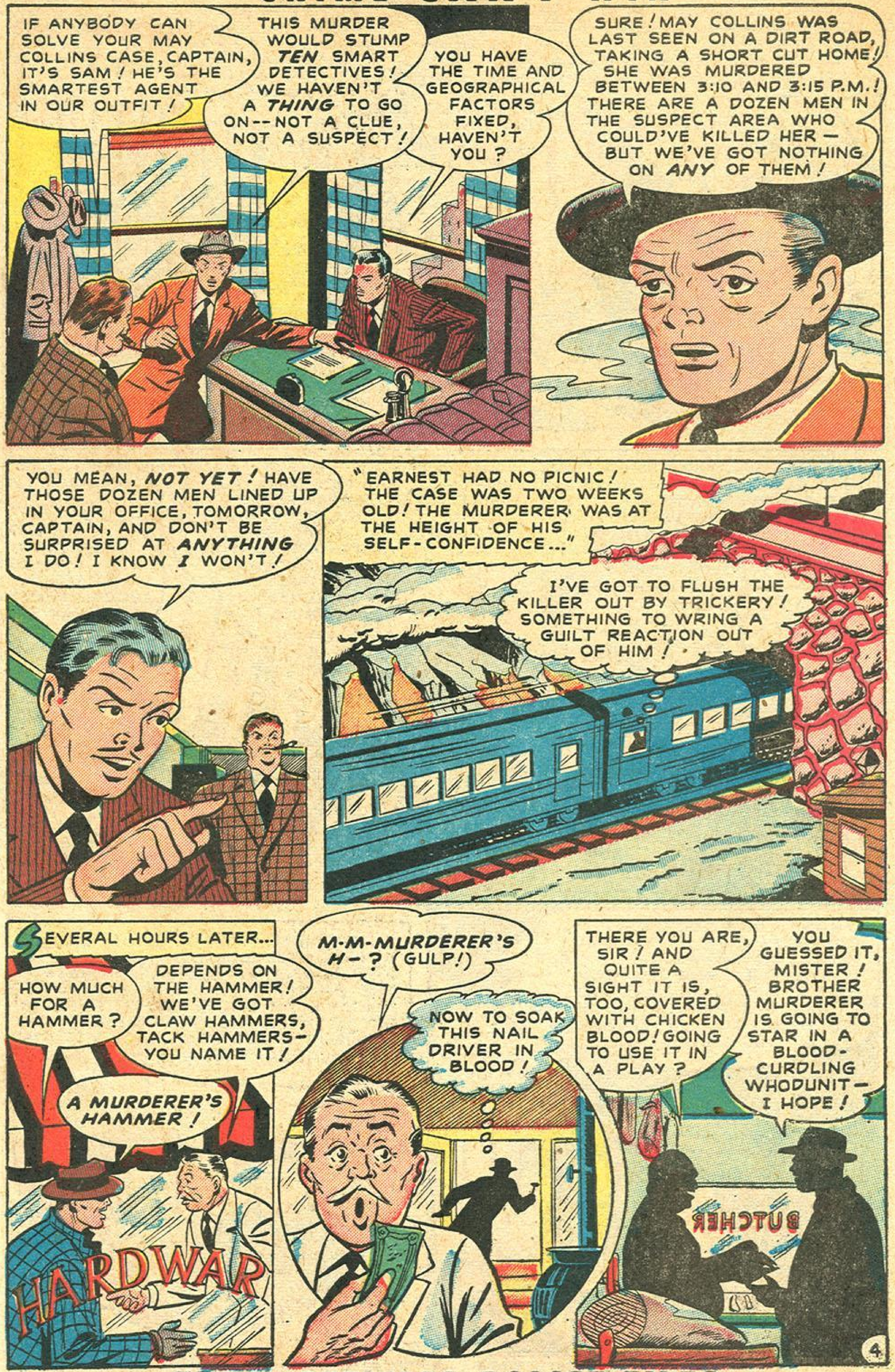

I CAN'T STAND THOSE EYES! *I'M GOING CRAZY! CRAZY! CRAZY!*
NO, YOU'RE NOT, HERKIMER! YOUR GUILTY CONSCIENCE IS ACTING UP—A CONSCIENCE WE'RE GOING TO PUT TO SLEEP IN A SECOND!

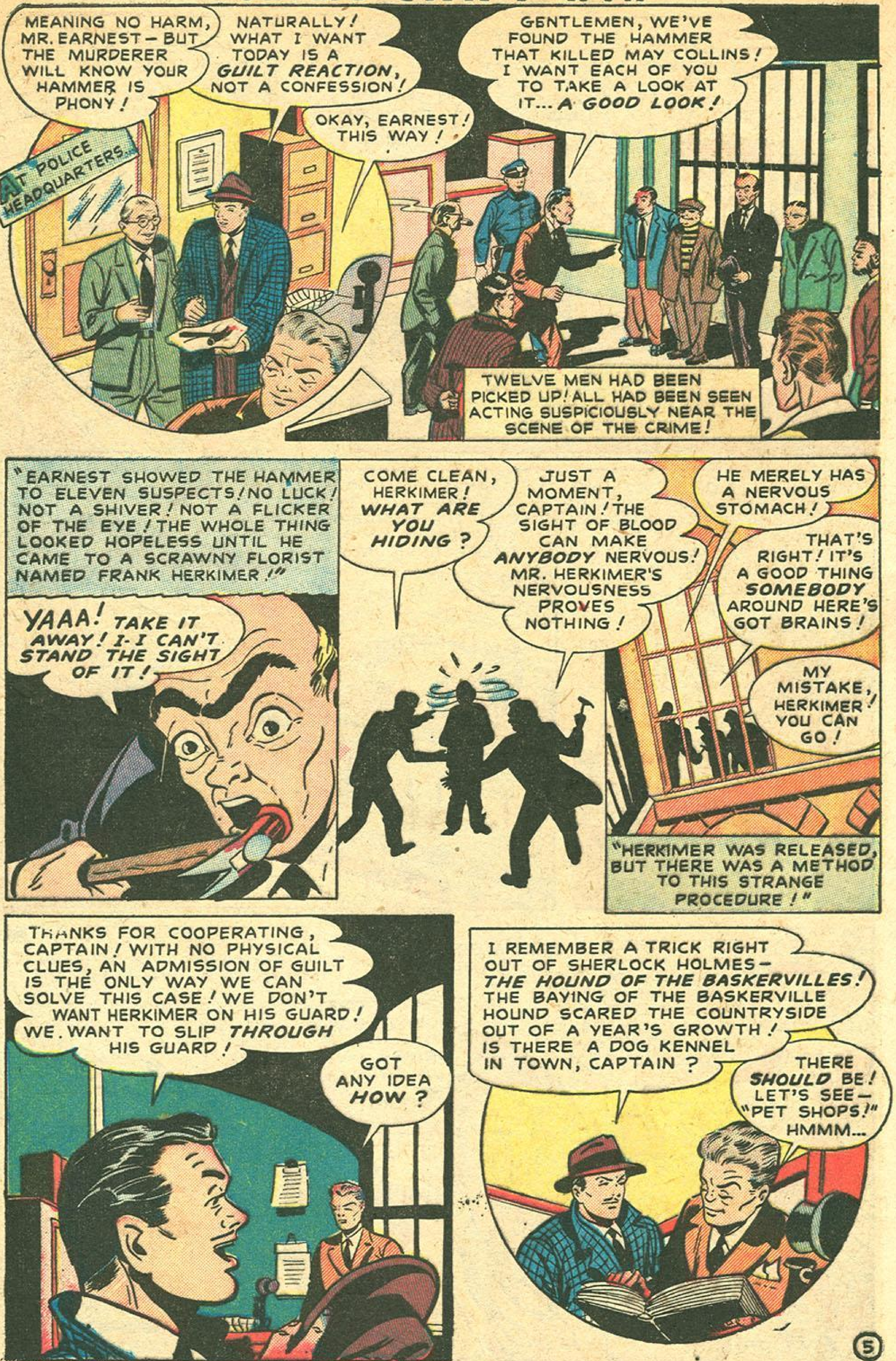

FOR WEEKS THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHO DID IT! THEN *HE* CAME! *HE* RUINED EVERYTHING! *HE* PUT ME HERE! *HE AND HIS TRICKS!*
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THE SHOCK OF CAPTURE CAUSED THIS!


THAT SEDATIVE WORKS FAST, DOC! HE'S FAST ASLEEP! NO MORE MAD VISIONS!
DON'T BE SO SURE! HERKIMER WILL BE CURSED WITH HIS CONSCIENCE TILL HE'S *DEAD!*
WHY, DOC? WHAT'S THE STORY ON HERKIMER?
HE FELT HE HAD COMMITTED THE *"PERFECT" CRIME!* THEN ALONG CAME A DETECTIVE WHO SAW COMPLETELY INTO HIS MIND, AND THE REST YOU KNOW!
NO, WE DON'T, DOC! TELL US ABOUT IT!
SOME TIME AGO, IN NOVEMBER, 1910, A 19 YEAR OLD GIRL WAS FOUND MYSTERIOUSLY MURDERED! NOBODY HAD SEEN THE KILLER!

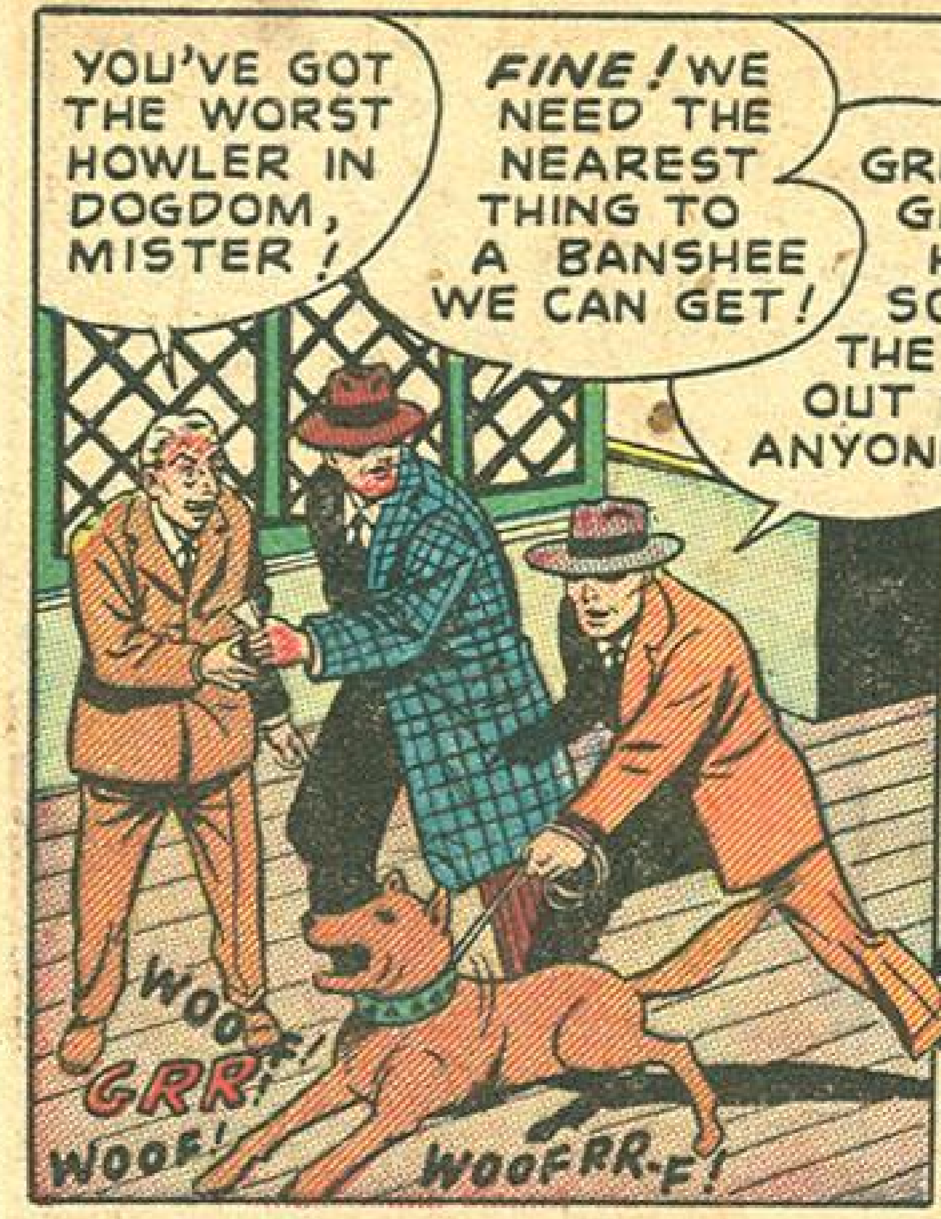

"THE MOTIVE? *ROBBERY!* THE WEAPON? A HAMMER! THE MURDER WEAPON WAS NEVER FOUND! WEEKS PASSED! THE TOWN GOT ANGRIER EVERY DAY! THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WORKED LIKE TROJANS, BUT THEY WERE UP A TREE..."

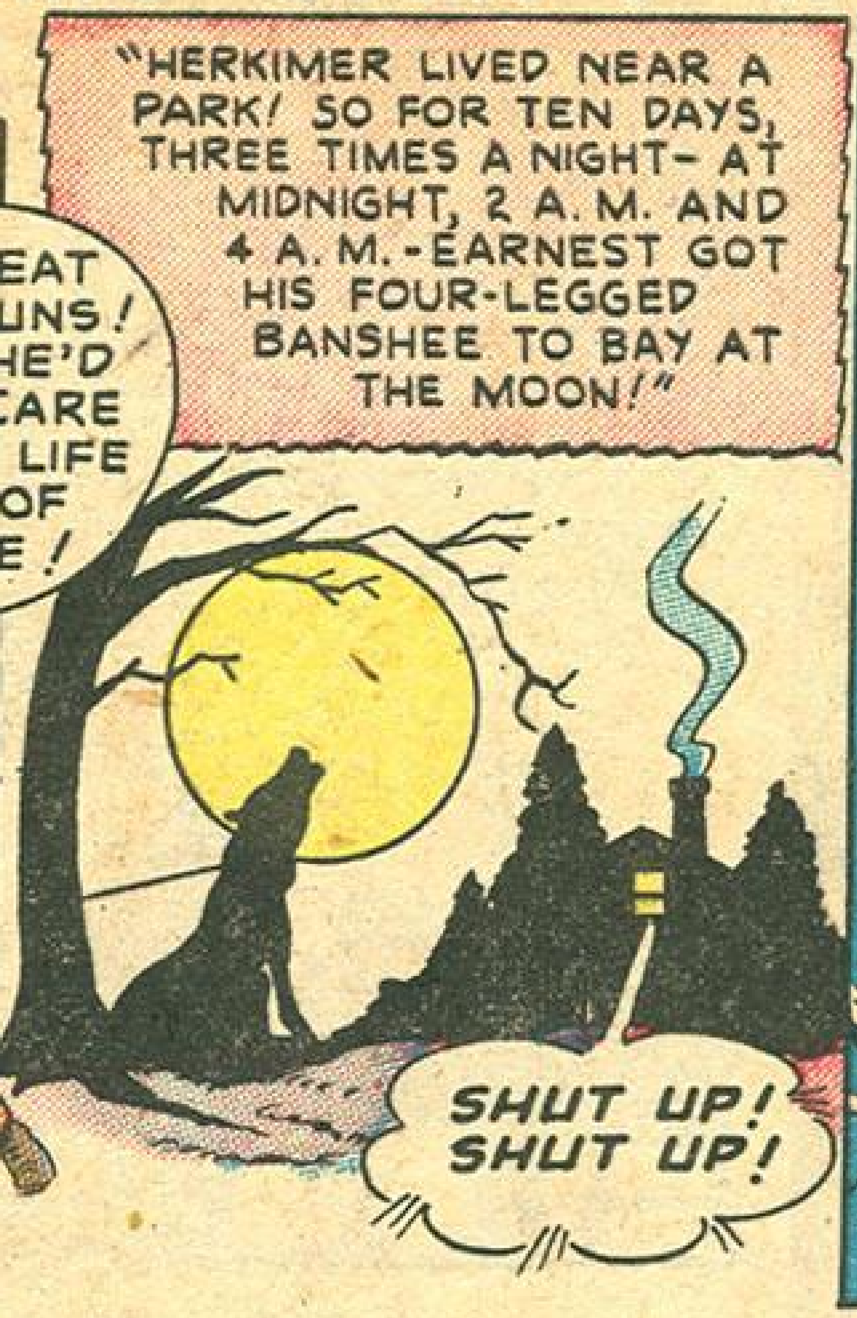

"FINALLY, THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES CALLED THE HART DETECTIVE AGENCY TO ASSIST THEM..."
CAPTAIN, MEET *SAM EARNEST*, HEAD OF OUR NEW YORK OFFICE!
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. EARNEST?

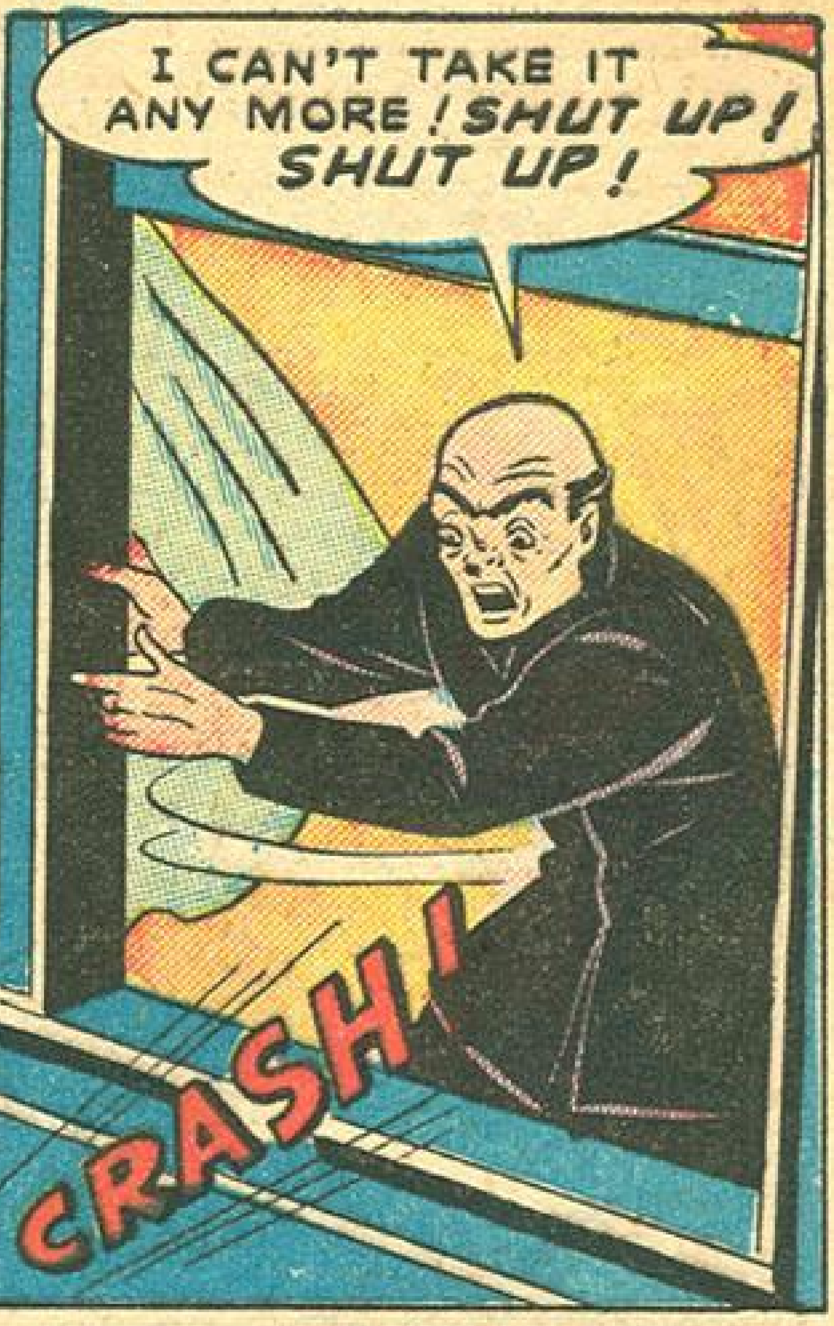

IF ANYBODY CAN SOLVE YOUR MAY COLLINS CASE, CAPTAIN, IT'S SAM! HE'S THE SMARTEST AGENT IN OUR OUTFIT!
THIS MURDER WOULD STUMP *TEN* SMART DETECTIVES! WE HAVEN'T A *THING* TO GO ON--NOT A CLUE, NOT A SUSPECT!
YOU HAVE THE TIME AND GEOGRAPHICAL FACTORS FIXED, HAVEN'T YOU?
SURE! MAY COLLINS WAS LAST SEEN ON A DIRT ROAD, TAKING A SHORT CUT HOME! SHE WAS MURDERED BETWEEN 3:10 AND 3:15 P.M.! THERE ARE A DOZEN MEN IN THE SUSPECT AREA WHO COULD'VE KILLED HER — BUT WE'VE GOT NOTHING ON *ANY* OF THEM!
YOU MEAN, ***NOT YET!*** HAVE THOSE DOZEN MEN LINED UP IN YOUR OFFICE, TOMORROW, CAPTAIN, AND DON'T BE SURPRISED AT ***ANYTHING*** I DO! I KNOW ***I*** WON'T!
"EARNEST HAD NO PICNIC! THE CASE WAS TWO WEEKS OLD! THE MURDERER WAS AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS SELF-CONFIDENCE..."
I'VE GOT TO FLUSH THE KILLER OUT BY TRICKERY! SOMETHING TO WRING A GUILT REACTION OUT OF HIM!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
HOW MUCH FOR A HAMMER?
DEPENDS ON THE HAMMER! WE'VE GOT CLAW HAMMERS, TACK HAMMERS— YOU NAME IT!
A MURDERER'S HAMMER!
HARDWAR
M-M-MURDERER'S H-? (GULP!)
NOW TO SOAK THIS NAIL DRIVER IN BLOOD!
THERE YOU ARE, SIR! AND QUITE A SIGHT IT IS, TOO, COVERED WITH CHICKEN BLOOD! GOING TO USE IT IN A PLAY?
YOU GUESSED IT, MISTER! BROTHER MURDERER IS GOING TO STAR IN A BLOOD-CURDLING WHODUNIT— I HOPE!
BUTCHER

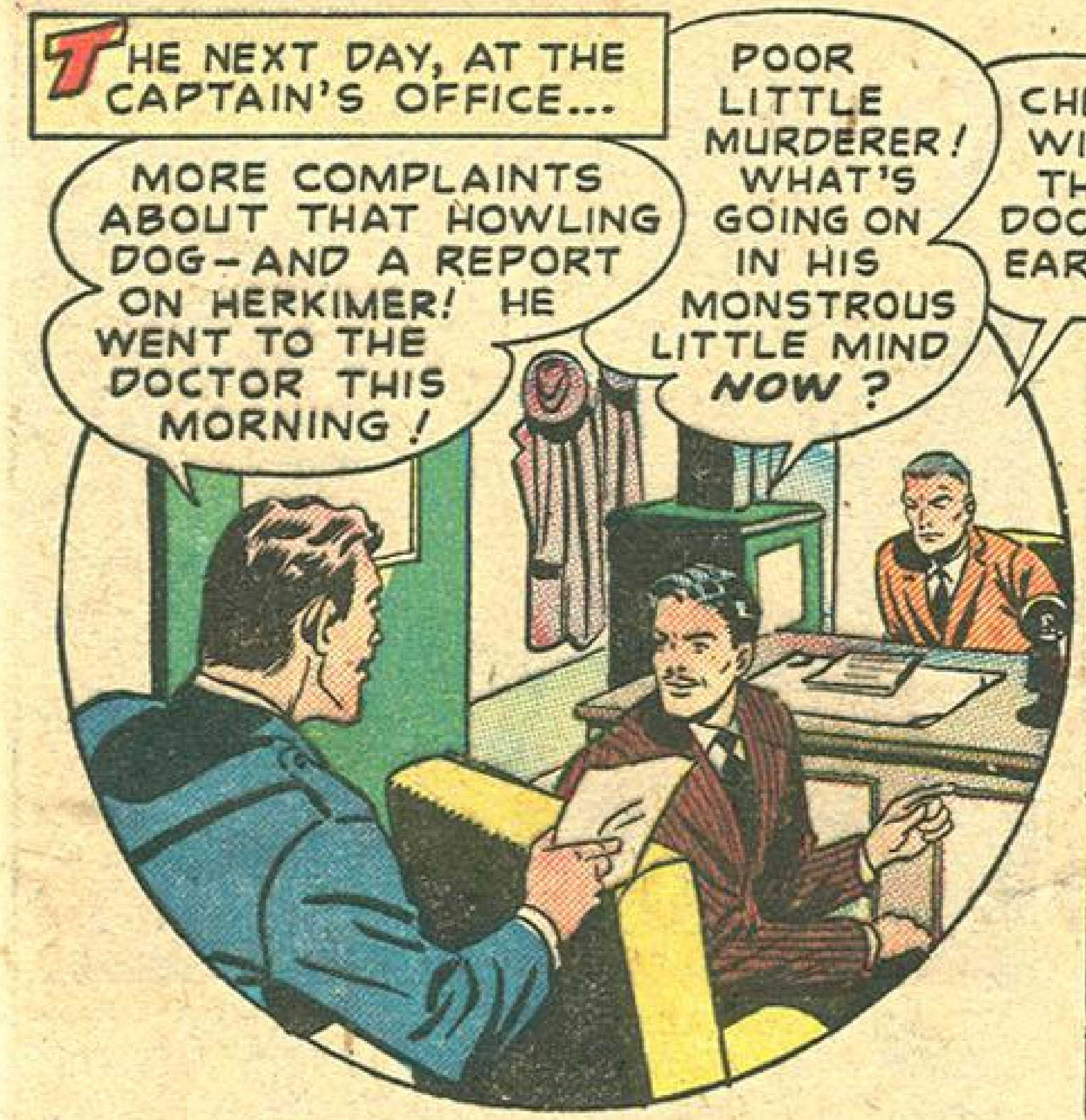

MEANING NO HARM, MR. EARNEST – BUT THE MURDERER WILL KNOW YOUR HAMMER IS PHONY!
NATURALLY! WHAT I WANT TODAY IS A *GUILT REACTION*, NOT A CONFESSION!
OKAY, EARNEST! THIS WAY!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
GENTLEMEN, WE'VE FOUND THE HAMMER THAT KILLED MAY COLLINS! I WANT EACH OF YOU TO TAKE A LOOK AT IT... *A GOOD LOOK!*
TWELVE MEN HAD BEEN PICKED UP! ALL HAD BEEN SEEN ACTING SUSPICIOUSLY NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!
"EARNEST SHOWED THE HAMMER TO ELEVEN SUSPECTS! NO LUCK! NOT A SHIVER! NOT A FLICKER OF THE EYE! THE WHOLE THING LOOKED HOPELESS UNTIL HE CAME TO A SCRAWNY FLORIST NAMED FRANK HERKIMER!"
YAAA! TAKE IT AWAY! I-I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF IT!
COME CLEAN, HERKIMER! *WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?*
JUST A MOMENT, CAPTAIN! THE SIGHT OF BLOOD CAN MAKE *ANYBODY* NERVOUS! MR. HERKIMER'S NERVOUSNESS PROVES NOTHING!
HE MERELY HAS A NERVOUS STOMACH!
THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S A GOOD THING *SOMEBODY* AROUND HERE'S GOT BRAINS!
MY MISTAKE, HERKIMER! YOU CAN GO!
"HERKIMER WAS RELEASED, BUT THERE WAS A METHOD TO THIS STRANGE PROCEDURE!"
THANKS FOR COOPERATING, CAPTAIN! WITH NO PHYSICAL CLUES, AN ADMISSION OF GUILT IS THE ONLY WAY WE CAN SOLVE THIS CASE! WE DON'T WANT HERKIMER ON HIS GUARD! WE WANT TO SLIP *THROUGH* HIS GUARD!
GOT ANY IDEA *HOW*?
I REMEMBER A TRICK RIGHT OUT OF SHERLOCK HOLMES – *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES!* THE BAYING OF THE BASKERVILLE HOUND SCARED THE COUNTRYSIDE OUT OF A YEAR'S GROWTH! IS THERE A DOG KENNEL IN TOWN, CAPTAIN?
THERE *SHOULD* BE! LET'S SEE – "PET SHOPS!" HMMM...

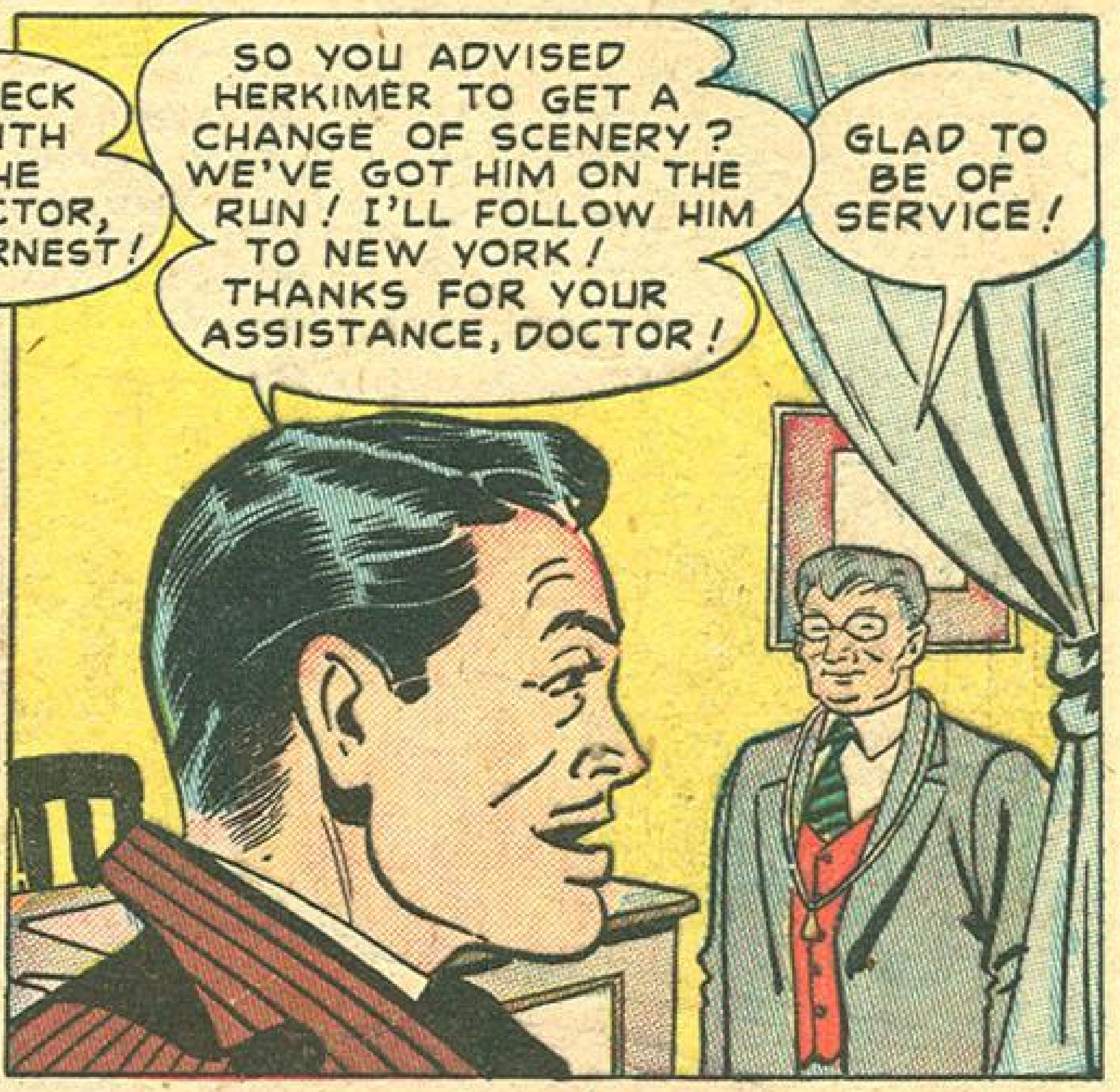
"A KENNEL WAS FOUND AND A DOG BOUGHT!"

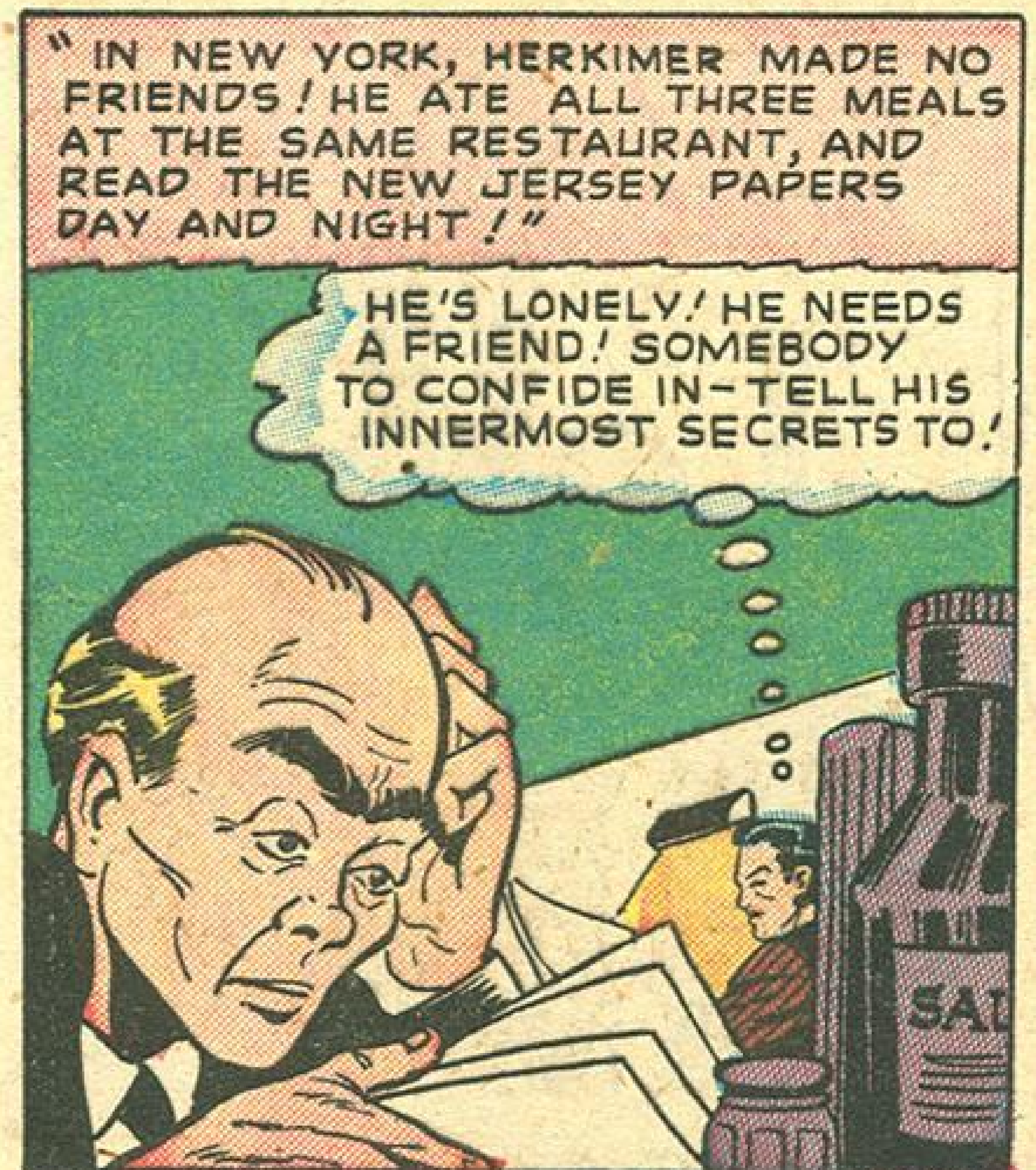

YOU'VE GOT THE WORST HOWLER IN DOGDOM, MISTER!
FINE! WE NEED THE NEAREST THING TO A BANSHEE WE CAN GET!
GREAT GUNS! HE'D SCARE THE LIFE OUT OF ANYONE!
WOOF!
GRR!
WOOF!
WOOFRR-F!


"HERKIMER LIVED NEAR A PARK! SO FOR TEN DAYS, THREE TIMES A NIGHT- AT MIDNIGHT, 2 A.M. AND 4 A.M.-EARNEST GOT HIS FOUR-LEGGED BANSHEE TO BAY AT THE MOON!"
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

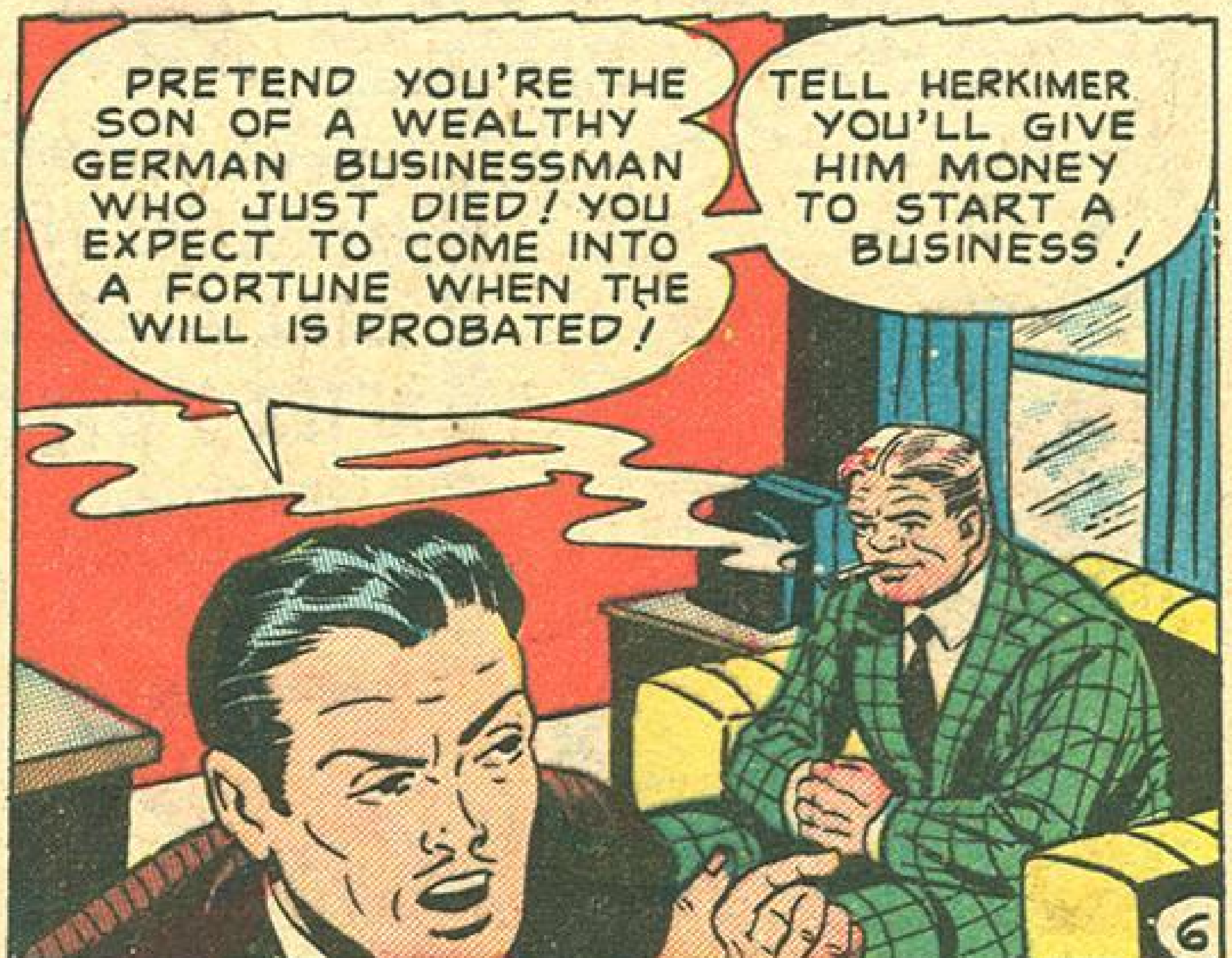

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!
CRASH!

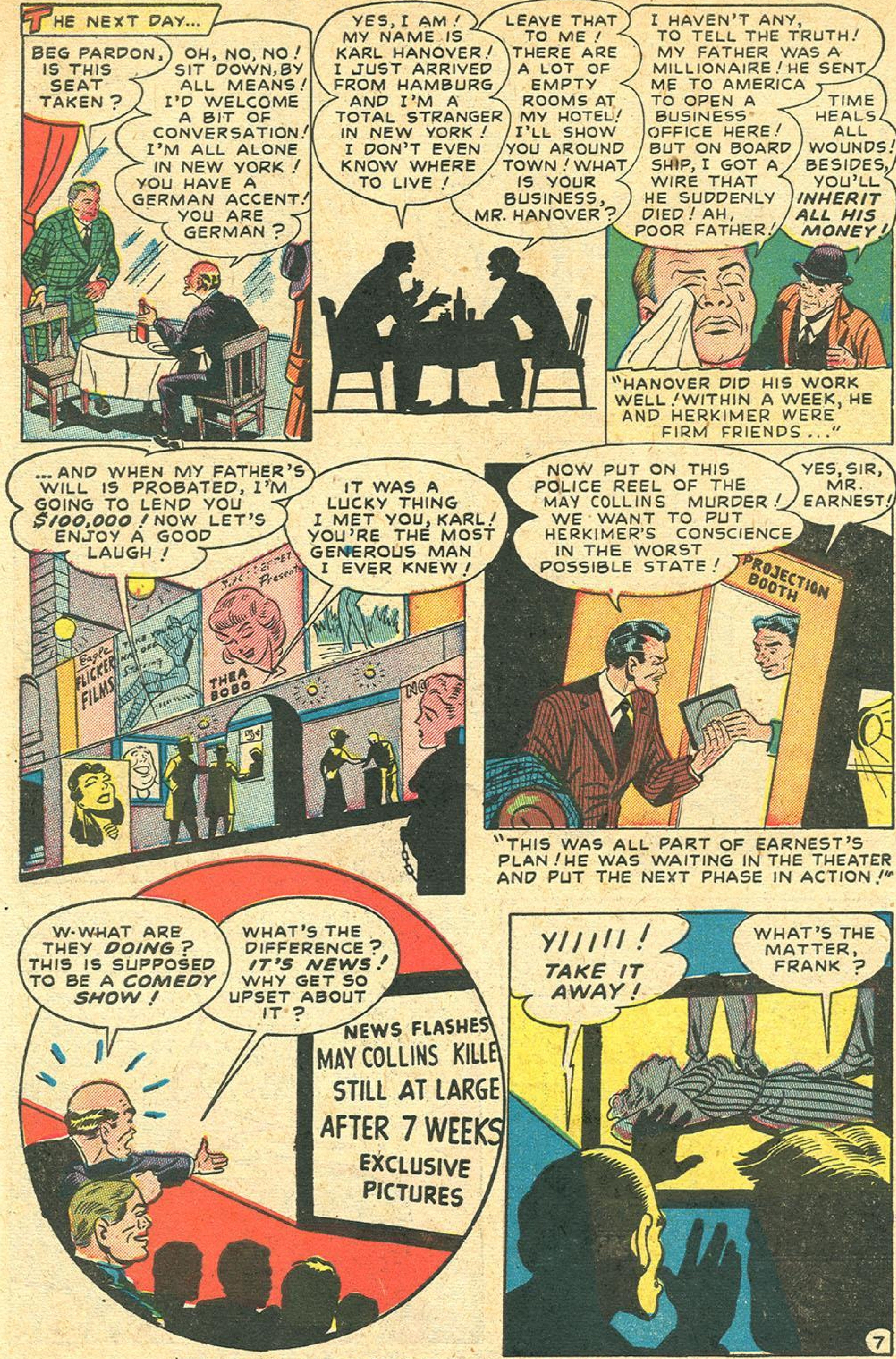

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE...
MORE COMPLAINTS ABOUT THAT HOWLING DOG-AND A REPORT ON HERKIMER! HE WENT TO THE DOCTOR THIS MORNING!
POOR LITTLE MURDERER! WHAT'S GOING ON IN HIS MONSTROUS LITTLE MIND NOW?
CHECK WITH THE DOCTOR, EARNEST!

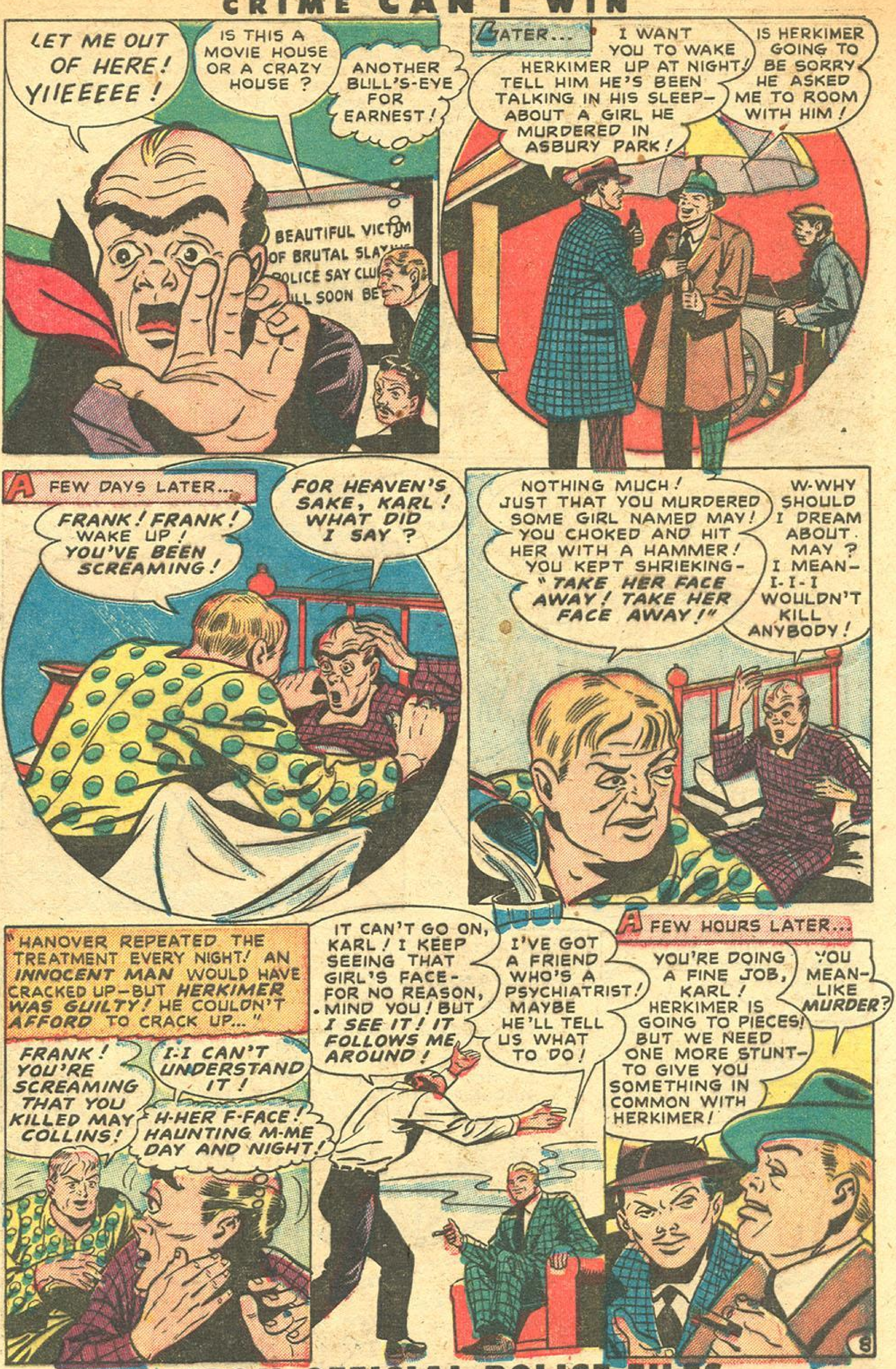

SO YOU ADVISED HERKIMER TO GET A CHANGE OF SCENERY? WE'VE GOT HIM ON THE RUN! I'LL FOLLOW HIM TO NEW YORK! THANKS FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE, DOCTOR!
GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE!

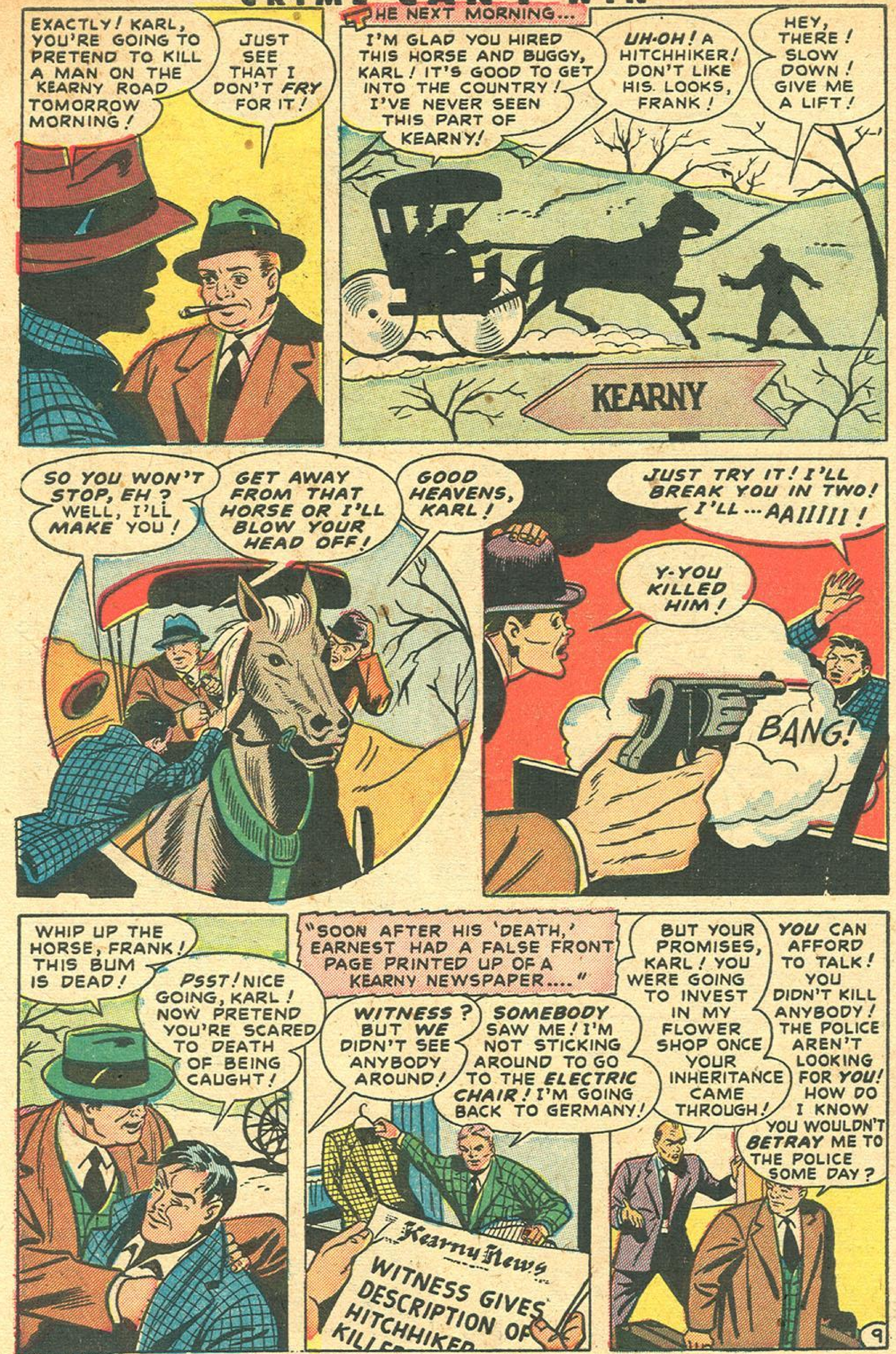

"IN NEW YORK, HERKIMER MADE NO FRIENDS! HE ATE ALL THREE MEALS AT THE SAME RESTAURANT, AND READ THE NEW JERSEY PAPERS DAY AND NIGHT!"
HE'S LONELY! HE NEEDS A FRIEND! SOMEBODY TO CONFIDE IN-TELL HIS INNERMOST SECRETS TO!
SAL

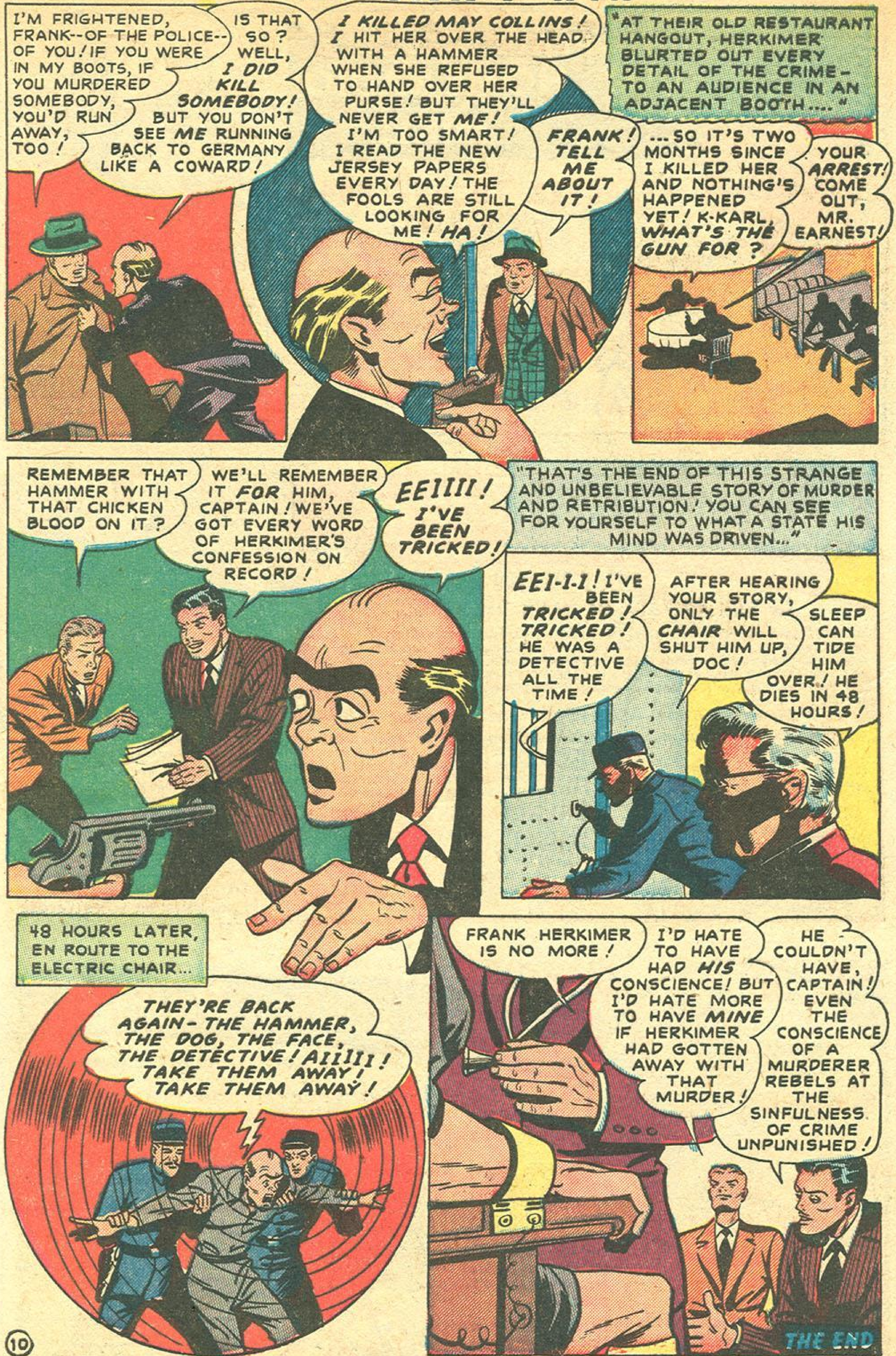
"EARNEST PICKED A GERMAN-SPEAKING OPERATIVE FROM THE DETECTIVE AGENCY TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH HERKIMER..."


PRETEND YOU'RE THE SON OF A WEALTHY GERMAN BUSINESSMAN WHO JUST DIED! YOU EXPECT TO COME INTO A FORTUNE WHEN THE WILL IS PROBATED!
TELL HERKIMER YOU'LL GIVE HIM MONEY TO START A BUSINESS!


THE NEXT DAY...
BEG PARDON, IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?
OH, NO, NO! SIT DOWN, BY ALL MEANS! I'D WELCOME A BIT OF CONVERSATION! I'M ALL ALONE IN NEW YORK! YOU HAVE A GERMAN ACCENT! YOU ARE GERMAN?
YES, I AM! MY NAME IS KARL HANOVER! I JUST ARRIVED FROM HAMBURG AND I'M A TOTAL STRANGER IN NEW YORK! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO LIVE!
LEAVE THAT TO ME! THERE ARE A LOT OF EMPTY ROOMS AT MY HOTEL! I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND TOWN! WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS, MR. HANOVER?
I HAVEN'T ANY, TO TELL THE TRUTH! MY FATHER WAS A MILLIONAIRE! HE SENT ME TO AMERICA TO OPEN A BUSINESS OFFICE HERE! BUT ON BOARD SHIP, I GOT A WIRE THAT HE SUDDENLY DIED! AH, POOR FATHER!
TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS! BESIDES, YOU'LL *INHERIT ALL HIS MONEY!*
"HANOVER DID HIS WORK WELL! WITHIN A WEEK, HE AND HERKIMER WERE FIRM FRIENDS..."
...AND WHEN MY FATHER'S WILL IS PROBATED, I'M GOING TO LEND YOU *$100,000!* NOW LET'S ENJOY A GOOD LAUGH!
IT WAS A LUCKY THING I MET YOU, KARL! YOU'RE THE MOST GENEROUS MAN I EVER KNEW!
Eagle FLICKER FILMS
Presents
THEA BOBO
5¢
NOW PUT ON THIS POLICE REEL OF THE MAY COLLINS MURDER! WE WANT TO PUT HERKIMER'S CONSCIENCE IN THE WORST POSSIBLE STATE!
YES, SIR, MR. EARNEST!
PROJECTION BOOTH
"THIS WAS ALL PART OF EARNEST'S PLAN! HE WAS WAITING IN THE THEATER AND PUT THE NEXT PHASE IN ACTION!"
W-WHAT ARE THEY *DOING*? THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A *COMEDY SHOW!*
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? *IT'S NEWS!* WHY GET SO UPSET ABOUT IT?
NEWS FLASHES
MAY COLLINS KILLE
STILL AT LARGE
AFTER 7 WEEKS
EXCLUSIVE PICTURES
YIIIII! TAKE IT AWAY!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRANK?


LET ME OUT OF HERE! YIIEEEEE!
IS THIS A MOVIE HOUSE OR A CRAZY HOUSE?
ANOTHER BULL'S-EYE FOR EARNEST!
BEAUTIFUL VICTIM OF BRUTAL SLAY... POLICE SAY CLU... WILL SOON BE
LATER...
I WANT YOU TO WAKE HERKIMER UP AT NIGHT! TELL HIM HE'S BEEN TALKING IN HIS SLEEP— ABOUT A GIRL HE MURDERED IN ASBURY PARK!
IS HERKIMER GOING TO BE SORRY HE ASKED ME TO ROOM WITH HIM!
A FEW DAYS LATER...
FRANK! FRANK! WAKE UP! YOU'VE BEEN SCREAMING!
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, KARL! WHAT DID I SAY?
NOTHING MUCH! JUST THAT YOU MURDERED SOME GIRL NAMED MAY! YOU CHOKED AND HIT HER WITH A HAMMER! YOU KEPT SHRIEKING- "TAKE HER FACE AWAY! TAKE HER FACE AWAY!"
W-WHY SHOULD I DREAM ABOUT MAY? I MEAN- I-I-I WOULDN'T KILL ANYBODY!
"HANOVER REPEATED THE TREATMENT EVERY NIGHT! AN INNOCENT MAN WOULD HAVE CRACKED UP—BUT HERKIMER WAS GUILTY! HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO CRACK UP..."
FRANK! YOU'RE SCREAMING THAT YOU KILLED MAY COLLINS!
I-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!
H-HER F-FACE! HAUNTING M-ME DAY AND NIGHT!
IT CAN'T GO ON, KARL! I KEEP SEEING THAT GIRL'S FACE- FOR NO REASON, MIND YOU! BUT I SEE IT! IT FOLLOWS ME AROUND!
I'VE GOT A FRIEND WHO'S A PSYCHIATRIST! MAYBE HE'LL TELL US WHAT TO DO!
A FEW HOURS LATER...
YOU'RE DOING A FINE JOB, KARL! HERKIMER IS GOING TO PIECES! BUT WE NEED ONE MORE STUNT— TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING IN COMMON WITH HERKIMER!
YOU MEAN— LIKE MURDER?


EXACTLY! KARL, YOU'RE GOING TO PRETEND TO KILL A MAN ON THE KEARNY ROAD TOMORROW MORNING!
JUST SEE THAT I DON'T *FRY* FOR IT!
THE NEXT MORNING...
I'M GLAD YOU HIRED THIS HORSE AND BUGGY, KARL! IT'S GOOD TO GET INTO THE COUNTRY! I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS PART OF KEARNY!
UH-OH! A HITCHHIKER! DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS, FRANK!
HEY, THERE! SLOW DOWN! GIVE ME A LIFT!
KEARNY
SO YOU WON'T STOP, EH? WELL, I'LL *MAKE* YOU!
GET AWAY FROM THAT HORSE OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!
GOOD HEAVENS, KARL!
JUST TRY IT! I'LL BREAK YOU IN TWO! I'LL... AAIIIII!
Y-YOU KILLED HIM!
BANG!
WHIP UP THE HORSE, FRANK! THIS BUM IS DEAD!
PSST! NICE GOING, KARL! NOW PRETEND YOU'RE SCARED TO DEATH OF BEING CAUGHT!
"SOON AFTER HIS 'DEATH,' EARNEST HAD A FALSE FRONT PAGE PRINTED UP OF A KEARNY NEWSPAPER...."
WITNESS? BUT *WE* DIDN'T SEE ANYBODY AROUND!
SOMEBODY SAW ME! I'M NOT STICKING AROUND TO GO TO THE *ELECTRIC CHAIR!* I'M GOING BACK TO GERMANY!
Kearny News
WITNESS GIVES DESCRIPTION OF HITCHHIKER KILLER
BUT YOUR PROMISES, KARL! YOU WERE GOING TO INVEST IN MY FLOWER SHOP ONCE YOUR INHERITANCE CAME THROUGH!
YOU CAN AFFORD TO TALK! YOU DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY! THE POLICE AREN'T LOOKING FOR *YOU!* HOW DO I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T *BETRAY* ME TO THE POLICE SOME DAY?


I'M FRIGHTENED, FRANK--OF THE POLICE--OF YOU! IF YOU WERE IN MY BOOTS, IF YOU MURDERED SOMEBODY, YOU'D RUN AWAY, TOO!
IS THAT SO? WELL, *I DID KILL SOMEBODY!* BUT YOU DON'T SEE *ME* RUNNING BACK TO GERMANY LIKE A COWARD!
I KILLED MAY COLLINS! I HIT HER OVER THE HEAD WITH A HAMMER WHEN SHE REFUSED TO HAND OVER HER PURSE! BUT THEY'LL NEVER GET *ME!*
I'M TOO SMART! I READ THE NEW JERSEY PAPERS EVERY DAY! THE FOOLS ARE STILL LOOKING FOR ME! *HA!*
"AT THEIR OLD RESTAURANT HANGOUT, HERKIMER BLURTED OUT EVERY DETAIL OF THE CRIME--TO AN AUDIENCE IN AN ADJACENT BOOTH...."
FRANK! TELL ME ABOUT IT!
...SO IT'S TWO MONTHS SINCE I KILLED HER AND NOTHING'S HAPPENED YET! K-KARL, *WHAT'S THE GUN FOR?*
YOUR *ARREST!* COME OUT, MR. EARNEST!
REMEMBER THAT HAMMER WITH THAT CHICKEN BLOOD ON IT?
WE'LL REMEMBER IT *FOR* HIM, CAPTAIN! WE'VE GOT EVERY WORD OF HERKIMER'S CONFESSION ON RECORD!
EEIIII! I'VE BEEN TRICKED!
"THAT'S THE END OF THIS STRANGE AND UNBELIEVABLE STORY OF MURDER AND RETRIBUTION! YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF TO WHAT A STATE HIS MIND WAS DRIVEN..."
EEI-I-I! I'VE BEEN *TRICKED! TRICKED!* HE WAS A DETECTIVE ALL THE TIME!
AFTER HEARING YOUR STORY, ONLY THE *CHAIR* WILL SHUT HIM UP, DOC!
SLEEP CAN TIDE HIM OVER! HE DIES IN 48 HOURS!
48 HOURS LATER, EN ROUTE TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR...
THEY'RE BACK AGAIN--THE HAMMER, THE DOG, THE FACE, THE DETECTIVE! AIIIII! TAKE THEM AWAY! TAKE THEM AWAY!
FRANK HERKIMER IS NO MORE!
I'D HATE TO HAVE HAD *HIS* CONSCIENCE! BUT I'D HATE MORE TO HAVE *MINE* IF HERKIMER HAD GOTTEN AWAY WITH THAT MURDER!
HE COULDN'T HAVE, CAPTAIN! EVEN THE CONSCIENCE OF A MURDERER REBELS AT THE SINFULNESS OF CRIME UNPUNISHED!
THE END

TALK-SING-PLAY THROUGH YOUR OWN RADIO

WITH THE SUPER ROLEY HOME RADIO MIKE!

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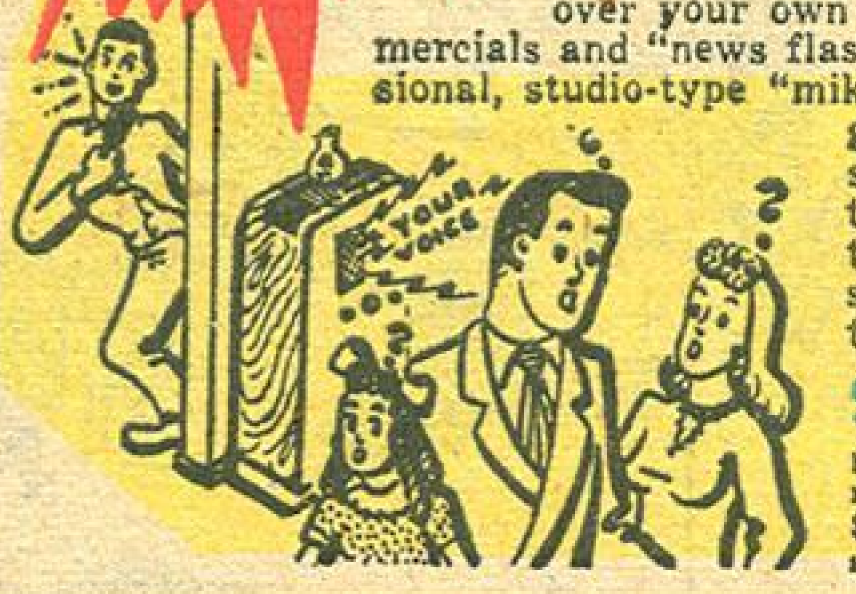
ONLY $1.98

SEND NO MONEY EXAMINE FREE

ATTACHES TO ANY RADIO



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SEYCO MIKE INC., Dept. MJ120
230 Grand Street, New York 13, N. Y.
☐ Send Roley Microphone C.O.D., I'll pay postman $1.98 plus postage.
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CITY.............................. STATE..............

No C.O.D.'s outside U.S.A.

Make Your Own Records

SING! TALK! ACT! PLAY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT!

THINK OF IT! I JUST MADE THIS RECORD WITH THE HOME RECORD MAKER!
IT'S SO SIMPLE! LET ME MAKE A RECORD
GEE BOB, IT WORKS GREAT!
MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS at HOME

ENJOY MAKING RECORDS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME

Make records right in your own home by just singing, talking, acting, or playing a musical instrument into your own record player using a NEW HOME RECORD MAKING UNIT. This wonderful little unit records on the blank records furnished with your recording kit. No processing of the record required . . . just make your recording and it is immediately ready for playback. USE THE NEW HOME RECORD MAKER with any type of standard record player—hand winding, portable, radio-phono combination or electrical phonographs operating on either AC or DC.

EASY AS SPEAKING INTO A PHONE — NEEDS NO SPECIAL "RECORDING TECHNIQUE."

You get the compete unit needed to make recordings at home. Acoustic recording head, special recording needle, playback needles, 6 two-sided records (enough for 12 recordings), spiral feeding attachment and complete easy to follow directions. You don't have to wait to hear what your record sounds like. Immediately you can play your new record and give yourself, your family, and friends a thrill on the spot. Records can be played back on ANY phonograph.

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Don't send a cent, Mail coupon and we'll send complete NEW HOME RECORD MAKER, C. O. D. for only $8.49 plus postage and C. O. D. . . .

. . . send $8.49 and we pay postage.

Additional blank records $2.00 per dozen (24 sides)

Amazing Low Price only 8.49 COMPLETE

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☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $8.49 plus postage.
☐ I enclose $8.49, send complete outfit postpaid.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ______________ STATE ______

☐ Send additional blank records at $2 per dozen.

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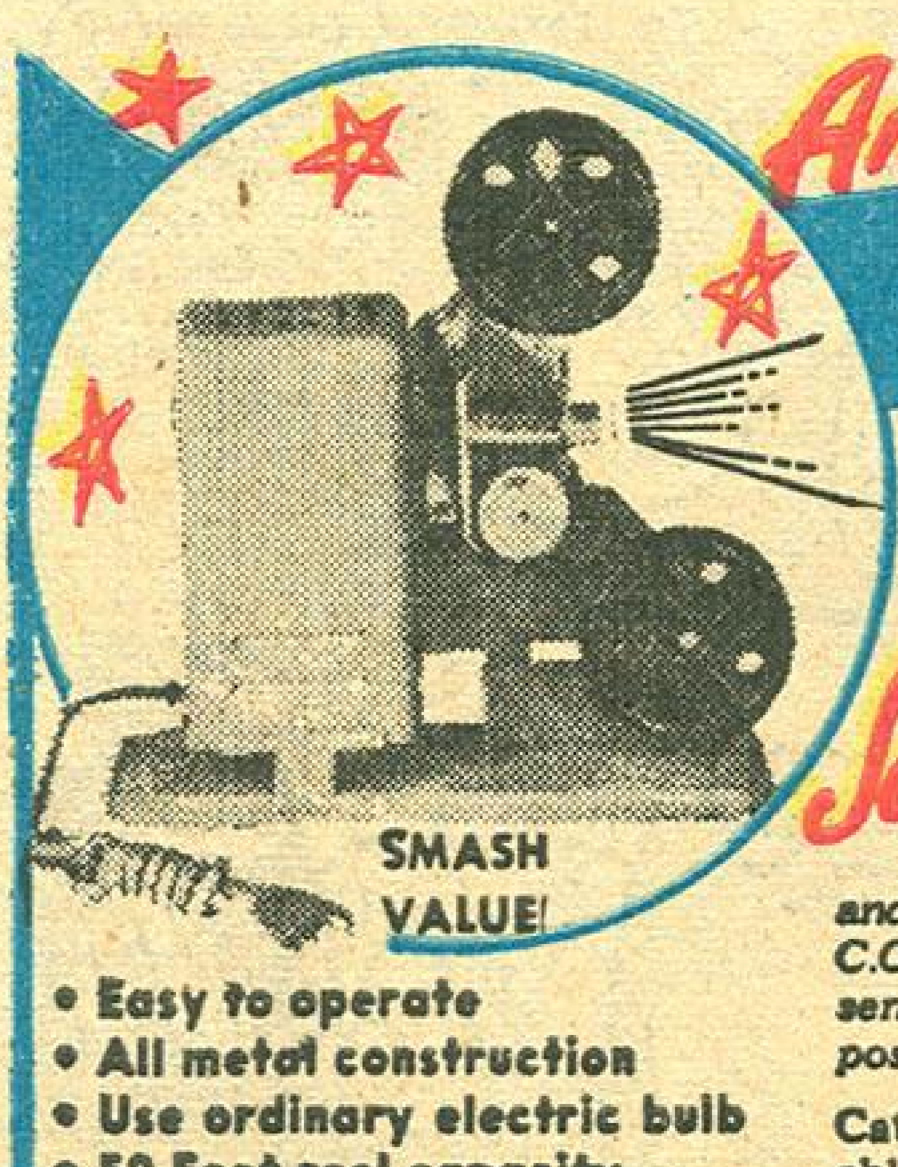
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☐ I enclose $6.98, saving postage.

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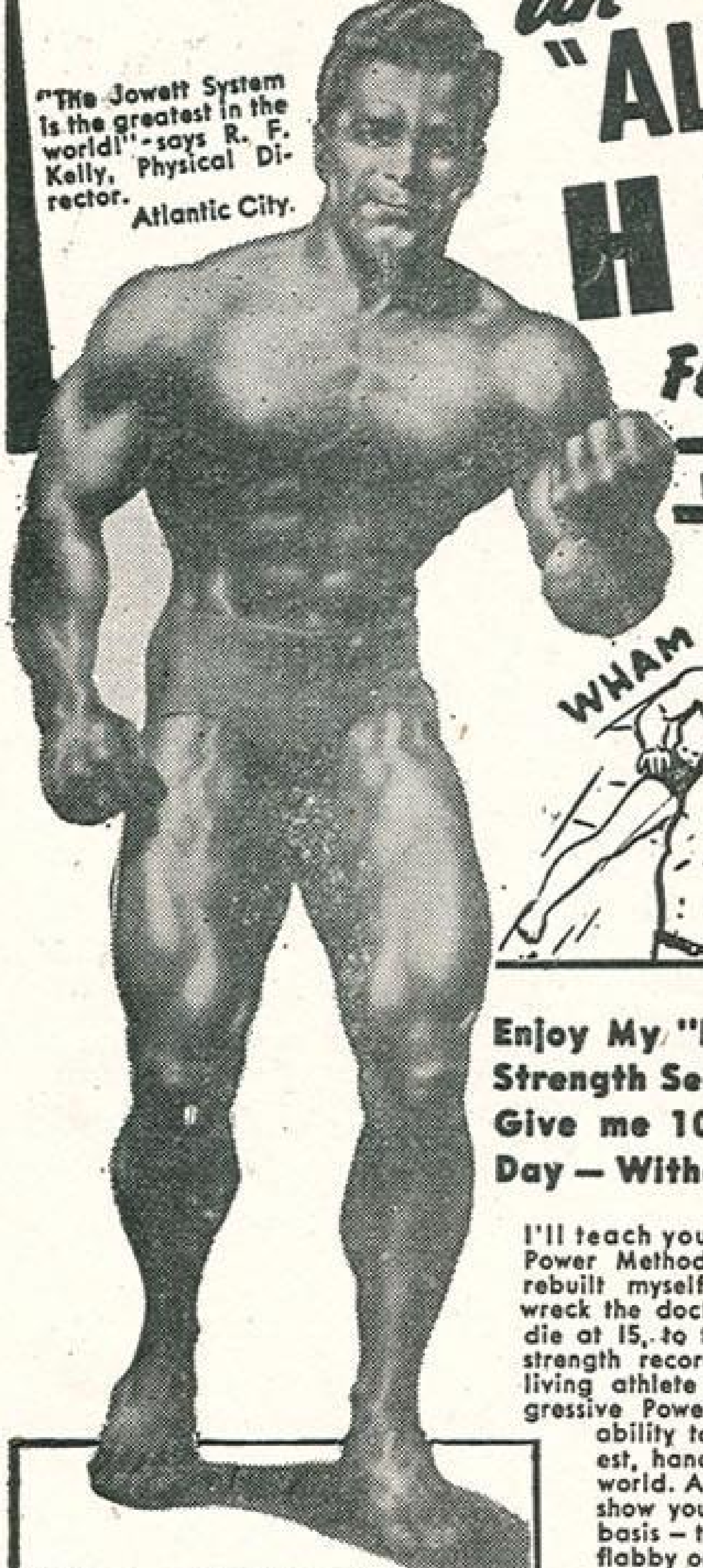
FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder



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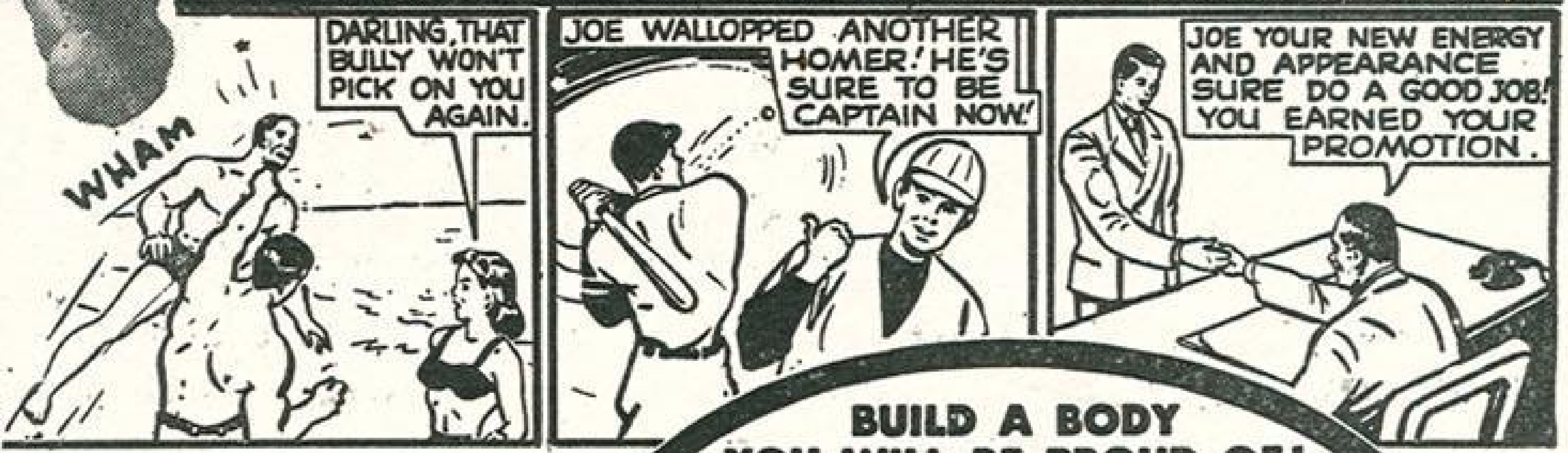
WHAM
DARLING, THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN.
JOE WALLOPPED ANOTHER HOMER! HE'S SURE TO BE CAPTAIN NOW!
JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY AND APPEARANCE SURE DO A GOOD JOB! YOU EARNED YOUR PROMOTION.

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Give me 10 Easy Minutes a Day — Without Strain!

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I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST!

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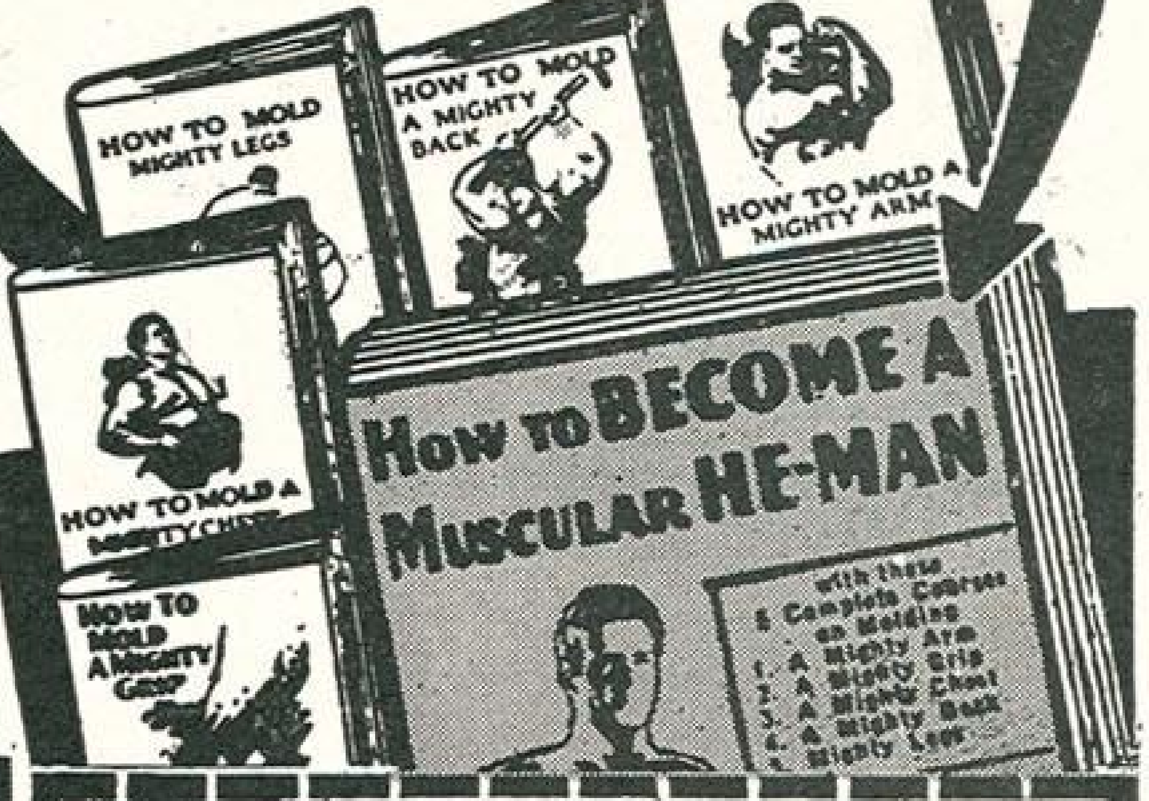
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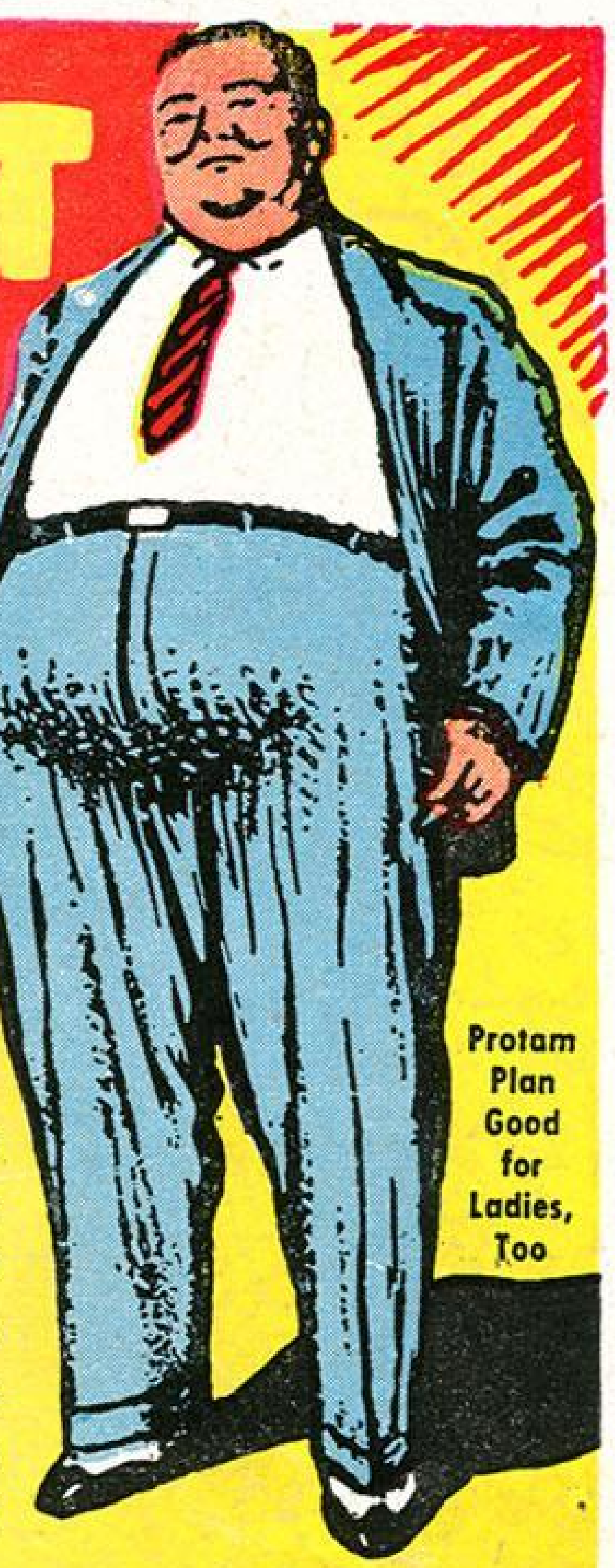
MEN! DON'T STAY FAT



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Ladies,
Too

You CAN LOSE UP TO 7 POUNDS IN ONE WEEK

SAFELY! WITHOUT RISKING HEALTH

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